Feb. 26, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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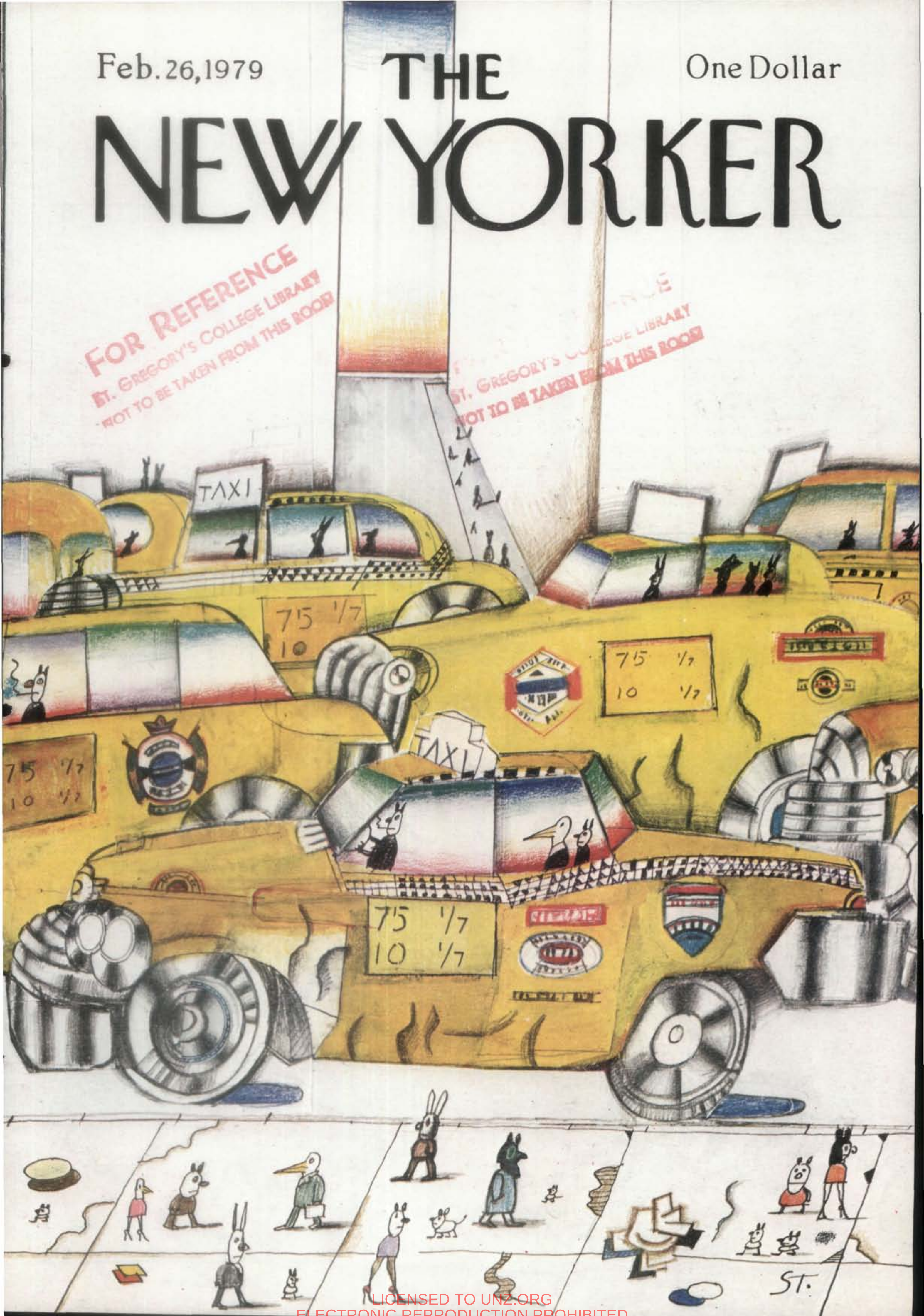
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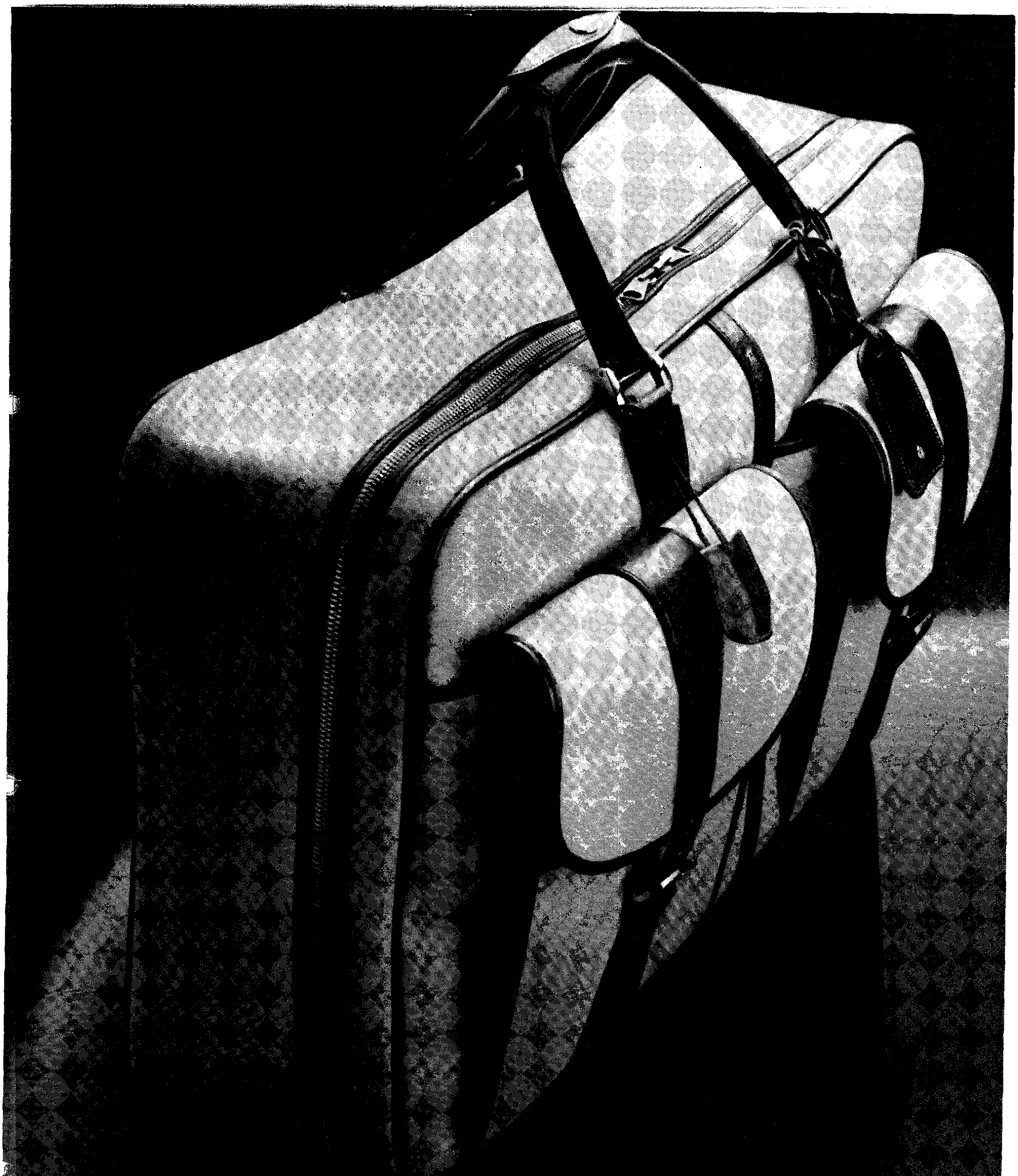

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Artichoke—A play by Joanna M. Glass, first seen at the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3.)

Ballroom—A dead book and nearly dead music cannot be brought to life by Michael Bennett's choreography or by the sympathetic performances of Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/1/79.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Crucifer of Blood—Paxton Whitehead makes a splendidly crisp and authoritative Sherlock Holmes in this clever pastiche of A. Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—The revival of the play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett is disappointing, to say the least, in spite of a good performance by Eli Wallach as Otto Frank and a fine one by Robert Joy as young Peter Van Daan. (1/15/79) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Eubie!—A delightful old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. This music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-six. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30, preceded by a film, "The Naked Civil Servant," that starts at 7:30. Sundays at 4 and 7:30.)

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The Grand Tour—Not a tour at all but the desperate flight of a Jewish refugee across occupied France during the Second World War. Joel Grey is the star, and he works hard, nearly always in vain. (1/22/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Julius Caesar and **Coriolanus**—The first two productions of a newly assembled Shakespearean troupe composed of experienced, highly proficient black and Hispanic actors, under the excellent direction of Michael Langham. **Julius Caesar**, with Roscoe Orman, Robert Christian, Mary Alice, Morgan Freeman, and Jaime Sanchez, among others, is always bold and clear and dramatic. (2/5/79) (Fridays and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.). . . ¶ Previews of **Coriolanus** start Wednesday, Feb. 28, and will follow a schedule of Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; matinées Sundays at 3. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

The Kingfisher—Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose have a fine time showing off in this insubstantial but amusing com-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25

"LOBSTER NIGHT" . . . . *Veronica Geng* 30

"PINK DOG" (POEM) . . . . *Elizabeth Bishop* 32

"SOUTH, NORTH, SOUTH" . . . . *Katherine Bouton* 34

"SONNET" (POEM) . . . . *Seamus Heaney* 38

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS
(HISTORY TEXTBOOKS—PART I) . . . . *Frances FitzGerald* 41

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 78
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 78

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (MANATEES) . . . . *Faith McNulty* 83

"ANNIVERSARY SONG" (POEM) . . . . *Heather McHugh* 89

AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 90

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 96

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 100

JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 104

AFFAIRS OF STATE . . . . *Richard Rovere* 109

BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 115
BRIEFLY NOTED 121

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

edy about a writer deciding, after fifty years, to marry a woman whom he once upon a time wished only to make love to. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, Feb. 25: **PATIENCE**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 28-March 4: **IOLANTHE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Monteith and Rand—Storm the Booth without a moment's delay. A two-person entertainment that will make you happy all evening long. (1/15/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Mondays through Thursdays, except Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

My Old Friends—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Nevis Mountain Dew—Steve Carter's powerful, tragic, and often very funny play about a man in an iron lung and his West Indian family in their house in Queens. The acting, under Horacena J. Taylor's direction, is in every way a match for the script. Graham Brown gives a splendid performance in the leading role, and Arthur French, Frances Foster, Ethel Ayler, Barbara Montgomery, Samm-Art Williams, and Charles Brown are very good, too. The title refers to a brand of Caribbean rum. (12/18/78) Reopens Thursday, Feb. 22. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

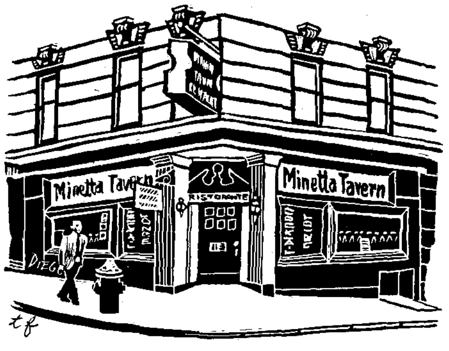
On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles, and by a number of other good actors in supporting ones. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (9/25/78) Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 27. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 28. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Saravá—A musical adaptation of Jorge Amado's novel "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands," by N. Richard Nash (book and lyrics) and Mitch Leigh (music). With Tovah Feldshuh, P. J. Benjamin, and Michael Ingram. Directed by Rick Atwell. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Moves on Thursday, March 1, to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. No performances Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 27-28.)

Says I, Says He—A comedy with music, imported from London, by Irish playwright Ron Hutchinson. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Seduced—A comic, imaginative fantasy about the end of Howard Hughes by the astonishing Sam Shepard. Rip Torn gives a wonderful performance in the leading role. First-rate direction by Jack Gelber. (2/12/79) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 25.)

Stevie—Roberta Maxwell gives a rich and fascinating performance as the English poet Stevie Smith in Hugh Whitemore's affecting play about her life. Many of the lines and scenes (with Margaret Hilton and James Higgins) are skillful arrangements of her own funny, clear, bleak poetry and prose. Brian Murray was the highly estimable director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)



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Streetsongs—Geraldine Fitzgerald in a one-woman show. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sweeney Todd—A musical thriller starring Angela Lansbury and Len Cariou. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and book by Hugh Wheeler. Directed by Harold Prince. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 1. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A two-person musical with Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—Under the inspired direction of Andrei Serban, this bittersweet musical confection, based on an only so-so French movie, has become a complete delight. Melodic score by Michel Legrand, and captivating scenery and lighting by Michael Yeargan and Ian Calderon, respectively. The good actors, who are also good singers, include Dean Pitchford, as the boy who is drafted and sent to Algiers; Stefanianne Christopherson, as the girl he leaves behind; Judith Roberts, as her mother; Laurence Guittard, as the rich man she marries; and Maureen Silliman, as the nurse-companion the boy marries. Everybody lives happily ever after. (2/12/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Whoopee!—A musical that is over half a century old, and looks and sounds its age. Poor little Charles Repole is its hapless star, in the role once played by once-famous Eddie Cantor. (Reviewed in this issue.) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wings—Constance Cummings gives a superlative performance as an old lady who has suffered a stroke and is determined to regain her place in the world. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO:** A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA:** In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. Starting Monday, Feb. 26, Frank Hamilton will replace Mr. Hughes for a week. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Stacy Keach. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA:** Raúl Juliá co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FAMILY BUSINESS:** A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,824 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing

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view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Moves on Thursday, March 1, to the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St., 586-5555. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 21-23, at 2 and 7; Saturdays at 2, 7, and 10; Sundays at 2; and Thursday and Friday, March 1-2, at 7.)

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF MAGIC & ILLUSION—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, March 1-2, at 8; Saturday, March 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 4, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 21, and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2; and Friday, March 2, at 8: "Bugaku," "Agon," "Allegro Brillante," and "Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 22-23, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2; Sunday, Feb. 25, at 7; and Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Introducing. . . ," "Biosfera," "Adagietto No. 5," "Sensemaya" (première), "Secret Silence" (company première), and "Rhythmetron." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 27-March 1, and Saturday, March 3, at 8: "Serenade" (company première), "Manifestations," "Mirage" (company première), and "Troy Game." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

TWYLA THARP AND DANCERS—Final performances—Thursday and Friday, Feb. 22-23, at 8: "Chapters and Verses," "Hair," "The Fugue," and "Sue's Leg." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2: "Eight Jelly Rolls," "Country Dances/Cacklin' Hen," "1903," and "Baker's Dozen" (première). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 7; Saturday, March 3, at 8; and Sunday, March 4, at 2: "Pas de Dix," "Eakins' View," "L'Ardeur" (première), and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, March 1-2, at 8: "Madrigalesco," "Pas de Deux," "Poems of Love and the Seasons" (première), and "Under the Sun." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Pas de Dix," "Pas de Deux," and "Under the Sun." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

DOUGLAS DUNN AND DANCERS—"Coquina" (New York première), "Lazy Madge," and "Rille." (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 22-23, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2 and 8.)

ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 21-24, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2.)

ELIZABETH KEEN DANCE COMPANY—"Slash" (première), "Garlic and Sapphires," "The Forget-Me-Not," and "A Fair Greeting." (Theatre 46, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 28-March 4, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

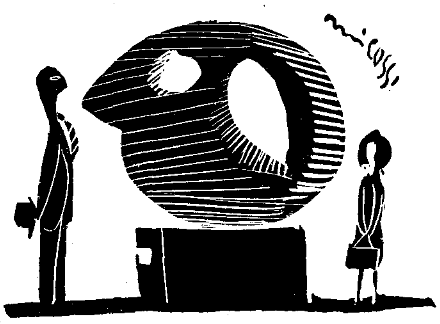
ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This is SoHo, and the dark, brooding, cobblestone streets around here are among the most fashionable in the city. Drummer **BEAVER HARRIS** leads his band through Saturday, Feb. 24; on Tuesday, Feb. 27, bebop-vocal pathfinder **EDDIE JEFFERSON** will come in for five nights. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

BACK PORCH, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A comfortable glassed-in corner restaurant. The interior is one large room that covers three levels and includes a bar; consequently, there is a bit too much going on for one to be able to see and hear the wonderful singer and pianist **DARDANELLE** from all but a few tables. (See page 104, this issue.) Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—The trio of Peggy Hewett, Norman Rollings, and Miss Faun probably has the greatest appeal to those who love movie musicals enough to sit up past 3 A.M. to watch one. Norman Rollings plays the piano and sings, Peggy Hewett is a cheerful Gilbert and Sullivan soprano and also plays droopy alto sax, and Miss Faun (Stacy) is a deadpan, décolleté cellist. They go on Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Sally-Jane Heit, who is in the Broadway show "Ballroom," is here for the late show—Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at midnight. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Sandi Hewitt sings with the Jimmy Smith trio through Saturday, Feb. 24; Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 28-March 3, will belong to saxophonist Zbiginiew Namyslowski and his combo. Music Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock singer Jimmie Mack performs on Wednesday, Feb. 21; **ROGER MCGUINN, GENE CLARK**, and **CHRIS HILLMAN**, ex-Byrds, will reunite Friday through Sunday, Feb. 23-25; on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 28-March 1, composer **PHILIP GLASS** will be present; and on Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, the Dire Straits, a Lou Reed-influenced British rock group, will alternate with comedian Richard Belzer. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.



BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a fine bop pianist, composer, and sideman, and Ella's accompanist for years, performs with a bassist through Saturday, Feb. 24. Sundays are **JIMMY ROWLES** nights. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Nightly homage to Brazil's Tin Pan Alley, which, with composers like Jobim, Bonfa, Gil, and Gilberto, is more like a *rua d'ouro*. The room is chic and urbane, cleverly done up with mirrors, plants, and subtle lighting—it all somehow suggests a nighttime view of Rio. A capable trio and a singer perform the bossa nova from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ The Bemelmans Bar belongs to pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** and her bassist, **GEORGE DUVIVIER**, nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to twelve-forty-five.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the great instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Weeknights until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This punk-rock headquarters is known affectionately to its patrons as CBGB's, but very few of them probably remember that CBGB stands for country, bluegrass, and blues, since there has been little if any bluegrass or country music played here in years. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, performs with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Saturdays. Alternating with Miss Hunter is **LLOYD GLENN**, a robust blues and boogie-woogie pianist, who is present every night but Saturday. The music begins nightly at eight with Mr. Glenn; at eight-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trombonist **VIC DICKENSON** sneaks in a few swing licks in this Bourbon Street-inspired restaurant, and he sings a little bit, too, in a nicely offhand manner. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer, holds forth in this singer-pianist's room—all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive. He works from nine to two Wednesdays through Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 25, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. On Tuesday, Feb. 27, saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** will sit in with the regulars. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays, from ten to three,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** works with guitarist **HOWARD COLLINS** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with **HOD O'BRIEN** on piano, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman begin at seven. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—*Bebop trumpeter* Red Rodney is leading a quartet here Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—A view with a room. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening, dancing, and rubbernecking out the windows from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. **DILL JONES** plays solo piano while the trio takes its break.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A carpeted jazz loft with a living-room atmosphere. It may not look like *everybody's* living room, but there are a working fireplace, couches, chairs, and pillow furniture: one just stretches out while the musicians—competent unknowns and some famous ones, too—perform on the stand. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine. Soft drinks and snacks.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland-style quintet. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist and composer **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** are present through Saturday, Feb. 24; on Tuesday, Feb. 27, another good piano-bass team—**JOHN BUNCH** and **SAM JONES**—will move in for a couple of weeks. The music, which begins at ten, is well miked, so that even when the place bustles, one can actually hear it—no mean achievement in the night-club business. Dining. No music on Sundays or Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A dense concentration of Texas accents, Lone Star beer bottles, and good, solid country and rock music. Some highlights from the current lineup: Texas songwriter Billy Joe Shaver is onstage Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 21-22; Sunday, Feb. 25, and Wednesday, Feb. 28, have been set aside for Kinky Friedman, a singing Texas Jewish cowboy; on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 26-27, **DOUG SAHM**, a Texas rock-and-roll recluse and a very fine singer, will amble onto the bandstand; Thursday, March 1, the management will celebrate Texas Independence Day—although, as every Texas eighth grader knows, the correct date is March 2. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** (see page 104, this issue) are here through Saturday, Feb. 24. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 27, pianist **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** and her trio, and singer **MARLENE VER PLANCK**, will pay tribute to composer Alec Wilder. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants. Music from ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown hangout with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, who worked with King Oliver a season or two ago and who is about to pounce on his eightieth year. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	1	2	3

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A venerable folk and rock club. **THE PERSUASIONS** sing impressive a-cappella gospel and R. & B. numbers on Wednesday, Feb. 21; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 22-24, bassist David Friesen and guitarist John Stowell will perform; and Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 28-March 3, Morgana King will be singing on this stage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room, *along with the* Al Cobbs *orchestra*. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—For the mere price of a ginger ale in the bar area, one can watch the likes of singer Barbara Cook, who is currently performing in the next room at eleven-thirty. The eight-thirty show belongs to Weeden, Finkle, and Fay—Bill Weeden, Dave Finkle, and Sally Fay—who sing satirical songs. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Mondays are showcase nights.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned. **BERNARD PURDIE**, a legendary studio rhythm-and-blues drummer, heads up his own group on Wednesday, Feb. 21; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 22-25, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE**, bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**, and a quartet will perform. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** will head up a trio Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 22-24. Music from about nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** leads a quartet through Saturday, Feb. 24; on Sunday, Feb. 25, super bassist **RON CARTER** will bring in his quintet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 21, **AIR**; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 22-25, the **PHILLY JOE JONES** quartet; Wednesday, Feb. 28, **JEROME COOPER'S** group; and Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, the **LLOYD MCNEILL** quintet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the sprawling downstairs space, the **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO—LESTER BOWIE, JOSEPH JARMAN, ROSCOE MITCHELL, MALACHI FAVORS**, and **DON MOYE**—and its enormous array of musical instruments and avant-gardisms will be on hand through Sunday, Feb. 25, at ten and midnight. On Monday, Feb. 26, bassist **DAVE HOLLAND** and drummer **BARRY ALTSCHUL** will co-pilot a quartet at nine and eleven. Upstairs, in the Top of the Gate, **NINA SIMONE** is singing Thursdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Sundays, from seven, Bob January's band plays for dancing. And in the sidewalk lounge, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, flutist **FRANK WESS**, and the rest of the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET** perform here through Sunday, Feb. 25; on Monday, Feb. 26, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** touring machine—a.k.a. big band—will return, and it will stick around to play all week, too. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Most of the patrons of this comfortable bar and soul-food restaurant make a special point of coming—they don't just stroll by and decide to drop in. After all, this isn't a Village club, which thrives on a casual passerby clientele; this is a dark, brooding, out-of-the-way (unless one is a trucker or in the slaughterhouse business) corner. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Armen Donelian. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Trumpeter Franc Williams and his quartet perform through Sunday, Feb. 25; Tuesday, Feb. 27, will see **CLYDE BERNHARDT'S HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND** on the stand; and on Wednesday, Feb. 28, saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will bring in his pro Ellingtonia ensemble. Mondays, stride pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER** dip into a mostly Ellington repertoire and goad each other on. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Garrett List's A-1 Art Band—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.

Oliver Lake Quartet—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 23-24, at 11.

Red Rodney—Lecturing and performing at Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. 477-3077. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3.

Parliament/Funkadelic and **the Motor Booty Affair**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 8.

Beach Boys—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, March 1, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, at 7:30.

Jazz at Entermedia—Thursday, March 1, at 9: Jeanne Lee and Don Cherry. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 9: Anthony Braxton and the David Eyges quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 9: Dave Burrell and Archie Shepp's quartet. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191.)

Anthony Davis, the James Newton Quartet, and **the String Trio of New York**—Public Theatre. Friday, March 2, at 11.

Bob James and Herbie Mann—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, March 3, at 8.

Jimmy Lyons Quartet—Public Theatre. Saturday, March 3, at 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Vincenzo Agnetti—An installation entitled "Game Preserve" by an Italian Conceptualist. Also other works. Through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Italian Cultural Institute, 686 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Eleanor Antin—In her incarnation as the Ballets Russes dancer Eleanora Antinova, the artist is exhibiting stage and costume designs and other documents from a "lost" ballet. Through March 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Oils and gouaches of outdoor scenes (Mexico, the Gaspé) and interiors from the forties when his work reflected a Fauvist influence. Through Thursday, March 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gillian Bradshaw-Smith—Nineteen sculptures by an Englishwoman who was born in India and specializes in writhing, serpentine works. This group is cut out of laminated aluminum and painted, and seems to be a happy amalgam of elephant trunks, cobras, and Balinese dancers' fingers. Through March 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Stuart Diamond—Three-dimensional wall pieces in painted wood and found objects. Through Saturday, March 3. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Simon Dinnerstein—Detailed realist paintings, some with Roman subjects and others of still-lifes and family portraits. Through March 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Frank Faulkner—Recent decorative abstract paintings whose surfaces are made up of rich encrustations of Rhoplex mixed with jewel-like colors. Through Saturday, March 3. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Nancy Graves—Abstract oils and watercolors. Through March 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Twenty-four portraits by a leading Russian modernist who turned to abstractions late in life. Through March 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Kieff / Bob Paige—Sinuous bronzes, mostly. Through Saturday, March 3. / Paintings of outsize Concord grapes, and other still-lifes. Through March 17. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done after 1945 by this Provincetown artist, whose more or less abstract works clearly reflect his proximity to the sea. Through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jan Matulka (1890-1972)—Paintings and drawings. The figures are Synchromist, the still-lifes Cubist, and the drawings Precisionist. Through March 17. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Morgan—Paintings of Venice and New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert Nickle—Collages. Through March 17. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Anthony Padovano—Sculptural forms, in marble, bronze, limestone, and fieldstone. Some are freestanding, and others are meant for tabletops. Through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Mythical birds and sky phenomena painted in flaming watercolors in Martinique by this Danish artist, a member of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Miriam Schapiro—A two-gallery display of works by an artist known for her patterned, variegated collages: acrylic-and-fabric on canvas at Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St., and works on paper at Gladstone-Villani, 38 E. 57th St. Both shows through Wednesday, Feb. 28.

Anne Tabachnick—Abstract oils and drawings. Through March 7. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Anthony Toney—Semi-abstract figure paintings of the artist in his studio and other subjects. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Fantastic bronze-and-stainless-steel heads that are meant to represent visitors from another planet. Through Saturday, March 3. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **arsenal gallery**, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: A loan show, selected from the collections of the Metropolitan Museum, of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by twenty-five black artists, among them Alma Thomas, Alvin Loving, and Gordon Parks. Through March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.). . . **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "A Century of Venezuelan Landscapes: 1848-1948" consists of forty paintings by twenty artists. Through April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **davis & long**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: About thirty paintings and drawings, taken from the gallery stock and dating from the late eighteenth century to the early twentieth; included are a fine pair of paintings (three parrots on a branch and a sunset in Malta) by Edward Lear, and a hurried watercolor hitting the high spots of a Venetian scene by John Singer Sargent. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A second look at paintings and sculptures that were exhibited here in the sixties. The ten artists include Agnes Martin, John Wesley, and Isaac Witkin. Through March 7. . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Gallery artists, including Raphael Soyer and Laura Ziegler, in a show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through March 7. . . . **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: A total of a hundred and forty-two nineteenth-century French and other Continental drawings, watercolors, and oil sketches. Through March 10.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

William Allan—Watercolors from the last seven years. Through March 17. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Cynthia Carlson—Colorful three-dimensional abstract ceramic pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jon Carsman—Large paintings of the Bucks County streams that he used to wade in as a boy, plus summery interiors and terraces, in this country and in Bermuda. Through Saturday, March 3. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

John Chandler—Drawings on a grid pattern. Through March 10. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Etnier—The boulder-strewn coves of Maine and the sandy beaches of Nassau provide this veteran realist with endless subject matter. Through Saturday, March 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Elisabeth Frink—Bronzes, many of horses or active male figures, plus drawings and a series of outsize stylized heads by this leading British sculptor. Through March 9. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nick Ghiz / Richard Alden—Tabletop-size sculptures of convoluted forms suggestive of seashells, done in alabaster, marble, and walnut. / Meticulous drawings of the artist's home—kitchen, bedroom, worktable, closet doors, a windowsill. Through Saturday, March 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gini Hamilton—A primitive aura pervades this show, in which raw tree branches, sometimes wrapped with cloth or strung with cloth pendants, are propped against the wall. The floor pieces include an elongated papier-mâché boulder split down the middle and stuffed with twigs. Through Saturday, March 3. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Hoyland—Two shows of abstract works: on canvas at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St., and on paper at Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St. Both shows through Saturday, Feb. 24.

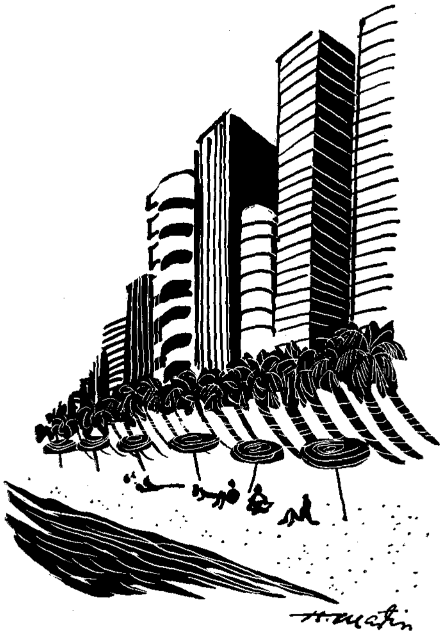
Darryl Hughto—Abstract canvases. Through March 8. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

James Juszczyk—Large abstract paintings based on a grid pattern. Through Saturday, March 3. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Up to thirty life-size painted-aluminum cutouts (portraits), all of them freestanding, on lucite and metal bases. Through March 17. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lee Krasner—Large-scale paintings, dated 1959-62, many of which tantalize the viewer with the feeling that a few brushstrokes added here or there would transform the violent abstractions into realistic figures and objects. Through March 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne—Functional sculpture, so to speak. For instance, a huge cast-stone gorilla has a safe in his stomach; a giant fibre-glass frog has a recess in his back that serves as a seat; a life-size bronze sheep has a sheepskin cover one can sit on; and so on. Through March 24. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)



Winifred Lutz—A new set of her three-dimensional sculptures constructed of handmade paper, which she produces from such natural fibres as abaca, ramie, sisal, and yucca, in a wide range of consistencies and colors. There is also a benchlike platform made of pine. Through Thursday, March 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Twenty-four collages dated 1955 to 1963, all but two combining paint and sections of raw canvas, including "The Battle," on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Tuesday, Feb. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert Morris—Small silverpoint-and-gesso paintings, heightened with acrylic, exploring various irrelevancies, inconsistencies, anachronisms. Through Saturday, March 3. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Donn Moulton / Janet Alling—Beach pebbles picked up by the artist near his home in Maine or on the Dorset coast are copied exactly, except greatly enlarged, in polyester resins, in which state they make fine wall pieces. / Another group of enlargements, these done in oil, of Rex begonias and kalanchoes, both of which have showy blossoms. Through Saturday, March 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Harry Nadler—New abstract oils. Through Saturday, March 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Tony Robbin—Paintings and works on paper. Through March 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Drawings. Through March 17. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Athena Tacha—Models, drawings, and photographs of site sculptures. Through Saturday, March 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Tuttle—A two-gallery showing of his Minimalist works on paper. At Truman, 38 E. 57th St., are ten watercolors—each little more than the flick of a brush—on glassine paper, done for a 1977 showing at Yale. . . . ¶ Alexander, 20 W. 57th St., is exhibiting, in the basement of that building, two hundred and fifty drawings, most of them a brief inked line, assembled into books by the artist. Both shows through March 10.

Robert Yasuda / Ruth Vollmer—Seven paintings on aluminum. / Pencil drawings. Through Saturday, March 3. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jean Zaleski—Guernsey and Holstein cows portrayed against the Blue Ridge mountainsides of Virginia. Through Thursday, March 1. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: "The Big Still-Life" is a show of exactly that by such realists as Alfred Leslie, Paul Georges, and Sondra Freckelton. Through March 9. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.). . . **hamilton**, 20 W. 57th St.: A three-person show here consists of drawings (mostly of rocks) and a few collages by David Hare; a number of large and powerful abstract paintings by Cheryl Bowers, a California artist; and bright pastel works on paper by Jenny Snider. Through Saturday, March 3. . . . **hammer**, 51 E. 57th St.: Works by more than forty artists, among them Robert Henri, Grandma Moses, Henry F. Farny, and Rockwell Kent. Through Saturday, March 3. (Open Mondays.). . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Traditional African art from the Cameroon grasslands, looking a little hostile to the plate-glass and stainless-steel world it is being exhibited in. Through March 10. . . . **pro-tetch**, 37 W. 57th St.: Five New York artists are represented in a group show here, among them Louisa Chase, whose depiction of falling autumn leaves is deadpan sentimental, and Howard Smith, whose horizontal stripes do Op Art tricks. Through Saturday, March 3. . . . **zarre**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by eleven artists who concentrate on decorative patterns of one kind or another. Joyce Kozloff, Tony Robbin, and Kendall Shaw are among the group. Through Saturday, March 3.

Sculpture—Works by Mary Frank, Larry Riv-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	1	2	3

ers, and George Segal. Also drawings. Through Saturday, March 3. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

David Budd—Panels of solid-blue paint applied with a knife. Through March 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Gretchen Caracas—Paintings. Through March 8. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Drawings of sawed-off, upright tree trunks, done on white paper and collaged onto brown paper, plus small wood and acrylic sculptures that look like lengths of bark stripped from a tree. Through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Pretto, now at 150 Spring St. Opens at 1.)

Bob Feldgus—Paintings. Through March 8. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Large abstract paintings, done in strong, pure colors, that take off from a grid; there's not a single curved line in the show. Through Saturday, March 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Michael Goldberg—Large, powerful paintings in which landscapes are simplified to their basic elements. The paint is made of bronze powder suspended in a solution, and it bites into the canvas like a dye. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Dale Henry / Roberta Allen—One side of the gallery is occupied by four so-called "Interiors," each consisting of an ordinary table, a chair, and a painting; two are painted red, two blue. Across the room are four matching "Wall Paintings," brushed directly on the wall (two in red, two in blue), which are abstractions of the Interiors. / Conceptual works that include both drawings and a diagram taped to the floor. Through Tuesday, Feb. 27. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Donald Judd—This survey of his work over the past sixteen years includes his plywood boxes and brushed-aluminum wall pieces, and an enormous freestanding piece made up of a succession of identical aluminum frames, four feet high and ten feet long, arranged in a row. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Steve Kelsey / Daniel Douke—Large, open triangular wall pieces, the largest seven feet tall, made of plywood and daubed with paint. / This artist, member of an emerging school called "material illusionism," makes packing cases—complete with tape, brown-paper covering, and sometimes tacks and nails—out of canvas, gesso, and acrylics, and they do look exactly like packing cases. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—Four sculptures, one of them an eighty-five-foot curtain of steel stripping. Through April 7. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Pat Lasch—Wood constructions, abstract paintings and drawings. The paint on the constructions, several of which resemble tiered and decorated wedding cakes, was applied with a pastry tube, a technique the artist learned from her *könditor* father. Through March 7. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Jean Le Gac—Selected work from 1968 to last year by a conceptual artist who uses photographs and text. Through March 7. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Steve Linn—The star of this sculpture show is a huge, full-scale Kenworth truck made of laminated white ash sanded down to a matte finish. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Joe Nicastri—Paintings and pencil drawings of figures and flowers, done on a gesso surface that is built up in repeated layers on etching paper by a process in which the paper and the plaster and the graphite (or pigment) become one. The edges of these works are left raw, giving them the look of details chipped out of an ancient mural. First one-man show in New York. Through March 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Gladys Nilsson—Watercolors depicting a multitude of amorphous figures. Through March 15. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Ed Shostak—Discs, arcs, and arabesques spinning off of them are combined in these aluminum and wood sculptures, and are also the subject of the graphics being showed with them. Through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Arlene Slavin—An eight-wall mural entitled "Waterbird," plus related paintings and drawings. Through March 8. (Milliken, third floor, 141 Prince St.)

Andy Warhol—Wall-to-wall Warhols—sixty-seven paintings lined shoulder to shoulder around the sides of this large exhibition room, plus sixteen more in the rear gallery. Through March 10. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Generation Show—The wide diversity of aesthetic aims in abstract art is clearly illustrated in this show, organized by Michael Walls and consisting of recent paintings by twenty leading American abstractionists born in the United States between 1929 and 1946. Among the works are a huge, colorful collage (six and a half feet tall and twelve feet long) by Joan Snyder, made up of drawings by Bedford-Stuyvesant school kids; a sombre, compelling wall piece of plywood and acrylics by Ralph Humphrey; and a triangular wall piece built around three interior triangles by Robert Mangold. Through Saturday, March 3. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Leon Golub—Portraits, based on photographs, of political figures, including Franco, Ho Chi Minh, and Kissinger. Through Monday, Feb. 26. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Jody Pinto / Frank Young—Project drawings by an artist who finds similarities between landscapes and the human organism; the most colorful works in the show are of three disembodied ears, about four times life-size, floating in the air like so many flying saucers. / Large drawings, one of them ten feet tall, each of which offers an elongated, vaguely conical form outlined in black and filled in with countless multicolored pastel strokes. Through Saturday, March 3. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—Thirty-five recently made photographs of natural land formations in the West. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)... ¶ In a collateral exhibit the Museum of Modern Art is showing Adams' early works (from the sixties), depicting urban and rural scenes in and around Colorado Springs and Denver. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Robert Frank—All eighty-three photographs which appeared in his 1959 book "The Americans" are on view here. Also, a less well-known group of prints made in New York in the late forties and fifties, including portraits of Motherwell, de Kooning, Gandy Brodie in his loft, and an unusually soft-toned one of Meyer Schapiro playing with a child. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Carl Toth / Robert Heinecken—Color photographs in which small mechanical objects are seen alongside Polaroid pictures of them. / Erotic prints with text, plus a four-by-five-foot mosaic of two hundred and fifty-five Polaroid prints—of arms, legs, torsos, genitals, everything. Through Saturday, March 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Burk Uzzle / Lucien Clergue—Urban street scenes. / Surrealist studies of nudes. Through March 10. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kelly Wise—Surreal photographs. Through March 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Fifty Years of New York—More than three hundred photographs from the *News* archives have been mounted by the New York Public Library. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two shows. More than a hundred works by David Octavius Hill, Charles Nègre, and Auguste Salzmann, all of whom began their careers as academic painters.... ¶ Photojournalist pictures of Europe between the two wars by Lucien Aigner. Through March 11. (Open Sundays.)... **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park S.: Portraits, still-lifes, photo-collages, and experimental works by Eva Rubinstein, George A. Tice, Jan Groover, Andre Haluska, and six others. Through March 4. (Daily, except Saturday, Feb. 24, from 1 to 6.)... **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "The Invented Landscape" includes works by ten contemporary photographers. Through April 14. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)... **SRAGOW**, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St.: A small selection of prints (some are gravures) by Kertész, Brandt, Model, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: Works by five photographers—John Pinderhughes, Coreen Simpson, Frank Stewart, Jules Allen, and Dawoud Bey. Through March 11. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)... **WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.: Industrial scenes by Charles Sheeler, Berenice Abbott, Lewis Baltz, and others. Through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)... **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: Vintage prints by Julia Margaret Cameron, Roger Fenton, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, and others. Through Saturday, March 3. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

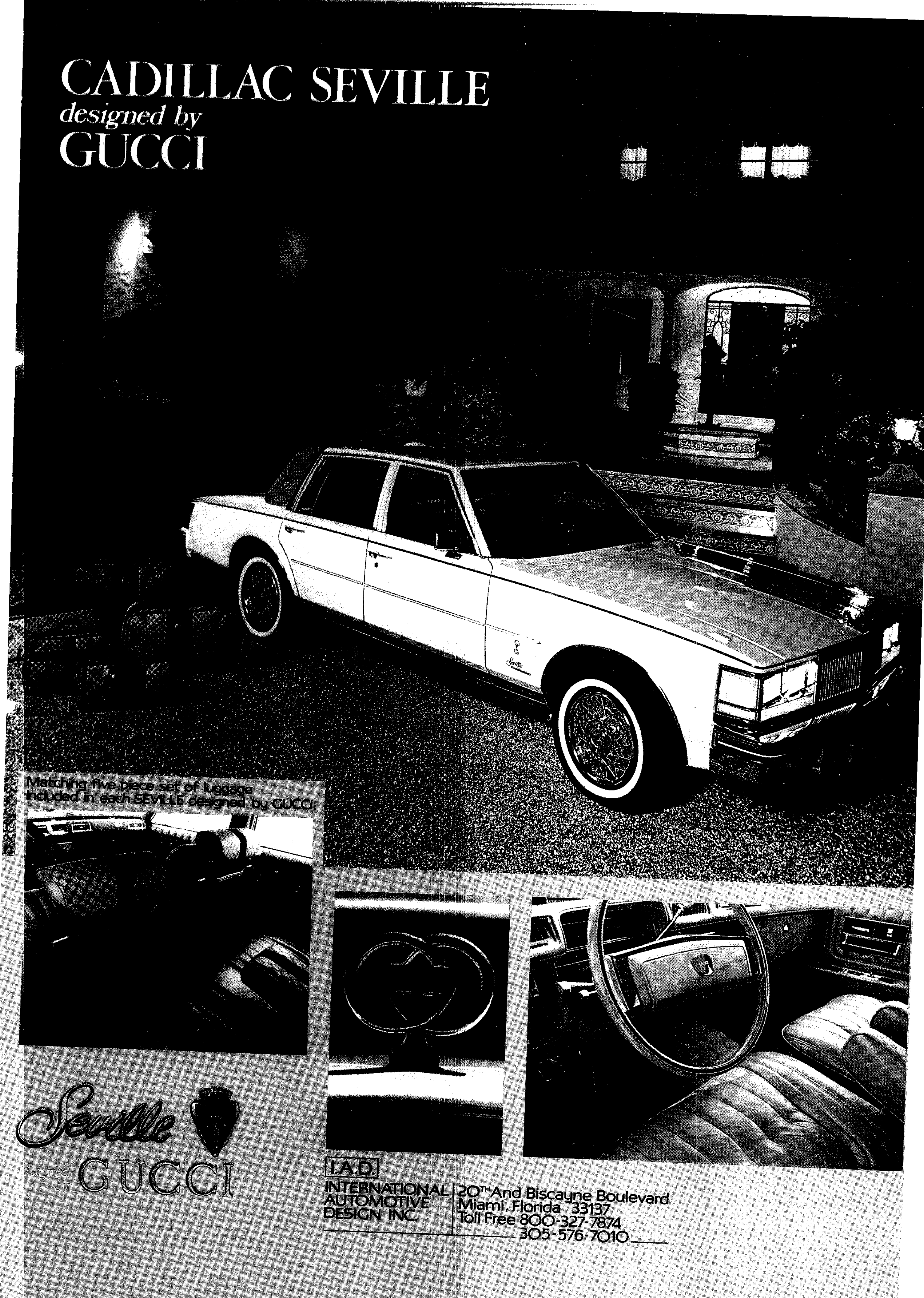
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course.... ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters.... ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings by students of Hans Hofmann, including Helen Frankenthaler, Lee Krasner, and Giorgio Cavallon. The works date from the twenties to the fifties. Through March 4.... ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through March 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Architectural styles that have emerged in the last fifteen years are examined in a show of drawings, photographs, and models. Starts Friday, Feb. 23.... ¶ Jackie Winsor's geometric floor sculptures, made of unpainted wood, rope, nails, brick. Through March 6.... ¶ Paul Klee prints. Through April 3.... ¶ An exhibit of thirty collages by Anne Ryan. Through March 6.... ¶ Bottle caps, paper clips, rubber bands, and other objects (two thousand of them) transformed by Donald Lipski into tiny sculptures that are pinned in rows on the wall. Through March 18.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Through May 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian (paintings and works on paper, including two sketchbooks), dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. This exhibit is closed to visitors on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 27-28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The 1979 biennial consists of works in a wide range of styles and mediums by eighty-eight artists of all ages and all levels of fame, more than a third of whom work outside the New York area. Through April 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings,



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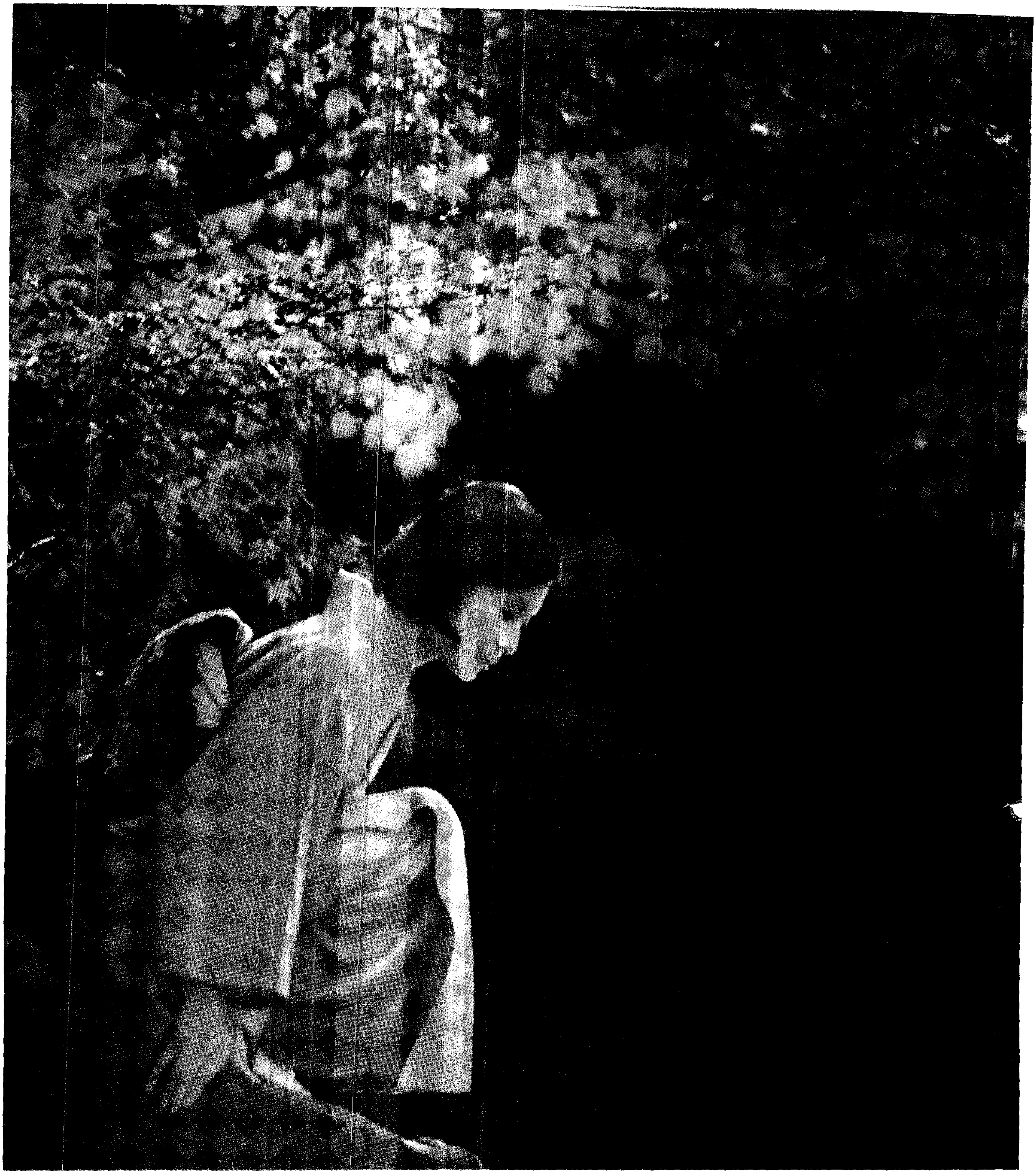

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	1	2	3

drawings, and sculptures by four British Victorian artists: George Frederic Watts, Frederic Leighton, Albert Moore, and Alfred Gilbert. Through April 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Calligraphy as a decorative form in the arts of the Muslim world, demonstrated in a show of manuscript pages, pottery, textiles, and metalwork dating from the seventh century to the nineteenth. Through March 11. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of designs for buildings, interiors, and objects commissioned by King Ludwig II of Bavaria. Also costumes, furniture, porcelains, and textiles that were actually used by the king. Through March 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of more than a hundred handmade bookbindings, representing the full range of the library's collection, in such materials as gold, silver, and ivory. . . . ¶ More than three dozen single leaves from medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts, one of them from a Bible illuminated at St. Swithin's Priory, Winchester, England, in the last quarter of the twelfth century. . . . ¶ Presentation copies of W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads," and examples of sequels and elaborations thereof, form a small exhibit demonstrating the inception of the author's librettos for the operas he did with Arthur Sullivan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All start Thursday, Feb. 22.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection has put together an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and first editions by Henry James, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, and other authors active in the eighteen-nineties. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Pictures of New York from the last fifty years. Through March 31. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Photographic installations by four artists: Dennis Adams, James Casebere, Donald, and Barbara Levy. All shows through March 10.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Donna Henes (performance), Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; Skye Vermont (performance), Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8:30; Ann McMillan & Dieter Jung (performance), Thursday, March 1, at 8:30; works by Ida Applebroog and Angels Ribe that either literally or conceptually follow a book format, through Saturday, March 3.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—William Hawley (music), Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8:30; Eleanor Antin (performance), Friday and Saturday, Feb. 23-24, at 8:30; Jeffrey Lohn (music for electric organ and harpsichord, and for the voice), Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8:30; Richard Teitelbaum (music), Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 27-28, at 8:30; Bob & Ingrid Wiegand (videotape projection, with audiotape), through Saturday, March 3.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—At least twenty individual exhibits and several group shows are currently housed in this three-story onetime school building. Through April 1.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Leona Mitchell, May Sandoz, Alma Jean Smith, Seth McCoy, Christian Boesch, Harald Stamm, James Atherton, and Allan Monk; conducted by John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, John Shirley-Quirk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Leona Mitchell, May Sandoz, Alma Jean Smith, Seth McCoy, Christian Boesch, Harald Stamm, James Atherton, and Allan Monk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 1: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; David Stivender. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, John Shirley-Quirk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Leona Mitchell, May Sandoz, Alma Jean Smith, Seth McCoy, Christian Boesch, Harald Stamm, James Atherton, and John Shirley-Quirk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, Allan Monk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and James Morris; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 29—Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 8: "La Bohème," with Glenys Fowles, Sharon Daniels, Luis Lima, Dominic Cossa, Marc Embree, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Awilda Verdejo, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Adib Fazah; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Ruth Falcon, Gwenlynn Little, Faith Esham, Jane Shaulis, Robert Hale, Vernon Hartman, and Ralph Bassett; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 25, at 1: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Faye Robinson, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Long; Elyakum Shapirra. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 25, at 7: "Andrea Chénier," with Maria Coronada, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Awilda Verdejo, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Adib Fazah; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Faye Robinson, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Long; Elyakum Shapirra. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Ermanno Mauro, Frederick Burchinal, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "La Bohème," with Glenys Fowles, Sharon Daniels, Luis Lima, Dominic Cossa, Marc Embree, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Ruth Falcon, Gwenlynn Little, Faith Esham, Jane Shaulis, Robert Hale, Vernon Hartman, and Ralph Bassett; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727.)

New Opera Theatre—Richard Dufallo conducting the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in two performances of Donizetti's "Il Furioso all'Isola di San Domingo," in English. Staged by Ian Strasfogel. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 22, and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—The New York première of Hindemith's "News of the Day," in English. Conducted by Bruce Ferden and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 1, and Saturday, March 3, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 22-24, at 8:30; Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 7:30; Thursday, March 1, at 8:30; Friday, March 2, at 2; and Tuesday, March 6, at 7:30.)

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra—Dmitri Kitaenko conducting, with Alexander Toradze, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Friday, March 2, at 8, an all-Gershwin program, with Norman Krieger, piano; and Saturday, March 3, at 8, a varied program, with Ilana Vered, piano.)

Symphonicum Europae—A benefit concert, performed by the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Piero Gamba; Jorge Bolet, piano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; José Greco, dancer; Yehudi Menuhin and Ruggiero Ricci, violin; Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Andres Segovia, classical guitarist; actors José Ferrer and Peter Ustinov; Gary Graffman and Byron Janis, piano; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the final concerts of the season. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30: With Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 4, at 5:30: An all-Bach program, with Henryk Szeryng, violin; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and John Solum, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. All seats have been sold for the three concerts, and only standing room is left.)

Orpheus—Twenty-five instrumentalists who perform without a conductor, with Richard Goode, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

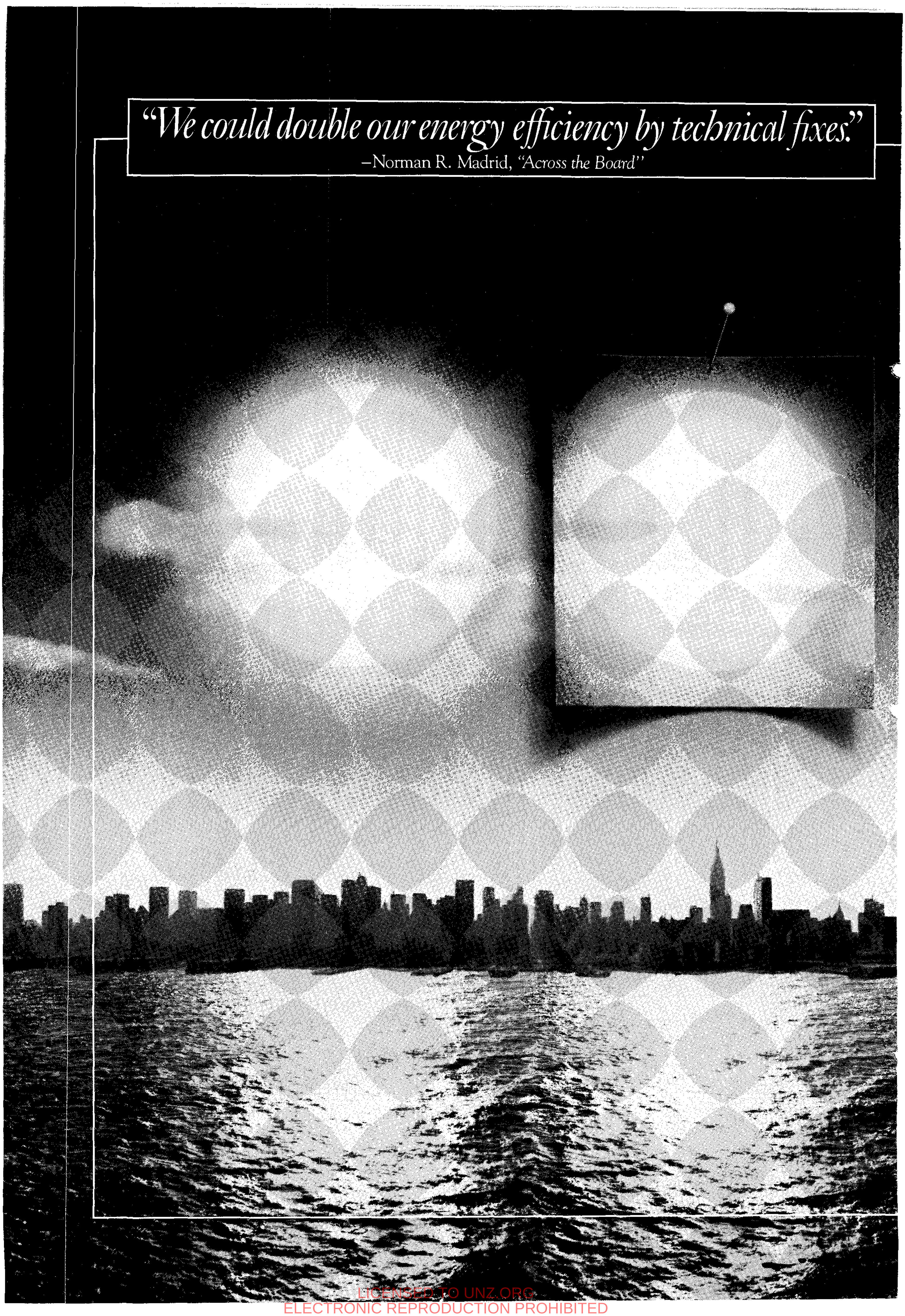
Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Janáček's "Kátya Kabanová" in concert form, with Gabriela Beňačková, soprano; Naděžhda Kniplová, mezzo-soprano; William Lewis and Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenors; David Evitts, baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

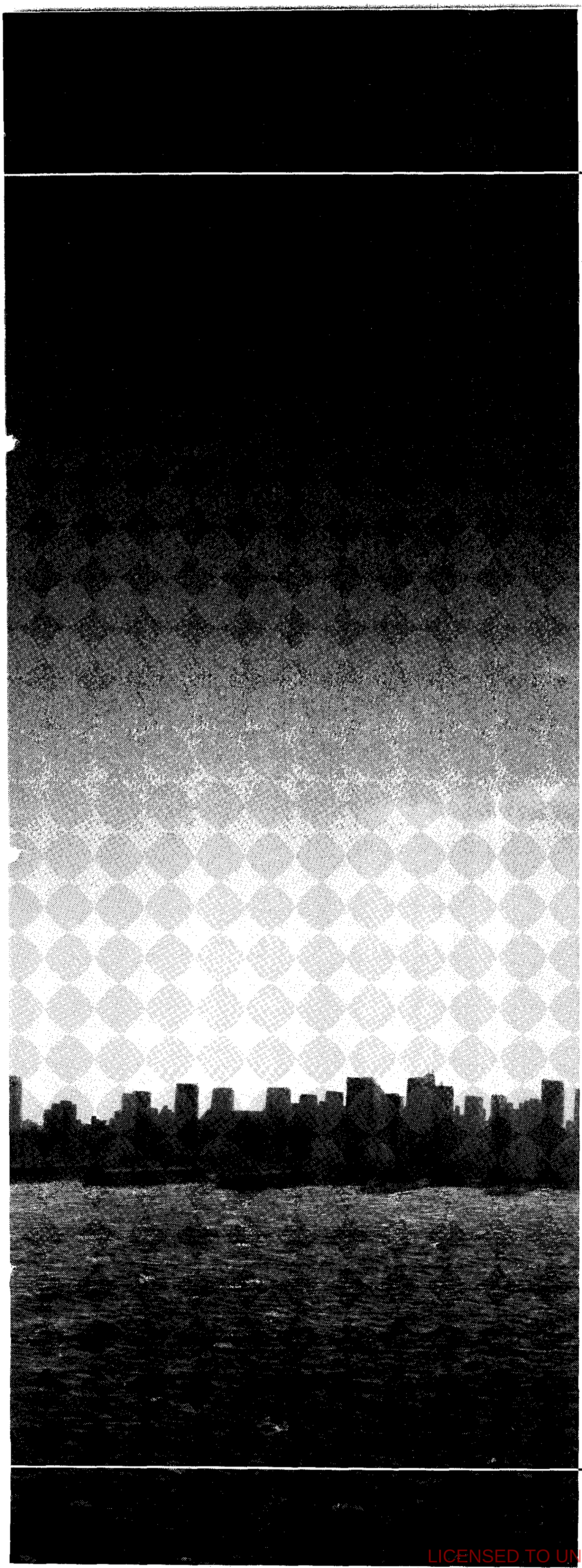
Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts. Composer John Cage will be present and participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 2, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 3, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 2.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem,



"We could double our energy efficiency by technical fixes."
–Norman R. Madrid, *"Across the Board"*



Oil production is expected to peak out in the 1980's.

Energy from new sources—like kelp from the sea, fusion, even solar-generated electricity—will still be too far in the future to take up the slack.

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SINGER

with Atarah Hazzan, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; Richard Taylor, tenor; Benjamin Matthews, bass; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The first in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Anthony Newman. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 5:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Paul Badura-Skoda—Piano, in two all-Mozart programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 21, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Kiri Te Kanawa—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Christiane Edinger—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Daniel Phillips—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fifth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the Audubon String Quartet; Ann Silsbee, piano; the Contemporary Directions Ensemble; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Philidor Trio—A program of baroque music. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The second in a series of four concerts presenting the Haydn cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Jerry Grossman—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2:30.)

Haydn Quartet—The second of two all-Haydn recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 5:45.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Saturday, Feb. 24, at 6: James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; John Browning, piano; and others. Saturday, March 3, at 6: Jaime Laredo and Ida Kavafian, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Emanuel Ax, piano; and others. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 25, at 5, and Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 7:30: The same program as Feb. 24, above. Friday, March 2, at 8, and Sunday, March 4, at 5: The same artists as March 3, above. (Alice Tully Hall.)

Janina Fialkowska—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Coffee Concert—A recital by the Marlboro Trio, following which the artists will mingle with the audience over coffee. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Sunday, Feb. 25, at noon. Admission by contribution.)

Music for a While—A program of German music of the Late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2.)

National Association of Composers, USA—A program of music by Louis Pelosi, Richard Hoyt, and others, performed by Deborah Kieffer, mezzo-soprano; Barbara Kupferberg, piano; Curtis Macomber and Shem Guibbory, violin; and others. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

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Christa Ludwig—Mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3.)

Tom Krause—Baritone, performing Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The ninth in a series of fourteen recitals will be performed by the New York Tudor Consort, with Brenda Fairaday, soprano, and Allan Fast, countertenor. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Marion Feldman—Cello, with Mary Freeman Blankstein, violin, and Larry Guy, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 5:45.)

Frederica von Stade—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and harpsichord/piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Robert Black conducting a program of twentieth-century chamber music, with Bethany Beardslee, *Sprechstimme*. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Antonio Barbosa—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Paul Olefsky—Playing Bach's cycle of six unaccompanied suites for cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The last in a series of concerts, this one an all-French program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Emanuel Ax, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Beverly Morgan—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Anton Kuerti—The fifth in a series of eight recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A performance of "Roman de Fauvel," a fourteenth-century secular play, with the Ensemble singing, and playing medieval instruments. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Musical Elements—Daniel Asia conducting a chamber ensemble dedicated to the performance of new music from around the world in the third in a series of five concerts, this one entitled "New Music and Jazz." (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the second of two recitals, this one an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 1, at 8.)

Denis Brott—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 1, at 8.)

Tartini Trio—A trio from Yugoslavia. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Thursday, March 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—A vocal quartet in a program entitled "The Unknown Schubert." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 1, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Stephanie Brown, piano; Pina Carmirelli, violin; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 1, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Hear America First—A program of music by Bartók, Messiaen, and others entitled "Forty-Year-Olds." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8.)

Kuyken Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 2, at 8:30.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano, with a chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 3, at 3.)

Lee Luvisi—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 3, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Diego, Saturday, March 3, at 8. . . . **rutgers university athletic center,** Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Friday, Feb. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Sunday, Feb. 25, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, March 2, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Feb. 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, March 3, at 1:15. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Feb. 24, at 1:15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, March 3, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 24. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31.

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 23, at 11 and 7.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 10. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

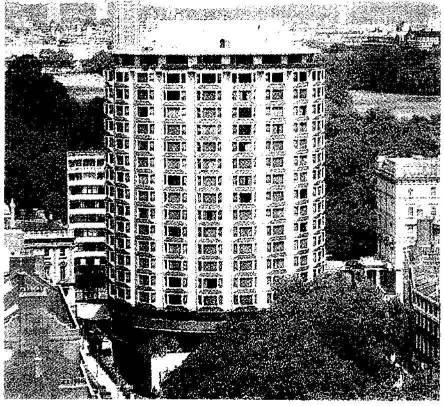
Eclipse of the Sun—Will be observed from New York as a partial (60.8 per cent) eclipse, on Monday, Feb. 26, commencing at 11 A.M., and ending at 1:31 P.M.

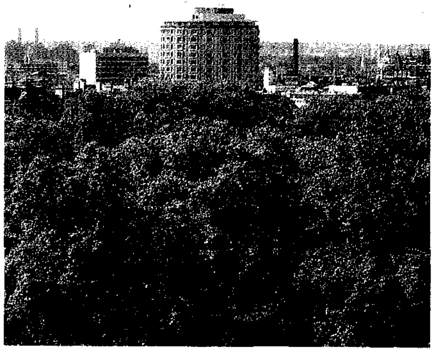
Poetry Readings—Seamus Heaney reading from his own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Yehuda Amichai reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

National Antiques Show—This year's featured exhibit is a retrospective of lighting devices ranging from Judean and Roman terra-cotta oil lamps to fixtures by Louis Comfort Tiffany. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 21-24, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 25, from 1 to 7.)

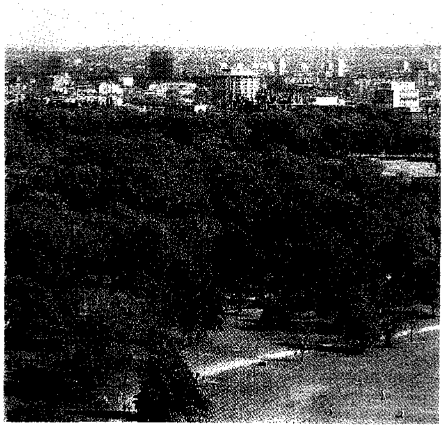
Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Saturday, Feb. 24, from 10 to 7, and Sunday, Feb. 25, from 10 to 6.)

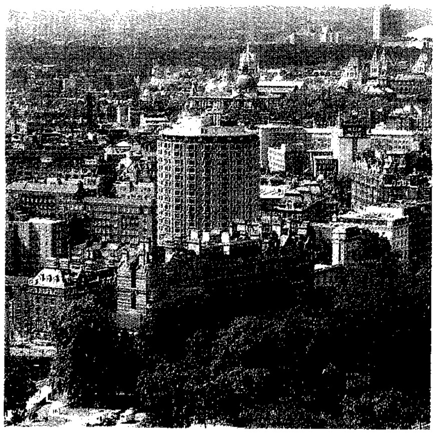
Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 2; Thursday, Feb. 22, at 10:15 and 2; Friday, Feb. 23, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 10:15: English and Continental silver, *objets de vertu*, miniature paintings, and watches and clocks; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2: French and other European furniture, decorations, clocks, and rugs; from many sources.

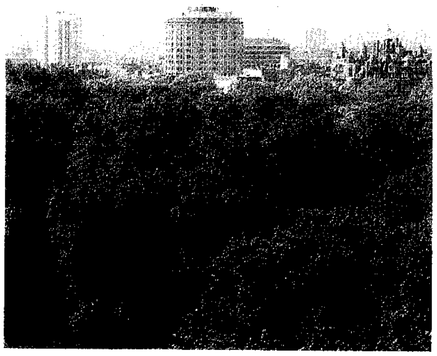

View from the Carlton Tower.


View from the Dorchester.

View from the Intercontinental.


View from the Royal Lancaster.


View from the Hilton.


View from the Grosvenor House.

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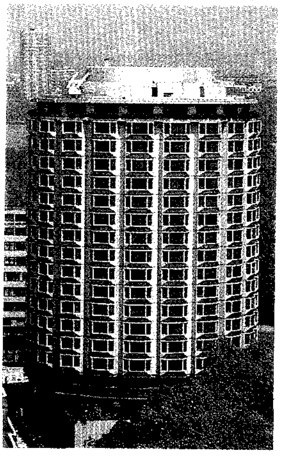

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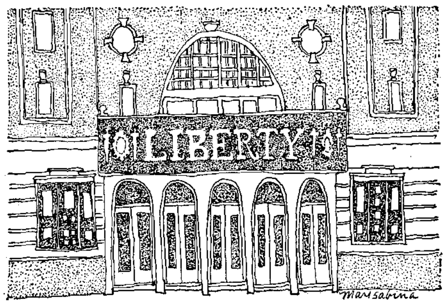
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 21. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 25: "Chuquiago."
Feb. 26: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 27: "Tent of Miracles."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"California Suite."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 22: "Death on the Nile" and "Handle with Care."
Feb. 23-27: "The Wiz" and "FM."
From Feb. 28: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 3 (tentative): "Quintet."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Warriors."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 1: "Heaven Can Wait."
From March 2: "Norma Rae."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"In Praise of Older Women."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Great Train Robbery."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Hardcore."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Deer Hunter."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Agatha."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"On the Yard."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Feb. 22: "When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder."
From Feb. 23: "Midnight Express."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Despair."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 3 (tentative): "Quintet."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Feb. 22: "California Suite."
From Feb. 23: "Ice Castles."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 22: "Death on the Nile."
From Feb. 23: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Bread and Chocolate."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Great Train Robbery."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through March 1: "The Warriors."
From March 2: "Fast Break."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Hardcore."
Theatre 2: "In Praise of Older Women."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Movie Movie."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 1: "In Praise of Older Women."
From March 2: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Days of Heaven."
Theatre 2: "Bread and Chocolate."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 22: "The Lord of the Rings." From Feb. 23: "The Last Wave."
Theatre 4: "Tracks."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Lord of the Rings."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Murder by Decree."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Feb. 22: "Movie Movie."
From Feb. 23: "Wifemistress."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Feb. 22: "Wifemistress."
From Feb. 23: "Picnic at Hanging Rock."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Great Train Robbery."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through March 3 (tentative): "Quintet."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Your Turn, My Turn."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Days of Heaven."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "California Suite."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 22: "The Last Wave." From Feb. 23: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: "The Brink's Job."
Theatre 4: Through March 1: "The Lord of the Rings." From March 2: "On the Yard."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Movie Movie."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 22: "Death on the Nile" and "Sorcerer."
Feb. 23-March 1: "The Wiz" and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."
From March 2: "Movie Movie" and "The Ritz."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Great Train Robbery." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Feb. 22: "Quintet." (†)
From Feb. 23: "Midnight Express." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "California Suite." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 22: "The Late Great Planet Earth." From Feb. 23: "An Unmarried Woman." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 22: "National Lampoon's Animal House." From Feb. 23: "Coming Home."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Wiz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through March 1: "The Warriors." (†)
From March 2: "Norma Rae." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Hardcore." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"In Praise of Older Women." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Feb. 22: "Sex Machine" and "Flesh Gordon."
From Feb. 23: "Ice Castles." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Last Wave." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 21: "Lady in the Lake" (1947), directed by Robert Montgomery, with Montgomery, Audrey Totter, Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, and Jayne Meadows; and "Dark Passage" (1947), directed by Delmar Daves, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.
Feb. 22: "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont; and "Grey Gardens" (1976), directed by the Maysles brothers, about Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter Edie in their decaying East Hampton mansion.
Feb. 23-24: "Happy New Year" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian; and "Cat and Mouse" (1978), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Michèle Morgan and Serge Reggiani.
Feb. 25-26: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.
Feb. 27: "Sanjuro" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Militarist" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Hirumichi Horikawa.
Feb. 28: "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.
March 1: "Bonaparte." (†)
March 2-3: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron; and "Stolen Kisses" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 21: "Metropolis" (1926), a silent German film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Brigitte Helm; and "The Golem" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Harry Baur.
Feb. 22: "Weekend" (1968), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Mireille Darc; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur.
Feb. 23: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Feb. 24 at 1: "Transport from Paradise" (1963), in Czech, directed by Zbyněk Brynych.
Feb. 24: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Beat the Devil" (1954), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.
Feb. 25: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore,

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and Betty Furness; and "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

Feb. 26: "History Is Made at Night" (†) and "A Man's Castle." (†)

Feb. 27: "The Devil's Eye" (1961), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Jarl Kulle, Bibi Andersson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Three Strange Loves" (1949; "Thirst"), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Birger Malmsten and Eva Henning.

Feb. 28: "Elmer Gantry" (†) and "The Miracle Woman." (†)

March 1: "The Wages of Fear" (†); and "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

March 2: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Tristana." (†)

March 3: "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (†) and "Holiday." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 22: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Feb. 23-24: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen; and "The Twelve Chairs" (1970), directed by Mel Brooks, with Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, and Ron Moody.

Feb. 25-26: "The Red Shoes" (†); and "The Turning Point" (1977), directed by Herbert Ross, with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne.

Feb. 27: "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.

Feb. 28-March 1: "Go Tell the Spartans" (1978), directed by Ted Post, with Burt Lancaster and Craig Wasson; and "The Boys in Company C." (†)

March 2-3: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Feb. 24: "Halloween." (†)

Feb. 25: "The Circus" (1928), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Merna Kennedy, and Betty Morrissey; and "Sherlock Jr." (1924), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton, Kathryn McGuire, and Joe Keaton.

Feb. 26: "For Heaven's Sake" (1926), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Noah Young; "The Kid" (†); and "Three's a Crowd." (†)

Feb. 27: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and "College" (1927), a silent film, directed by James Horne, with Buster Keaton, Florence Turner, and Ann Cornwall.

Feb. 28: "The Freshman" (1925), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Brooks Benedict; and "Chaplin Revue," three short silent films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin—"Shoulder Arms" (1918), "A Dog's Life" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923).

March 1: "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and "Battling Butler" (1926), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton, Sally O'Neil, and Snitz Edwards.

March 2: "The Gold Rush" (†) and "Our Hospitality." (†)

March 3: "Seven Chances" (1925), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton and Ruth Dwyer; and "Why Worry?" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 21: "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (1956), directed by Richard Quine, with Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams; and "It Should Happen to You" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon.

Feb. 22-24: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart.

Feb. 25-27: "I'm No Angel" (†) and "She Done Him Wrong." (†)

Feb. 28-March 3: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dames" (1934), directed by Ray Enright, with Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Feb. 22: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "Angel Face" (1953), directed by Otto Preminger, with Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons, Mona Freeman, and Herbert Marshall.

Feb. 23-24: "Second Chance" (1953), directed by Rudolph Maté, with Robert Mitchum, Linda Darnell, and Jack Palance; and "Drums of Tahiti" (1954), directed by William Castle, with Dennis O'Keefe, Patricia Medina, and Francis L. Sullivan. *Both films in 3-D.*

Feb. 25: Two recent Iranian films, in Farsi, with English subtitles—"Prince Ehtejab" (1976) and "The Cow" (1968).

Feb. 26: Two recent Iranian films, in Farsi, with English subtitles—"The Mongols" (1973) and "The Sealed Soil" (1977).

Feb. 27: Three recent Iranian films, in Farsi, with English subtitles—"The Cycle" (1974), "Still Life" (1974), and "The Temptation of Power" (1976).

Feb. 28-March 1: "White Heat" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly; and "Dark Passage" (1947), directed by Delmar Daves, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.

March 2-3: "Rififi" (1956), in French, directed by Jules Dassin, with Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin; and "The Wages of Fear." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 21: "The Guardsman" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Roland Young, Ann Dvorak, and ZaSu Pitts; and "The Scoundrel" (1935), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Noël Coward.

Feb. 22: "Road House" (1948), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and "Johnny Belinda" (1948), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Jane Wyman, Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, Agnes Moorehead, and Stephen McNally.

Feb. 23-24: "Charlie Chan in Panama" (1940), directed by Norman Foster, with Sidney Toler, Jean Rogers, Lionel Atwill, Mary Nash, and Sen Yung; and "Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise" (1940), directed by Eugene Forde, with Sidney Toler, Marjorie Weaver, Lionel Atwill, Sen Yung, and Robert Lowery.

Feb. 25: "Lili" (1953), directed by Charles Walters, with Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Kurt Kasznar; and "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and Hermione Gingold.

Feb. 26: "Dishonored" (†); and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.

Feb. 27: "Good News" (1947), directed by Charles Walters, with June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Mel Tormé, and Joan McCracken; and "In the Good Old Summer Time" (1949), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Judy Garland and Van Johnson.

Feb. 28: "Brief Moment" (1933), directed by David Burton, with Carole Lombard, Gene Raymond, and Donald Cook; and "If You Could Only Cook." (†)

March 1: "Woman of the Year" (†); and "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

March 2-3: "War of the Worlds" (1953), directed by Byron Haskin, with Gene Barry, Ann Robinson, and Les Tremayne; and "Crack in the World" (1965), directed by Andrew Marton, with Dana Andrews, Janette Scott, Kieron Moore, and Alexander Knox.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 22 at 2:30: "Man of Two Worlds" (1934), directed by J. Walter Ruben, with Francis Lederer and Elissa Landi. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 6: "Prestige" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with Adolphe Menjou, Melvyn Douglas, and Ann Harding. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 8:30: "Mighty Joe Young" (1949), directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Terry Moore, Robert Armstrong, and Ben Johnson. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 2:30: "Five Came Back" (1939), directed by John Farrow, with Chester Morris, Lucille Ball, John Carradine, and Wendy Barrie. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 6: "The Third Man" (1949), directed by Carol Reed, with Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, Orson Welles, and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at noon: "Scarlet River" (1933), directed by Otto Brower, with Tom Keene, Edgar Kennedy, Yakima Canutt, Lon Chaney, Jr., Joel McCrea, Myrna Loy, and Bruce Cabot. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 2:30: "Bad Lands" (1939), directed by Lew Landers, with Noah Beery, Jr. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 5: "Five Came Back." . . ¶ Feb. 25 at noon: "Scarlet River." . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2:30: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" (1949), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, John Agar, and Joanne Dru. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 5: Two films by the Senegalese director Ousmane Sembène—"Senegal Borom Sarret" (1964) and "Black Girl" (1965), both in French with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at noon: "Born for Hard Luck" (1976), directed by Tom Davenport; "Styx" (1977), directed by Jan Krawitz and Tom Ott; and "Sydney Harbor Bridge" (1977), directed by Paul Winkler. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 2:30: "Boy Slaves" (1939), directed by P. J. Wolfson, with Anne Shirley; and "Bad Lands." . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 6: A program of films by Ian Hugo. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at noon: "Born for Hard Luck," "Styx," and "Sydney Harbor Bridge." . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2:30: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947), directed by George Seaton, with Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, Natalie Wood, and Edmund Gwenn. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 6: "Massachusetts Story" (1977), directed by Gordon Massingham. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2:30: "The Great Man Votes" (1939), directed by Garson Kanin, with John Barrymore. . . . ¶ March 1 at 6: "The Master Race" (1944), directed by Herbert Biberman, with Lloyd Bridges, Osa Massen, and George Coulouris. . . . ¶ March 1 at 8:30: "Boy Slaves." . . ¶ March 2 at 2:30: "The Master Race." . . ¶ March 2 at 6: "Behind That Curtain" (1929), directed by Irving Cummings, with Warner Baxter, Lois Moran, and Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ March 3 at noon: "The Saint Takes Over" (1940), directed by Jack Hively, with George Sanders, Wendy Barrie, and Jonathan Hale. . . . ¶ March 3 at 2:30: "The Great Man Votes." . . ¶ March 3 at 5: "They Knew What They Wanted" (1940), directed by Garson Kanin, with Charles Laughton, Carole Lombard, and William Gargan. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—In conjunction with the 1979 biennial exhibition, film and video works made during the past two years are being shown in both the second-floor film-video exhibition space and the first-floor lobby gallery. The programs change daily and/or weekly; our best advice is to phone the museum for exact film and video titles and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Cinema Dead or Alive?" (1978), in French, made by the Zurich Filmcollective; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—With Dustin Hoffman and Vanessa Redgrave, directed by Michael Apted. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

Bonaparte (1927, 1971)—This work of Abel Gance, one of the great pioneers of film and a master of fast editing, has not had the recognition it deserves, because he was technically so far ahead of his time that theatres weren't designed or equipped to handle his films. His 1927 "Napoleon" was made in Polyvision, and those lucky enough to have seen it projected that way (or, as it sometimes was, on three ordinary screens) will recall that his conception was far more complex than what directors later did with Cinerama, since Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects. The imagery poured from the three sources; history seemed to be literally an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. His epic was, however, so rarely shown that in 1934 he edited another version of it, and then in 1971 prepared this version. Even though much of the visual complexity is gone, what's left is still worth seeing—sweepingly romantic, both naïve and sophisticated. Antonin Artaud appears as Marat, Gance himself as Saint-Just. (Four and a half hours.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 1.)

The Boys in Company C—For what it is, this Sidney J. Furie film is very well done; the problem is in what it is. A comedy-melodrama about a group of Marine recruits who go to Vietnam, it attempts, while taking anti-Vietnam War attitudes, to show how comradeship builds character—as in Second World War movies. Rambunctious service-comedy situations are given a raucous, hip updating and encrusted with four-letter words. Furie keeps the gags and the sentiment coming. It's an exploitation war movie—mostly, it's like dirty TV—and the highly volatile, predominantly male audiences it attracts really get with it. The relatively fresh cast includes Stan Shaw, James Whitmore, Jr., Lee Ermey, Santos Morales, and Andrew Stevens. The mixed-up, messagey, schizophrenic script is by Furie and Rick Natkin. (With a John Wayne movie, you at least knew where you were.) (Cinema Village; Feb. 28-March 1.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Loews 83rd Quad.)

California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Art, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Feb. 22.)

Chuquiago—A Bolivian film, directed by Antonio Eguino, who will be present at the 8 o'clock showings on Thursday, Feb. 22, and Saturday, Feb. 25. In Spanish. (Little Theatre; through Feb. 25.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Feb. 22.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Coronet.)

Despair—With Dirk Bogarde and Andrea Ferréol, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. (Gemini 2.)

Dishonored (1931)—The dullest of the Marlene Dietrich films directed by Josef von Sternberg. He wrote the story (which was a mistake), and then the scenario was prepared by Daniel Rubin (another mistake). Dietrich plays a "woman of the streets" who is given the chance of spiritual redemption by serving her country; she becomes the glamorous spy X-27, but falls in love with an enemy agent (Victor McLaglen). McLaglen is the really hopeless mistake. He's meant to be dashing, but he lacks style and physical grace—he's a grinning buffoon, with zero sex appeal. Dietrich goes through her repertory of teases, lowering her eyelids demurely and raising them amusingly; she's charming, but she's playing all alone. (At times she might as well be doing eye exercises.) In a few sequences (especially the ones in which she impersonates a peasant hotel maid) she's clearly having a good time, and, when she poses with a cat, she's sleekly, still youthfully, beautiful (she was born December 27, 1901); the mask of mysterious remoteness and agelessness is just beginning to form. Her ironic, spacey gallantry—the way she keeps her firing squad waiting while she takes out her lipstick and touches up her mouth—is the only real entertainment in this lamely directed movie; the lines are so stiffly paced that they're like failed epigrams. (You wince.) With Lew Cody, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Warner Oland, Barry Norton, and, in a small part, William Powell. (Every one of them seems more desirable than McLaglen.) Photographed by Lee Garmes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 26.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as Bible Belt evangelists in the twenties, in a loud, striking, big-scale melodrama based on the Sinclair Lewis novel about con artists, adapted and directed by Richard Brooks. The movie cheats on the issues, but it's coarsely compelling and never boring. When Lancaster plays a kinetic, broadly exaggerated character like the lecher Gantry, you can't take your eyes off him, and Simmons is one of the most quietly commanding actresses Hollywood has ever trashed. With Shirley Jones as Lulu Bains, Edward Andrews as George Babbitt, and Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, Patti Page, John McIntire, Rex Ingram, Hugh Marlowe, and Philip Ober. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 28.)

Fast Break—With Gabriel Kaplan, directed by Jack Smight. (Loews Ciné; starting March 2.)

FM—With Michael Brandon, Eileen Brennan, Alex Karras, and Cleavon Little; directed by

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

John A. Alonzo. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 23-27.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl Charlie wins. (8th St. Playhouse; March 2.)

The Great Train Robbery—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea; the film is a fictionalized version of what, according to Michael Crichton, who directed, and adapted from his own novel, was the first train robbery. There's a total absence of personal obsession—even moviemaking obsession—in the way Crichton works; he never excites us emotionally or imaginatively, but the film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. With Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Sutton, U.A. East, Cinema 3, and Criterion.)

Halloween—John Carpenter, who made this low-budget scare picture, has a visual sense of menace, but he isn't very gifted with actors, and he doesn't seem to have any feeling at all for motivation or for plot logic. An escaped lunatic wielding a kitchen knife stalks people in a small Midwestern town, and that's about it. There's no indication of why he selects any particular target; he's the bogeyman—pure evil—and he wants to kill. The film is largely just a matter of the camera tracking subjectively, from the mad killer's point of view, leading you to expect something awful to happen. But the camera also tracks subjectively when he isn't around at all; in fact, there's so much subjective tracking you begin to think everybody in the movie has his own camera. Yet a lot of people seem to be convinced that "Halloween" is a classic. Maybe when a horror film is stripped of everything but dumb scariness it satisfies part of the audience in a more basic, childish way than sophisticated horror pictures do. With Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, and P. J. Soles. (2/19/79) (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 24.)

Handle with Care (1977)—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions; the story deals with the collision of their free-floating ids. As the Samaritan hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up—Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau Bridges sensitivity. As a trucker's wife who's as tough as they come, Marcia Rodd has timing comparable to Lily Tomlin's in "The Late Show;" her scenes with Ann Wedgeworth, as a bedraggled passionflower who, it turns out, is married to the same trucker, are the best comic teamwork in recent movies. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 22.)

Hardcore—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The father feels no temptation, so there's no contest; he's above sex, and he hates porno the way John Wayne hates rustlers and Commies. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. It's a detached, opaque, affectionless movie; since it doesn't regard the young whores as human, there's no horror in their dehumanization—only frigid sensationalism. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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25	26	27	28	1	2	3

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (34th St. East; through March 1.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—In this scatterbrained fantasy, the soul of Joe Pendleton (Robert Montgomery), a contender for the heavyweight championship, arrives in the hereafter fifty years before the appointed time through the overzealousness of a Heavenly Messenger (Edward Everett Horton) who has snatched Pendleton from an airplane crash that he was supposed to survive. The problem of getting Joe back into mortal flesh so that he can win the championship is so acute that it's taken over by Mr. Jordan (Claude Rains), a high executive on the Other Side. The slickly hammy Rains gives Mr. Jordan a sinister gloss, as if he were involved in some heavenly racket, like smuggling Chinese; James Gleason has the contrastingly gruff-voiced role of the fighter's manager. There's too much metaphysical gabbing and a labored boy-gets-girl romance, but audiences loved this heavy chunk of whimsy (which was remade in 1978, as "Heaven Can Wait," with Warren Beatty, see above.) With Evelyn Keyes, Rita Johnson, John Emery, Donald MacBride, Halliwell Hobbes, and Benny Rubin. Alexander Hall directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 3.)

History Is Made at Night (1937)—The plot is so preposterously arbitrary that it's as if several scripts had been chopped up and stuck together, yet the director, Frank Borzage, plunges ahead until an ocean liner (with most of the cast aboard) crashes into an iceberg and brings the madness to a halt. Jean Arthur plays a woman in distress. Trying to escape from her rich, powerful, mad husband (Colin Clive), she meets a gallant gentleman (Charles Boyer), who turns out to be a headwaiter. The husband tries to frame the headwaiter for a crime he himself committed. Leo Carrillo and Ivan Lebedeff are also mixed up in this silly melodrama, which is so souped up with demonic passions and tender glances and elegant photography (by Gregg Toland) that it's really quite entertaining. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 26.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as the man's friends; Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 3.)

Ice Castles—With Bobby Benson, Colleen Dewhurst, Tom Skerritt, Jennifer Warren, David Huffman, and Lynn-Holly Johnson; directed by Donald Wrye. (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Feb. 23.)

If You Could Only Cook (1935)—This eminently watchable romantic comedy has a neatly contrived thirties-style opening. An automobile engineer and tycoon (Herbert Marshall) becomes impatient with his board of directors and walks out on them. He goes to the park to cool off and meets a girl (Jean Arthur) who's perusing the want ads. She thinks that he's unemployed, too, and proposes that they hire out as cook and butler. There are some gracefully conceived sequences: the test on the use of garlic that she has to pass at the home of a gourmet (Leo Carrillo), a retired racketeer; the tycoon asking his own butler tricks of the butling trade. There are some silly melodramatic moments, but the film is remarkably good-natured and fresh. Jean Arthur brings out the best in Marshall—or maybe the director, William Seiter, livened him up. With Lionel Stander and cello-voiced Frieda Inescort. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 28.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably West's best film, certainly one of her funniest. When she isn't wiggling in her corsets and driving men wild, she's sashaying around and camping it up for her plump black maids (Hattie McDaniel, Libby Taylor). With Edward Arnold, Gregory Ratoff, Kent Taylor, Ralf Harolde, Gertrude Michael, Nat Pendleton, Dennis O'Keefe, Irving Pichel, and Dorothy Peterson. Directed by Wesley Ruggles; the story, screenplay, and dialogue are by Mae West, with continuity by Harlan Thompson. (Regency; Feb. 25-27.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maundering second half is partly the fault of others. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza.)

In Praise of Older Women—With Karen Black, Susan Strasberg, and Tom Berenger; directed by George Kaczender. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through March 1.)

I Wanna Hold Your Hand—Directed by Robert Zemeckis. (Olympia; Feb. 23-March 1.)

The Kid (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the child to his garret, and five years later the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. A little girl named Lita Grey (known as Lolita), later to be Chaplin's wife, appears in a dream sequence set in Heaven. (8th St. Playhouse; Feb. 26.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Victoria. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 23.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by

Ralph Bakshi. (Guild. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 1.)

A Man's Castle (1933)—Spencer Tracy and the lovely, big-eyed Loretta Young in a Depression idyll about an independent-minded man who takes in a homeless waif and falls in love with her—one of Frank Borzage's heavily sentimental yet magically romantic movies. With Glenda Farrell, Marjorie Rambeau, Walter Connolly, Arthur Hohl, and Dickie Moore. The script is by Jo Swerling, the cinematography by Joseph August. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 26.)

Midnight Express—The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. (11/27/78) (Gemini 1, and Embassy 1; starting Feb. 23.)

The Miracle Woman (1931)—Barbara Stanwyck gives a peerless performance as a young evangelist—a girl from a religious background who is taken over by a carny promoter (Sam Hardy) and is developed into a big-time shear-the-sheep phenomenon, with her own church. Frank Capra directed this fictionalized version of the life of Aimee Semple McPherson. It was softened by a mawkish love story: the heroine is redeemed through her unselfish love for a blind aviator (David Manners, God help us all). But it's still a beauty, well staged and handsomely lighted (Joseph Walker was the cinematographer), and with some intermittent good writing; the screenplay is by Jo Swerling, from the play "Bless You Sister," by John Meehan and Robert Riskin. With Beryl Mercer and Russell Hopton. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 28.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's the slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. Also with Harry Hamlin, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, Rebecca York, Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere. (12/4/78) (Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Festival; through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting March 2.)

Murder by Decree—With Christopher Plummer as Sherlock Holmes and James Mason as Dr. Watson. Also with Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, Geneviève Bujold, and David Hemmings; directed by Bob Clark. (Ziegfeld.)

Norma Rae—With Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges; directed by Martin Ritt. (34th St. East, and Loews State 1; starting March 2.)

Once in Paris—A moderately engaging brief-encounter movie about a married American screenwriter (Wayne Rogers) who arrives alone in Paris to doctor the script of a film that is going into production and falls in love with an Englishwoman (Gayle Hunnicutt) who's staying at his hotel. He also makes a friend of his chauffeur (Jack Lenoir), who has a shady past, and they're all three terribly kind and considerate of one another. The writer-director, Frank D. Gilroy, thinks small and in fifties terms, but Rogers has a gift for pantomime (each time he sees a sexy woman he looks surprised and hurt—almost stricken) and Lenoir has a slight sullenness and complication under his charm, and this saves him when he's given French wisdom to spout. (2/19/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

On the Yard—With Thomas Waites and John Heard, directed by Raphael D. Silver. (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 2.)

Our Hospitality (1923)—Buster Keaton in a comedy about feuding families (based on the Hatfields and the McCoys), set in the nineteenth century and considered by some to be one of his perfect films. With Natalie Talmadge (Keaton's wife), and Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, as a railroad engineer. (8th St. Playhouse; March 2.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock—With Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard, directed by Peter Weir. (Little Carnegie; starting Feb. 23.)

Quintet—With Paul Newman, Vittorio Gassman, Bibi Andersson, Fernando Rey, and Brigitte Fossey; directed by Robert Altman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Embassy 1; through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Beekman, and Paramount; through March 3, tentative.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of milestone. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Cinema Village; Feb. 25-26.)

The Ritz (1976)—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns. Lester's work is always to be seen, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (Olympia; starting March 2.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, the great shady lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Regency; Feb. 25-27.)

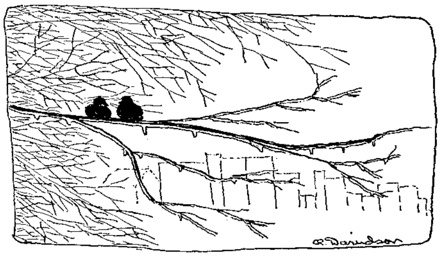
Sorcerer (1977)—William Friedkin's remake of Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear" (see listing below), about four fugitives at the end of their endurance in Latin America. In spite of the title, the quality of the film is not metaphysical but lies in the tension of the gesture of defiance by the four men, who have nothing real to lose, though capitalist society, dependent on labor, has trained them to think their null existences of value. After a wretched hour of unnecessary opening plot, the sad thriller is set. See the Clouzot version in preference. (7/18/77) (Olympia; through Feb. 22.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Tent of Miracles—A Brazilian film, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre; starting Feb. 27.)

Three's a Crowd (1927)—James Agee wrote that Harry Langdon looked "as if he wore diapers under his pants." This was fine as long as Langdon was doing slapstick, but when he sought pathos the results were horrible—sickly whimsical. He directed himself in this Chaplin imitation. He plays The Odd Fellow, who lives by himself and longs for romance and a happy home. On a stormy winter's night, The Girl he has loved, who has married another, comes to his shack and has her baby there. On Christmas Eve, just as happiness begins shedding its tender rays, The Girl's husband arrives and takes her and the child away. Having prepared for the role of Santa Claus, The Odd Fellow is left with torn heartstrings—and a box-office calamity. (8th St. Playhouse; Feb. 26.)

Tracks—With Dennis Hopper, Taryn Power, Dean Stockwell, and Topo Swope; directed by Henry Jaglom. (Quad Cinema.)



Tristana (1970)—Made by a master at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian (Fernando Rey) is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 2.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot. (3/6/78) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; starting Feb. 23.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—An existential thriller—the most original and shocking French melodrama of the fifties. The opening sequence shows us a verminous South American village and the Europeans trapped in it; they will risk everything to get out. Four of them take the job of driving two truckloads of nitroglycerine over three hundred miles of primitive roads. Their varied responses to the gruelling test of driving the trucks reveal their characters, but when you can be blown up at any moment only a fool believes that character determines fate. In this situation, courage and caution are almost irrelevant, and ordinary human responses are futile and archaic—yet nothing else is left. If this isn't a parable of man's position in the modern world, it's at least an illustration of it. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed his own adaptation of Georges Arnaud's novel. His most controversial film, it is also his most powerful; the violence is not used simply for excitement—it's used as in Eisenstein's and Buñuel's films: to force a vision of human experience. With Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, Peter Van Eyck, Vera Clouzot, and William Tubbs. The music is by Georges Auric. Grand Prix at Cannes. (Remade by William Friedkin in 1977, under the title "Sorcerer;" see listing above.) In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 1. . . . ¶ Thalia; March 2-3.)

The Warriors—With Michael Beck, James Remar, and Thomas Waites; directed by Walter Hill. (Bay Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1; through March 1.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder—With Marjoe Gortner, Hal Linden, Peter Firth, Lee Grant, and Candy Clark; directed by Milton Katselas. (Gemini 1; through Feb. 22.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Feb. 23.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Forum. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 23-27. . . . ¶ Olympia; Feb. 23-March 1.)

Woman of the Year (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. The chemistry is great but the plot and the tone are wobbly. He's a sportswriter, and she's a celebrated political journalist (probably modelled on Dorothy Thompson) who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed, from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 1.)

Your Turn, My Turn—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Leotard, directed by François Leterrier. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

growing up on 5

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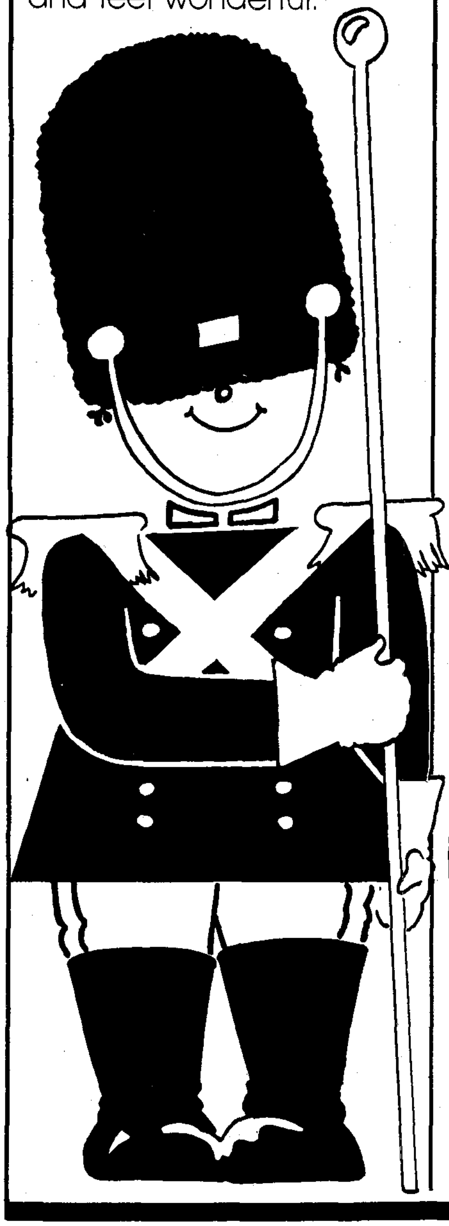

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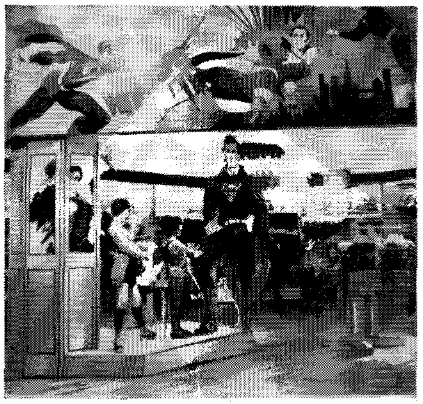

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EIGHTH AVENUE in the Forties is a mean part of the city, and on a bitter, windy night it is extra sad; even the drifters are in a hurry. As we walked down the avenue one evening last week, the bright lights of the peep shows and porno movies seemed medical: a man in an overcoat came rushing through an exit like a patient in a bathrobe, angry-looking (malpractice? exorbitant fees? still uncured?), and almost crashed into us. We stepped to the curb. Across the street, in a mostly darkened building, some movement in lighted windows caught our eye: it was a fourth-floor rehearsal studio. The windows were steamed up because of the cold, but pale silhouettes appeared and disappeared, thin figures making arabesques: Matisse cutouts. A graceful dancer moved toward the window, hand on hip, elbow out, and perhaps she leaned against the glass, because for a moment she was a clear, dark shape, and then she moved away, her arm describing a lovely, decisive arc as she joined the other dancers—light gray—turning in silent convolutions, working toward some kind of beauty.

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Now This

FROM the balcony of the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf, the International Radio and Television Society's Newsmaker Luncheon looked mainly a dark maroon color—though there were yellow tablecloths, blue and brown suits, pink skin, the occasional red of a woman's dress—and made dining noises. Then waiters in blue jackets moved among the seven hundred and fifty broadcasters and guests, removing the dessert dishes, and throughout the crowd matches twinkled as cigarettes and cigars and pipes were lit, and smoke rose up and hung over the crowd, and then Anthony D. Thomopoulos, Robert A. Daly, and Mike Weinblatt—presidents of the entertainment divisions of ABC, CBS, and NBC, respectively—seated on a spotlit dais with as many as seventeen other executives, from television and advertising, began to answer questions that had been submitted in advance by members of the audience.

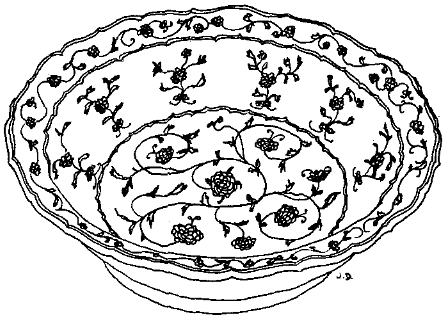
The first question, addressed to all three of the entertainment-division presidents: "Are you going to be more responsive in the future to producers' requests for more lead time for their shows to relieve some of the pressure that results from scheduling so close to the opening of the new television season?"

The entertainment-division presidents answered that, although they used to schedule the coming season on Washington's Birthday, they now didn't lock the schedule until mid- or late April, and they regretted that and were looking for something to give the producers relief.

Now this:

"It took Beethoven about four years to write that symphony. Some things can't be rushed. Good music and good wine . . . Of course, Paul Masson wines taste so good because they're made with such care. What Paul Masson said nearly a century ago is still true today: 'We will sell no wine—before its time.'"

One of the questions put to Robert A. Daly, of CBS, was "If CBS is the Tiffany network, then how do you explain such shows as 'The Dukes of Hazzard' and 'American Girls'?"



He answered that he thought both shows were good shows, and he remembered that when the very successful "Beverly Hillbillies" premièred on CBS it was also considered a blemish on the Tiffany network.

A question for Anthony D. Thomopoulos, of ABC, was "'Happy Days' lost out in the ratings last Friday for possibly the first time in its history when it ran opposite NBC's 'Diff'rent Strokes.' How do you feel about that, and are you considering moving 'Happy Days' from its usual Tuesday-night time slot?"

He answered that he wasn't worried about the show, because he thought the "Diff'rent Strokes" number it lost to was a strong number, a good number, and a legitimate number, and he had no intention of changing the "Happy Days" time slot.

A question for all the entertainment-division presidents: "Why are most television shows about teen-agers and young adults? Don't you feel that you are neglecting a very large proportion of your viewing audience?"

The presidents answered that they were in a business of young adult people, that they programmed into something that they thought people wanted, and that if you looked at the totality of the services offered you'd realize that the industry was offering a viable service to the American public.

Have to do this. Be right back:

"Want to know something weird? Clairol Herbal Essence gives you a clean that's so different from ordinary cleaning shampoos—you're gonna swear/ (I swear)/ you got more hair! The difference is, Herbal Essence has a special hundred-per-cent-oil-free conditioner. So instead of just clean—you get a clean without all those dry fly-aways. Just smooth, shiny, thick, and full. Like you got more hair! You're gonna swear/ (I swear)/ you got more hair/ (I got more hair)/ with Clairol Herbal Essence. I swear!"

"Wednesday, it's a two-hour winter

spectacular on 'Charlie's Angels' at a special time, when the Angels put their bodies between a Presidential aide and an assassin! Starting at eight, seven Central and Mountain. Then on 'Vegas' the Dragon Lady wants Dan iced and the hit man is Dan's old high-school buddy! On Vegas, Wednesday, after 'Charlie's Angels,' on ABC."

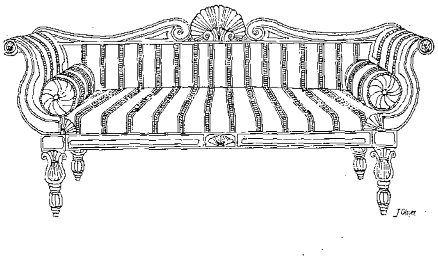
Another question for all the entertainment-division presidents: "Don't you think the practice of loading up the schedules for the sweep months is a form of business insanity?"

The presidents answered that they thought competition was the best thing in the world for the medium. Robert A. Daly, of CBS, said that, although the pace was slower in the old days, before the success of the mini-series and the limited series, he thought that today we might be living in the golden age of television.

Lorraine Marchi

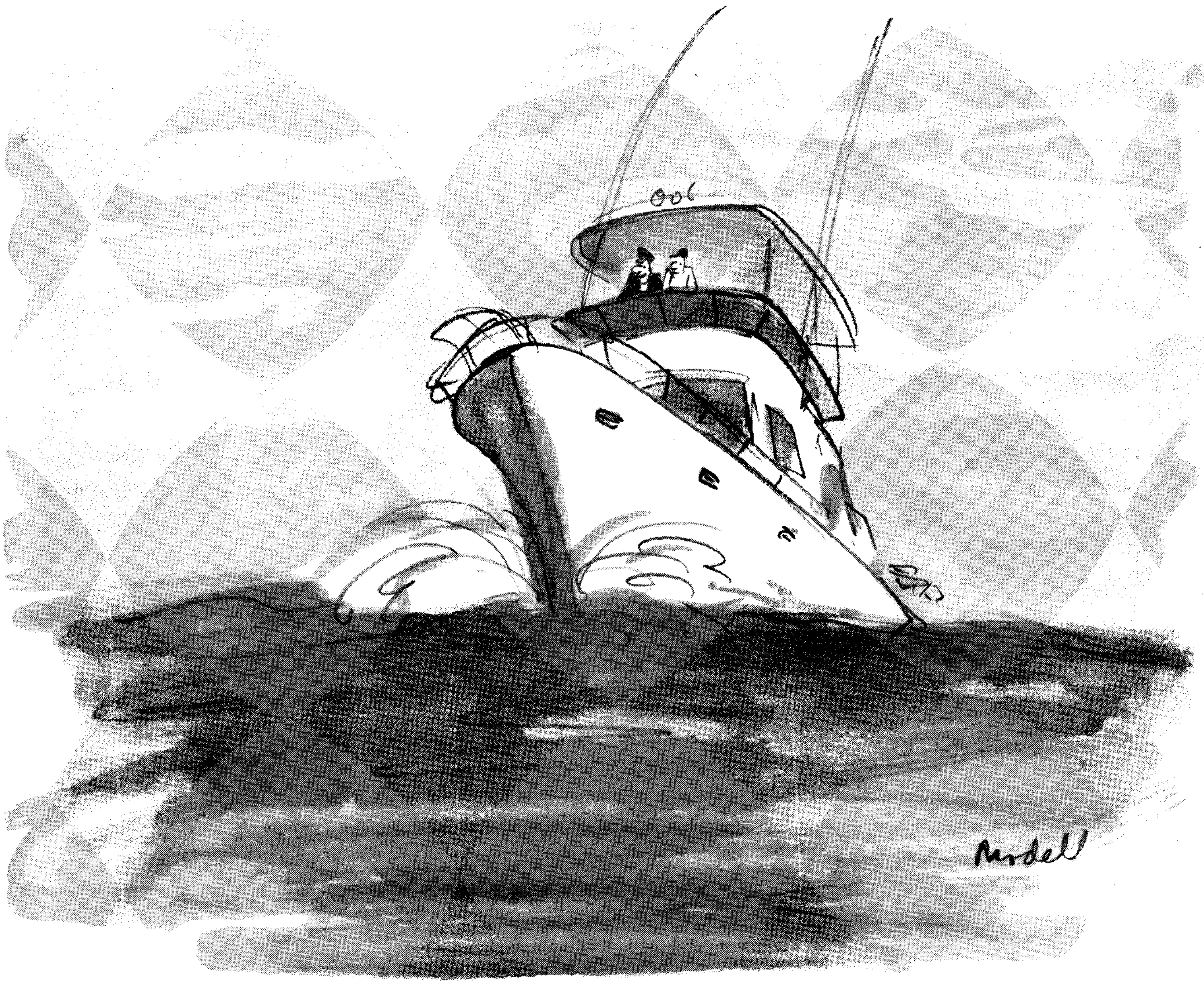
MRS. LORRAINE MARCHI has the air of a person whose powers are engaged without reservation. She wears bright, simple clothes. Sitting with resolute calm amid the energetic disorder of her office, which is above a furniture upholsterer in a workaday neighborhood—a truck neighborhood as opposed to a taxi one, a neighborhood where lofts are still used for their original purpose, where the sidewalk is cracked and patched, and the atmosphere is loud and masculine—she looks like a tropical bird. This is partly because of the brightness of her clothes, but it is also because of her manifestly strong personality. There is nothing deflected or ambiguous about Mrs. Marchi. Nor is there about the course of her lifework. The object of that work, however, is everything that Mrs. Marchi is not. It is ambiguous, hidden, and slyly complex: it is the condition of people who have partial vision. The difference between Mrs. Marchi's nature and that of the problem she has grappled with is the key to her effectiveness, for her direct, undissembling ways give no quarter to the disability's most insidious ally—the tendency of its victims to pretend that it doesn't exist.

Lorraine Marchi got into all this through her eldest son, Gene, Jr., who, because of a pigment deficiency called albinism, has only peripheral vision. When Gene was in the first grade, in San Francisco in 1951, his parents discovered that he was considered "legally blind." On the recommendation of an expert, the Marchis sent Gene to a school for the blind, but after a month they realized that, since he wasn't blind, this made no sense and could be disastrous psychologically. The alternative was something called a sight-saving class, but the condition it was intended to deal with was so little understood—except by the special teachers—that the school board didn't even supply books in large type. In the course of trying to find a satisfactory solution to Gene's problem, Mrs. Marchi discovered that, although partial vision was far from rare, people had a strong tendency to hide it. In the case of children, the impulse to avoid acknowledging the facts and dealing with them frankly was the parents', not the victims'. Whether out of shame or out of a fear that if the condition were to be openly acknowledged a child would be further handicapped by the additional burden of being officially handicapped, parents of children like Gene tended to be secretive about partial vision. A father and mother might go to enormous expense to help their child privately—by having a single edition of a book printed in large type, for example—but the last thing they wanted was to hear about, think about, or care about other children with partial vision, or to identify their child with them in any way. Here Mrs. Marchi diverged sharply from the ranks of such parents. Upon realizing that this furtive instinct was one of the primary reasons that partial vision was so little understood, she first vowed never to act for Gene alone. Next, she acted. She called a meeting of San Francisco health officials, ophthalmologists, members of civic organizations, and educators, to which about fifty people came. Out of the meeting a committee was formed to print books in large type and distribute them. The titles were chosen by teachers on the ground of usefulness to the largest number of children, and Mrs. Marchi herself printed the books, on a press that a local hospital let her use. Two and a half years later—pregnant with her fourth child and unable to spend as much time dashing over to the hospital—she persuaded a local organization to buy her a press, which she installed in the basement of her home. By then, she had attracted enough volunteers—mostly retired people—to expand the operation considerably, and thus what is today the National Association for Visually Handicapped was born.



As her operation grew, Mrs. Marchi discovered another large group of people who could see a little bit, but not well, and who tended to be isolated and inadequately helped, partly because help wasn't available but also because of the instinct to pretend—in this case, their own instinct. These were people who had lost full use of their eyes later in life. Either they, too, were ashamed or they feared rejection, and almost invariably they were horribly ill-informed, sometimes even about the nature of their disability. For example, although the major cause of partial blindness in older people is a condition that becomes arrested at a certain point, many people whose partial blindness resulted from this condition assumed that they would eventually be totally blind. Their doctors, apparently, either didn't bother to tell them that this was not so or didn't bother to make sure that the facts were clear to their understandably traumatized patients. As a result, such people lived in a completely unnecessary state of depression and despair. Many also labored under a belief in myths that Mrs. Marchi's organization, through education, has dispelled—myths such as that active use of what sight one has only weakens the eyes further. The fact is that it does no such thing, but, rather, develops one's ability to interpret what one *can* see. As in the case of the children, very little help was available for these people, because their condition had been largely overlooked in the efforts to alleviate the far more drastic plight of the blind. Like her son Gene, some of them were "legally blind"—a classification that made them eligible for free aid, including special training, "talking books," and so forth. But the great majority of them did not qualify. According to Mrs. Marchi, there are today 478,800 "legally blind" people in the United States, more than seventy-five per cent of whom have partial sight. But there are, in addition, five million nine hundred thousand people with partial vision. This means that there are over six million three hundred thousand people in need of help, the majority of whom are cut off from it by the limitations of the definition of "legal blindness," not to mention ignorance (their own and others') about their condition—or, at least, this was so until Mrs. Marchi came along.

"It is very difficult to imagine what it is like to have partial vision, and hence very difficult to interpret the partially seeing person's needs," she told us. "It is more difficult, in a way, than it is to imagine blindness." A letter she



"I assure you, when I went to the Coliseum the last thing I expected to do was buy a boat."

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received recently brings this home. The correspondent wrote, "Two years ago . . . I was seeing such distorted images that I felt as if I were observing a science-fiction movie. . . . The minification symptom made objects and people appear shrunken, as if I were looking out of the opposite end of binoculars. In spite of the distortion and blindness a few feet away and across the room, I can still identify objects right in front of me and function well. Now, two years later, I still see a lot of minification, but much of it has been replaced by colored shadows and silhouettes. The partial blindness is much easier to take. One of the most frustrating problems with my vision is that others can't know what the environment and other people look like to me. People can't understand how I can brush the crumbs off the table, yet not see their faces across that table. . . . [I had to learn] to realize that people were not really distorted, but it was only the way my impaired vision was seeing them. Today I am finally able to see my little girl appear headless without cringing."

Sticking to her principle of always acting in the way that would help the largest number of people, Mrs. Marchi decided almost at the start that the dissemination of information was of critical importance, and she began putting out newsletters and pamphlets, some for the families of partially sighted people, others for the victims themselves, informing them about everything from the psychological problems, through the specific facts about different visual impairments, to where special aids could be obtained. A few years ago, when rising costs forced her to cut back the organization's activities, she chose to drop the printing of books rather than the information projects. "We still have books in stock, and if I can raise the money I will start printing books again," she said. "But I now see the organization primarily as an information and referral agency. There are actually all sorts of ways people can get help—they only need to know how. Look at this, for example." She leaped up to fetch a huge telephone from one of her shelves. "This was developed for people whose fingers are too big to use an ordinary touch-tone telephone, but the large, clearly marked buttons are perfect for our people, too. Being able to use the telephone can make a tremendous difference. So by letting people know about the existence of the device and where to write for it *we* can make a tremendous difference."

The National Association for Visually Handicapped, or N.A.V.H., now has its headquarters in New York, and is recognized as the leading agency in the field. It still has its ups and downs, however. One can tell just by its office, at 40 East Nineteenth Street—which has the unmistakable look of a struggling, frail, but passionate enterprise, propelled by the furious activity of too few people—that the N.A.V.H. is still a crusade, with the odds against it. Government funds have not ordinarily been available to the association, for the same reason that they are not available to many partially sighted people: the preponderance of the people whom the organization helps are not "legally blind," and the laws governing the use of funds to help people with vision problems have required that they be spent primarily on people in that category. "Private foundations are not restricted, but many of them tend to think in the same way," Mrs. Marchi said. "They turn me down, saying that they have already given their allotment for the blind. It is very difficult to explain to them that our people have an altogether different sort of problem."

There have been great successes, too. Largely through Mrs. Marchi's efforts, the medical establishment has become far more aware of this group of patients. She was instrumental in getting the *Times* to publish an edition in large type. And she persuaded some regular book publishers to issue large-type editions—though when the project didn't pay they stopped. "But they gave me their surplus stock," said Mrs. Marchi, in her firm, positive way. She has no interest whatsoever in bemoaning the difficulties that beset her. As a person totally engaged in what she knows to be vitally necessary work, she doesn't have time for that.

Toward the end of our visit, we asked Mrs. Marchi what had become of Gene.

For the first time, she sat back in her chair—really leaned back, with an air of coming to rest. "He is a licensed vocational nurse," she said. "He's happily married, with two little girls. Aside from the fact that he can't drive, he is a fully functioning person."

To Market

THE firefighters of Engine Company 14, on East Eighteenth Street, hate to be caught away from the firehouse without their fire engine, so they take it with them wherever they go. Twice each day, they drive it to a supermarket on Sixth Avenue in the Village to shop for groceries. The men on the day shift shop for what they hope will be lunch; the men on the night shift shop for dinner. Cornelius O'Rourke, the captain of Engine Company 14, calls this procedure "taking the apparatus to the A. & P." On a recent evening, the men who were scheduled to work the night shift at Engine Company 14 arrived at the station shortly before six o'clock for a tour of duty that would last until nine the next morning. Usually, one of the first things they do is to don their firefighting gear—black helmets, black rubber boots, and black rubber coats—and take the apparatus to the A. & P. Unpredictable events sometimes interrupt this routine—fires, for instance. If a radio alarm arrives while they are shopping at the A. & P., they stash their grocery cart in a corner, run from the store, board the apparatus, which has been double-parked outside the store, go fight the fire, and then return to finish their shopping. There hasn't been a fire emergency at the store itself in memory, but the assistant manager, Joseph Bobe, told us the other day that if there ever is one he hopes it erupts about an hour before lunch or dinner. On this particular evening, the fire engine wasn't immediately available, because the men from the previous shift had driven it down to Fourth Street near Avenue B, where a tenement was burning. This meant that the trip to the A. & P. would be delayed. A red-and-white hand-lettered sign hangs above the doorway of a room in the firehouse which functions as an eat-in kitchen. It says, "Dinner Served Till 8 P.M." This is a firemen's joke.

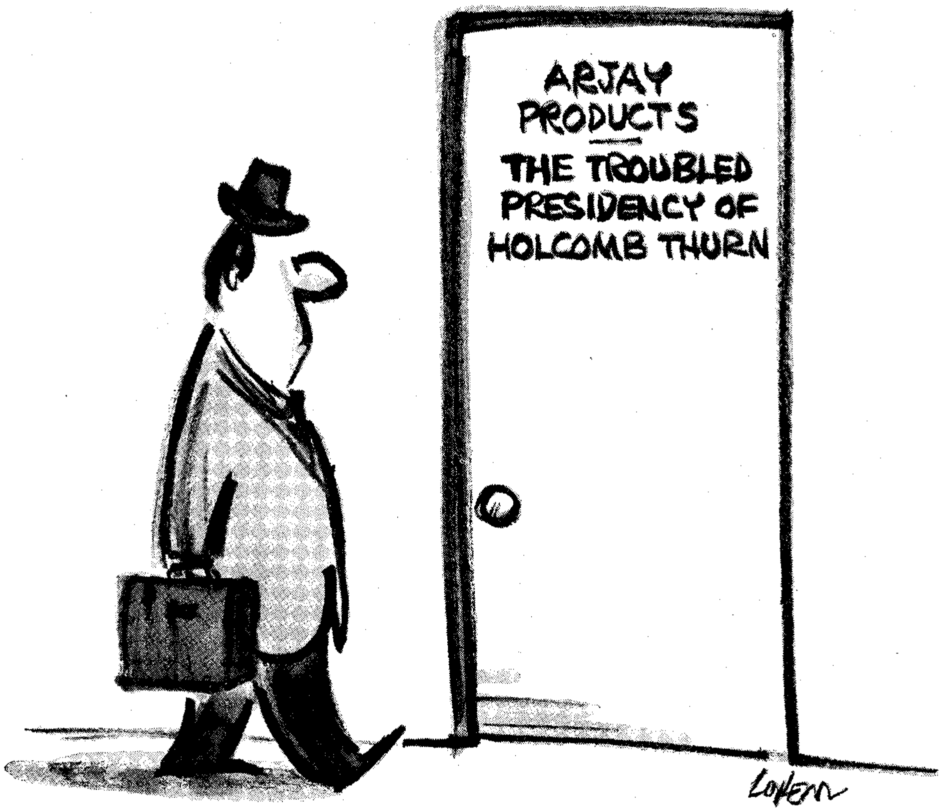
The men who were arriving for work were Captain O'Rourke, the commanding officer and a by-the-book sort of guy; Nick Imperato, who drives the fire engine and, when he is on the night shift, usually cooks dinner; Joe Brocker; Mike Foy; and John Vigliotti. Except for O'Rourke, who is usually addressed as "Captain," the men call each other by their first names. Even if Vigliotti were not named John, the men would call him Johnny, because in the argot of firefighting the least senior member of a crew is called the "johnny."

"I've only got five years on the job," Vigliotti told us as we waited with him in the kitchen for the return of the apparatus. "It means I clean the tools on the apparatus, I polish the brass. And after a meal I scrub the pots and pans. I used to go to the supermarket, too—all alone. Since the fiscal crisis and the cutbacks, we're working with a four-man crew plus an officer. It used to be a five-man crew, which left the johnny free to go shop for a meal. I'd walk over to Third Avenue. There's a good Sloan's there. And there's a store at Fourteenth Street and First Avenue where there's a checkout lady named Martha who works on the express line. If you look like a fireman, no matter how much you're buying, she always waves you over. Some very nice women shop at that Sixth Avenue A. & P. One night, I met a girl there and invited her over to have chicken with us at the station. She said, 'No, thanks. I'm a vegetarian.' "

A bell sounded eleven times in the firehouse garage.

We asked whether that was a call to go fight a fire.

"No," said Brocker. "That's just our system for checking the alarm. Right on time—six-thirty." He glanced at Captain O'Rourke, who was seated at a table. "Whoops! Excuse me—eight-


ARJAY PRODUCTS
THE TROUBLED PRESIDENCY OF HOLCOMB THURN
LORENZ

een hundred and thirty hours.”

At nineteen hundred and forty-five hours, after the previous station crew had returned from the lower East Side, Captain O’Rourke asked, “What’re we eating?”

“Sausage and potatoes,” said Imperato.

We boarded the fire engine, sliding into the cab next to Imperato. “I was over visiting my parents today, on Forty-second Street near Ninth Avenue,” he said. “There’s a good pork store there, so I brought in some sausages. Sometimes, if I get here early, I’ll roast chickens with a sausage stuffing. Or, if I’m really early, I’ll make lasagna. Do I cook at home? Every now and then. My kids enjoy it when I do. Because I take chances. If I make chicken cacciatore, I add a little more wine, or spices. My wife’s conservative with the spices.”

“I suppose you can’t help it, but your Monets are weak.”

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As Imperato pulled out of the garage onto Eighteenth Street, Captain O’Rourke called the Manhattan dispatcher, whose quarters are in Central Park, and announced a “ten-eight,” which means “in service and available for a run.” The fire engine drove down University Place and across Eleventh Street and up Sixth Avenue. Often, when the men from Engine Company 14 arrive at the A. & P., they find that their fire engine is not the only one on the scene. The men of Engine Companies 18, 3, and 24 and Ladder Companies 3, 9, and 12 also regularly take *their* apparatuses to the Sixth Avenue A. & P. O’Rourke volunteered to stay with the engine; Mike Foy went into Famous Ray’s Pizza, on the corner of Eleventh Street, to get himself an appetizer; and Brocker, Vigliotti, and Imperato entered the supermarket and fanned out. Occasionally, other shoppers notice the firemen and ask whether they plan to pay for the food. This question, along with arson and false alarms, really gets on the men’s nerves. No such question was asked on this evening, however. Imperato picked up some potatoes and onions and canned tomatoes, Vigliotti selected bread and butter, and Brocker got frozen broccoli and grapefruit juice. When they had paid for everything, they asked for some fresh entry blanks and lucky numbers for a game called “A. & P. $1,000 Cash Bonanza.” If the firemen ever win anything, the proceeds will be put in a coffee can that sits on top of the stove at the firehouse and is labelled “Arthur’s Soup Fund.” Arthur Schilling is a member of Engine Company 14 who makes excellent soup—lentil-prosciutto is his specialty—and who, with proper financing, will cook a pot that will feed three consecutive shifts.

Now the men reboarded their apparatus and rode back to the fire station. When they arrived, Captain O’Rourke signalled the dispatcher with a “ten-nine,” which means “back in quarters,” and Imperato went to work preparing dinner. He sliced the potatoes and onions, put them in two greased baking dishes, spiced them, added whole sweet sausages, put the dishes in the oven, blocked the oven door, which has no springs, with a chair, and announced, in civilianese, that dinner would be ready at nine-thirty. At nine-twenty, an alarm sounded and a radio dispatcher reported a restaurant fire at Twenty-third and Lexington. Imperato removed the food and turned off the oven, and everyone quickly boarded the fire engine and drove, siren sounding, to Twenty-third and Lex, where two other fire companies arrived simultaneously, and where there were a couple of restaurants but no fire. Imperato radioed the Manhattan dispatcher for more information and was told to go to a Chinese restaurant at 161 East Twenty-third. At that address, there was a delicatessen called Bo Bo Foods but still no visible fire.

“I don’t know whether it’s a Chinese restaurant,” Imperato said to O’Rourke, “but there’s Chinese people in there.”

O’Rourke and the rest of the men—all except Imperato—left the apparatus in quest of a conflagration. The fire turned out to be a defective oil burner that was smoking but not burning. Five minutes later, everyone was aboard and headed back to Eighteenth Street.

“How’s that meal coming?” O’Rourke asked.

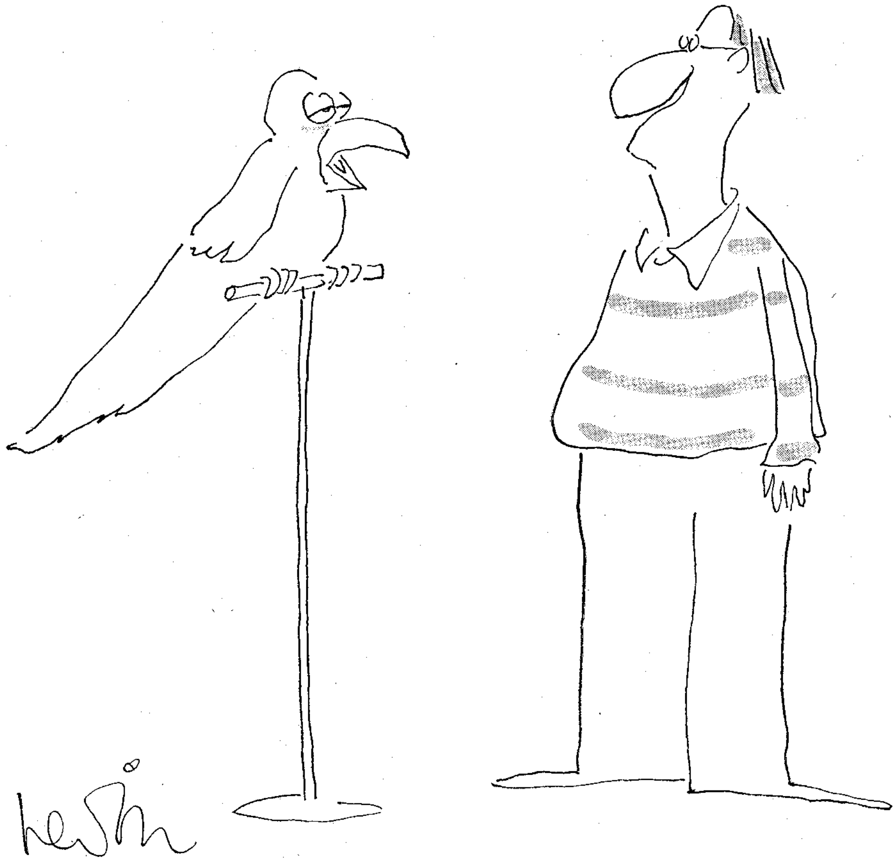
“We’re getting there, Captain,” said Imperato as he steered around a corner. “We’re getting there.”

LOBSTER NIGHT

Earl took me to the Café Chromosome. His choice, my birthday, his money, party of two. The effects there are very effectual: the famous Shivering Chandelier, six tables, twelve gold service plates engraved "Most People Are Not Here," seating capacity held artificially low so that the maximum number of the reservationless are turned away. I wanted to lower myself to the atmosphere. Stan and Florine came in. Earl said to me, "Are you sure that Stan is as faithful to you as he makes out? Because he has told me another story." I hated Earl then for his talebearing and could think of but one thing—twosomes—and could do but two things—go, and send Stan a note to say I would be at the place next door. My choice, my birthday, my money, party of one.

When I got to Chez les Cent Un Dalmatiens, Earl was there, flecked with impatience, and when he said we must talk, I shook my head no: there was just enough darkness for blurting and just enough light for embarrassment, just enough privacy for a regrettable scene and just enough exposure for a classic scene, just enough food in the kitchen to turn Earl rather amiable and just enough drink in the cellar to turn him perfect; but when he tried to go, I couldn't bear to be without someone to be with—not, at least, while Stan and Florine were forking it in next door, Stan longing for my next message, which said, "No. Not her. *Me*." Which I was too proud to send, so I suggested we share a cab to another place.

At Lord Lipid's, men in livery kowtowed, and the drinks came in cups of bridle leather. Earl asked me what I wanted, and I said Stan, but Earl said that wasn't what he meant. "Then," I said coldly, "I want to have my signature honored. I want to be swathed in miles of challis." Earl looked hurt. A combo played, hautboy and cocktail comb. I had tears in my eyes, I had hurt him, I wanted to have had a convalescent brother kiss me through the dining-room window at Field Place. Stan came in. He could only stay a moment, Florine waited. He asked me why I was upset, and I said because I didn't mind his having dinner with Florine. He said they were having drinks, not dinner, and in any case didn't I know how very, very pretty I was even though what I had said was the sheerest nonsense? A wrong and senseless joy—but at that Earl picked up the bread knife and held it to the throat of a loaf of bread, saying, "Don't worry—you two are next." Then he dropped the knife and looked hurt. Stan said, "A little lithium would do no harm there," and went away—he missed Florine, who was outside and was also very pretty.



"Ditto."

To cheer Earl up, I took him in a cab to Early Bacon, where they have bunny china. He was so hurt that I wanted to live with him to a ripe grandevity. I held his hand for a second. Then Florine arrived. Washed-out, I thought, as pretty women so often get; but when at the door they made her put on a plastic bib although she insisted she couldn't eat, to see her humiliated made me feel more kindly. She told us she had meant to live with Earl but that Stan had said couples need companionship and had moved in on her. I watched Earl swallow this. I flirted with her, wanting only to hurt Stan, Earl, and her. Then, knowing I must leave the pair of them to reconcile, I went out and hailed a taxi.

At the Horse Leech Pub, the wooden tables had new varnish over initials in old varnish, some of them carved with my own utility blade. I brooded about the past, I wanted to settle hash. Stan came in and said, "Nothing can be done. And when I say nothing, I mean there are certain things we could try that would be pointless."

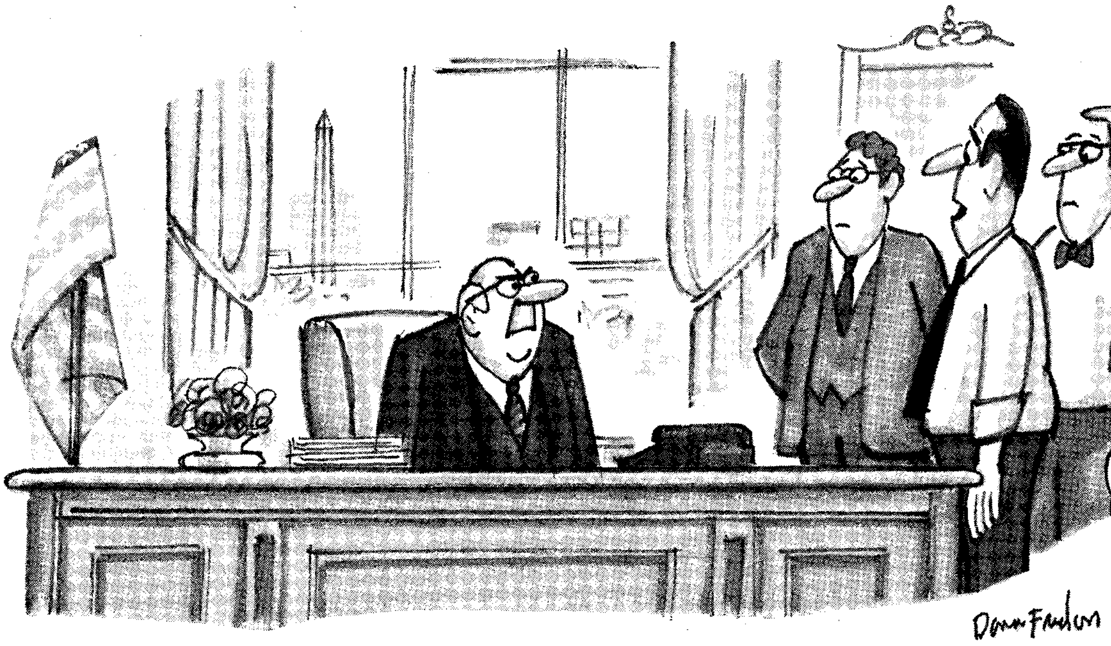
"Such as?"

To my left, a man half turned away from a woman was saying, "It's really wonderful how everything's gone just right for me." I wanted to paste him one, but first I wanted to know too much luxury.

Stan said, "It would be pointless for you and me to get it on again. And when I say pointless, I mean wonderful."

I refused. I wanted him to say of me, "I love her, although there is no denying that she is headstrong." I rose to leave, but he thrust some flatware into his pockets (the utility of having a place setting always about one's person!) and said he could force me to pack a vanity case and join him at his hideaway on Briar Island. I tried to make him go back to Florine, but he wouldn't, saying she was some woman and he planned to write her biography—a thing, I think, few men would have bothered to do. I wanted no one to write of me, "She couldn't want it for herself."

En route to the Island, we took a taxi to Say Say and crouched on our old



"I'm terribly sorry, sir, but in the process of cutting out programs for the poor we inadvertently cut out a program for the rich."

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mat under the trellis in the tatami room. I felt guilty about betraying Earl, but there, in Stan's presence, I saw infidelity to be the act that makes fidelity possible for others. As it turned out, for complicated reasons we never went to Briar Island at all. Earl and Florine sent a message by cab announcing that they were coming over in a taxi. Stan wanted to hang around, but I said what if Earl and Florine then showed up, confidently expecting us to have bolted? Stan wouldn't listen, and I felt deceived, though of course it wasn't my business to see that people weren't deceived. When Earl and Florine arrived, each with the other, I asked her to cab along with me to a place uptown.

The Grouse Box was charred black on the outside and blood-red inside, full of dates falling in love because they had been thrust from insupportable solitude into one of a few infrequent and eagerly anticipated evenings out. Florine went to the ladies', and when she came back, she said, "Don't look now. Pay phone on the wall. Heavyset guy talking on it, kneeling." I knew how she felt, for we had been in it together—the marches, taunts, hoarseness, purple banners: Had we done it just for this? I asked her what she wanted. "A fast waltz in a drawing room lighted by innumerable candles." I liked her honesty. We joked about Earl and Stan, how they had lately been wearing their pants very high to shorten the chest and make it look powerful, and she told me of items she had read in the *Newsletter of the Affairs of Others*, and I sensed that she and I could be lovers if one of us were a man with bedroom eyes.

Momentarily, Earl dashed in and said Stan was to follow in a taxi. The three of us had a painful interview, Earl demanding to know if Florine wished to renounce him for Stan or if I had enough money to bribe Stan to support me.

I would not answer.

Florine would. "Oh, you and your ultimata!"

"You call that a decision? Well. This is it, then."

"If this were *it*, it wouldn't be this," said Florine, and ran off.

Earl was too depressed to stay, so we left a note for Stan and took a cab to a place in the vicinity.

At Villa Alive, the menu listed only one dish, with the annotation "An Alternative." We had hardly touched the water course when Stan appeared in the doorway, saw us, and shot out. I asked Earl if he had noticed, but he would not discuss it, and years later I heard that he still did not speak of the matter. He told me he was fairly certain I owed him a commitment, since Florine had flat rejected him. I asked him what he wanted. "To break your legs if you're ever unfaithful to me." I wanted to dispute this modest view of love, but scarcely had I pronounced the opening lines of my argument—"This wickit ymaginacioun, quhich by his name is clepit Jelousye"—when I found myself in a taxi next to him.

At Other Fish to Fry, white tile set off the barflies, taproom boasts, trenchermen, and couples. In the booth behind me, voices:

"Their sole amandine sounds nice."

"I would quarrel with that, Valerie, I'm afraid. Though you are free to disagree. I'd like nothing more than to hear you disagree. Show some spine, Valerie, for a change."

"Well, to be honest—maybe I'm way out of line on this one, but I'm pretty positive that I probably don't want the sole, I almost think."

"Among aware, intelligent people there will always be some difference of opinion. You should have the sole, Valerie, even if it is the wrong choice. Nobody's keeping score."

"Well, your willingness to discuss this has meant a lot. I really appreciate it. I guess I'll just have the gravy."

I ordered sole amandine, Earl a house salad—snail shells and birds' nests in vinaigrette, which returned him to his theme. "Even some plants build nests, you know. Ever heard of the carpenter gardenia?"

"Not recently."

He took some color slides from his wallet and held them one at a time to the light in such a way that I could not help but view them. "Number One, the male gardenia painstakingly constructs a maisonette for its spouse. Yes, throughout the vegetable kingdom pairing is the rule. Number Two, a male and a female copperhead wend their way aboard the ark at Tallahassee's World of Couples. Number Three, these bug mates feel no need for speculation on the natural order as they are united in an informal midmorning ceremony. Number Four, hmm, that one's a disappointment."

A dazzling offer—but I wanted room, rope, more room for my rope. Stan came in and told us he was terrified of keeping his promises to Florine. I thought of him all alone and Florine in God knows what kind of nickel-and-grab. I wanted to say "Go" and then have the prudence to say "Now come back." I got him outside but couldn't find him a taxi, so I helped him make his way, on foot, through a light drizzle, to a place.

At the Blue Pill, the room was warm and steamy, and I felt as if the world were enveloped in a vaporous envelope. I wanted Stan to suggest with his hand a place in the air, I wanted to let my weight take me up and into the place, to be caught and set down safely and left alone.

"What is your problem?"

We sat across from each other—between us a square of white tablecloth, a small volume of air. I wanted someone to force a spray of stephanotis into my arms, I wanted every seed pearl on the Eastern seaboard sewn to my bust.

"Do you know how fond I am of you all?" he said. "You and your sweet habit of shrinking and waffling at the slightest question, Florine and her sweet habit of repeating society news—how can I share what isn't mine?"

I was holding my breath.

"Earl and our common memory of service in the barbiturate wars—"

I wanted to say of him years afterward, "He was the only one who didn't try to railroad me into something terminal."

"You have your whole lives ahead of you."

At that point, Florine burst in. "Good heavens! What are you two doing here? Why aren't you confronting Earl and me at the In Luck Rice Corp. East?" She said she must go back at once, but Stan suddenly drew on our sympathies with an imaginary ailment, so there was no question of her leaving. We ordered champagne and candy, and for Stan a cot. He sat under the covers, propped up with pillows, one hand tucked into Florine's placket and the other into mine. I wanted to know little of the area save for this rude map.

"It's tempting to ask one of you to marry me. But later I'd have to chuck her for the other one."

"Serial chucking."

"Maybe we're changing."

"Not again!"

We arranged to all four meet for a nightcap at a place we had heard of over in Jersey.

At Adjust Moon, there was no atmosphere, except for the Dribbling Shotglasses, with which we toasted my birthday. We all held hands across the paper tablecloth, pleased with one another, Florine and I much, much more comfortable together, until Earl spoiled things by writing on a matchbook the name of the person each of us would end up with and then, without showing it, burning it in the ashtray. At a time when so many might despair, we got out of hand. First Florine and I defied Stan and Earl, then Stan and Florine defied Earl and me, we defied them, Stan and I defied Florine and Earl, they defied us, and finally Earl and Stan defied Florine and me. Everyone refused to leave everyone. Luxurious lobster nights!—but Earl said

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PINK DOG

(Rio de Janeiro)

The sun is blazing and the sky is blue.
Umbrellas clothe the beach in every hue.
Naked, you trot across the avenue.

Oh, never have I seen a dog so bare!
Naked and pink, without a single hair . . .
Startled, the passersby draw back and stare.

Of course they're mortally afraid of rabies.
You are not mad; you have a case of scabies
but look intelligent. Where are your babies?

(A nursing mother, by those hanging teats.)
In what slum have you hidden them, poor bitch,
while you go begging, living by your wits?

Didn't you know? It's been in all the papers,
to solve this problem, how they deal with beggars?
They take and throw them in the tidal rivers.

Yes, idiots, paralytics, parasites
go bobbing in the ebbing sewage, nights
out in the suburbs, where there are no lights.

If they do this to anyone who begs,
drugged, drunk, or sober, with or without legs,
what would they do to sick, four-leggèd dogs?

In the cafés and on the sidewalk corners
the joke is going round that all the beggars
who can afford them now wear life preservers.

In your condition you would not be able
even to float, much less to dog-paddle.
Now look, the practical, the sensible

solution is to wear a *fantasía*.*
Tonight you simply can't afford to be a-
n eyesore. But no one will ever see a

dog in *máscara* this time of year.
Ash Wednesday'll come but Carnival is here.
What sambas can you dance? What will you wear?

They say that Carnival's degenerating
—radios, Americans, or something,
have ruined it completely. They're just talking.

Carnival is always wonderful!
A depilated dog would not look well.
Dress up! Dress up and dance at Carnival!

—Elizabeth Bishop

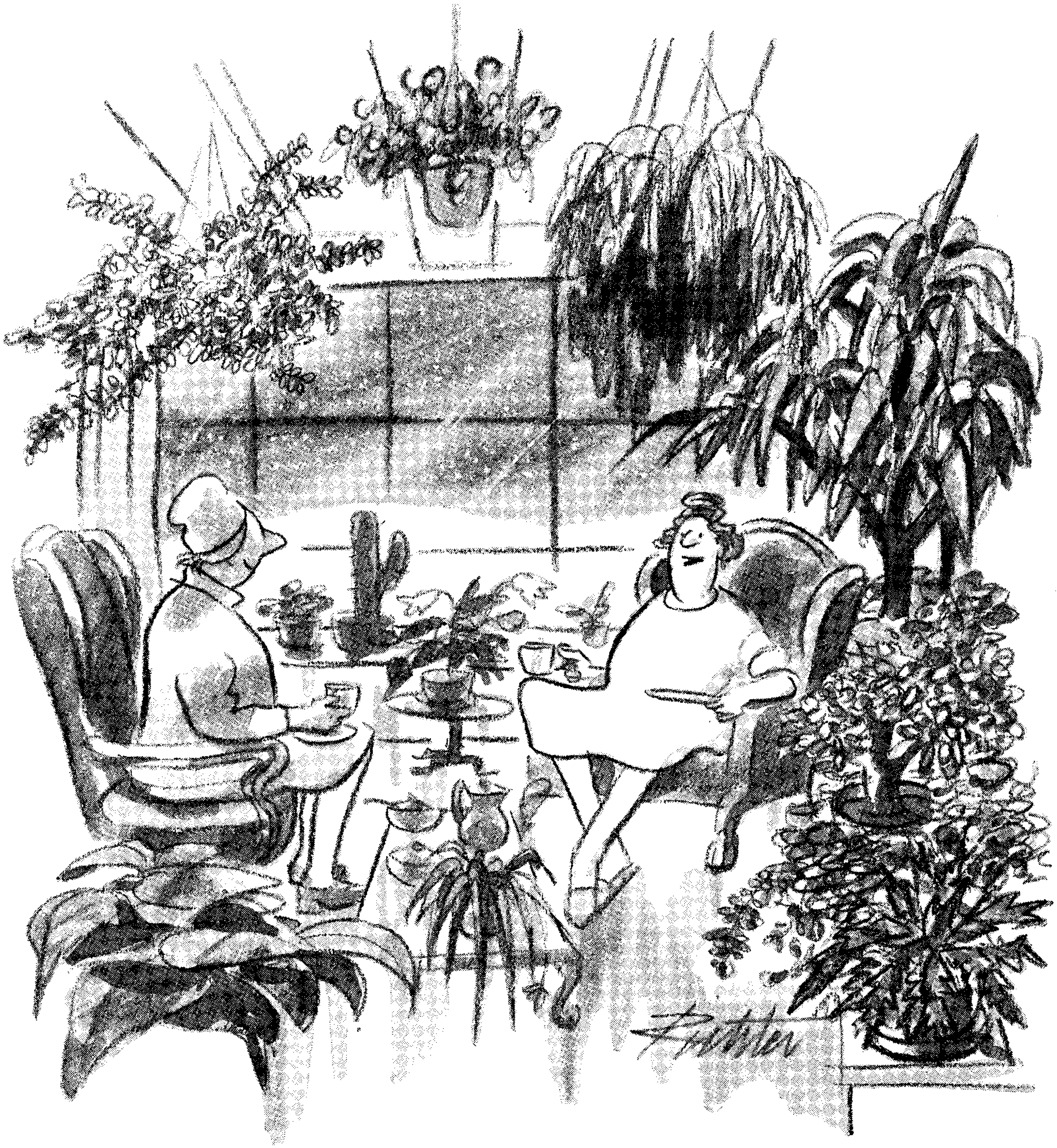
*Carnival costume

• •

that we confused happiness with our private interests, that instead we should confuse it with his and pair off arbitrarily in the normal way, that the course of evolution could not be changed by a foursome in a single nightclub. "Moon gas," said Florine. Earl said that, granted, he didn't know which one he wanted, her or me, but whichever it was, he wanted that one all to himself, he wanted to reject the other one, he wanted to cultivate hostility between the two of us. "Be fair," said Stan. Earl said he didn't want fairness, he wanted me or her, though naturally we were free to disagree. We did disagree. Earl said, "I'll give you this: you might be on to something. But you're going a dumb way with it."

Goodbye, Earl, and good luck!

We didn't try enough, we didn't give him enough of a chance. He didn't love us enough, not enough for my money, not enough to go around. There wasn't enough love in him to dust a fiddle. True enough. Well, why make a meal of it? Enough said.



"In the winter, I'm an indoor plant."

• •

There were spots we hadn't hit yet, so the three of us hit them. We went to the Kidney Garden, and the French Way, and Unter dem Dirndl. Everybody was awake, the Garland restaurant grills were heated to a surface temperature impossible to get on a home unit, people whose greed was different from ours in some cases and in some cases not were ordering all the courses in the correct progression and saying "What's the damage?" We went to Parolles', and Ovos Fervidos, and Three Ack Emma. Customers gazed at the far rims of their cups and glasses as they drank; we thought of Earl, of the loneliness between the time you abandon what wasn't enough and the time you find what won't be enough. We went to How's Your Father, to the Cod's Head Inn and the Cod's Head du Soir. There were many arrangements of people talking while someone present or absent got left out; alphabets of elbow positions on tables; waits, delicacies, tall orders. We crumpled our linen napkins, which opened again on their own, and then we went dancing to a combo—drum, vocalist, and another drum—at Necktie Party. At dawn, we walked, changing places: man woman woman, woman man woman, woman woman man. The streets were empty. We had no plan. At an intersection, a red van turned the corner toward us. A second, a third, a fleet followed. Their sides were painted with the words "Swinging and Revolving Doors—Sales—Service—Repair—Modernization." Then, as the first van passed us, it sounded its klaxon. Van after van caught the spirit. Horns filled the air in awkward greeting. We waved, and walked for a while longer, three abreast: Stan on the inside, lest slops hurled from a window soil Florine or me; Florine on the outside, lest a taxicab splatter me or Stan; me in the center, lest Stan or Florine feel left out.

—VERONICA GENG

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Britain's Prince Charles, the Prince of Whales, is pictured at Balmoral Castle in Scotland in a photograph made for release on his 30th birthday—today.—*Photo caption in the Erie (Pa.) Times.*

Let's hope he knows he's an endangered species.

SOUTH, NORTH, SOUTH

THE summer she was twenty-two, Anna was pregnant with her first child. The baby was due in October, and all through the long hot weeks of July and August Anna sat in my air-conditioned bedroom, wrapped in an embroidered Chinese shawl that had been her mother's. We pulled the shades against the shimmering Bronx heat, and in the cool dimness we talked and watched TV and read.

Anna was the first person I knew in New York. My husband, Lewis, and I had moved to the city in June, seven days after his graduation from the University of North Carolina, where we were both students, and six days after our wedding—ten years ago. One morning, a yellow cat strolled through the kitchen window. It jumped onto the kitchen table and began washing itself. A few seconds later, a young woman, her black hair in two short braids, came through the window, too—at least, the top half of her did. She grabbed the cat, and then she saw me. I was too surprised to say anything but "Hey!"

"Hi," she said. "I didn't think anyone was home." She gestured behind her. "My kitchen window is next to yours. I came across the fire escape. This cat!" She gave it a shake by the neck. "I hope you don't mind."

"Well . . ." I said.

"You ought to get burglar gates across this window. Anyone could get in here."

"So I see. Would you like to come in all the way?"

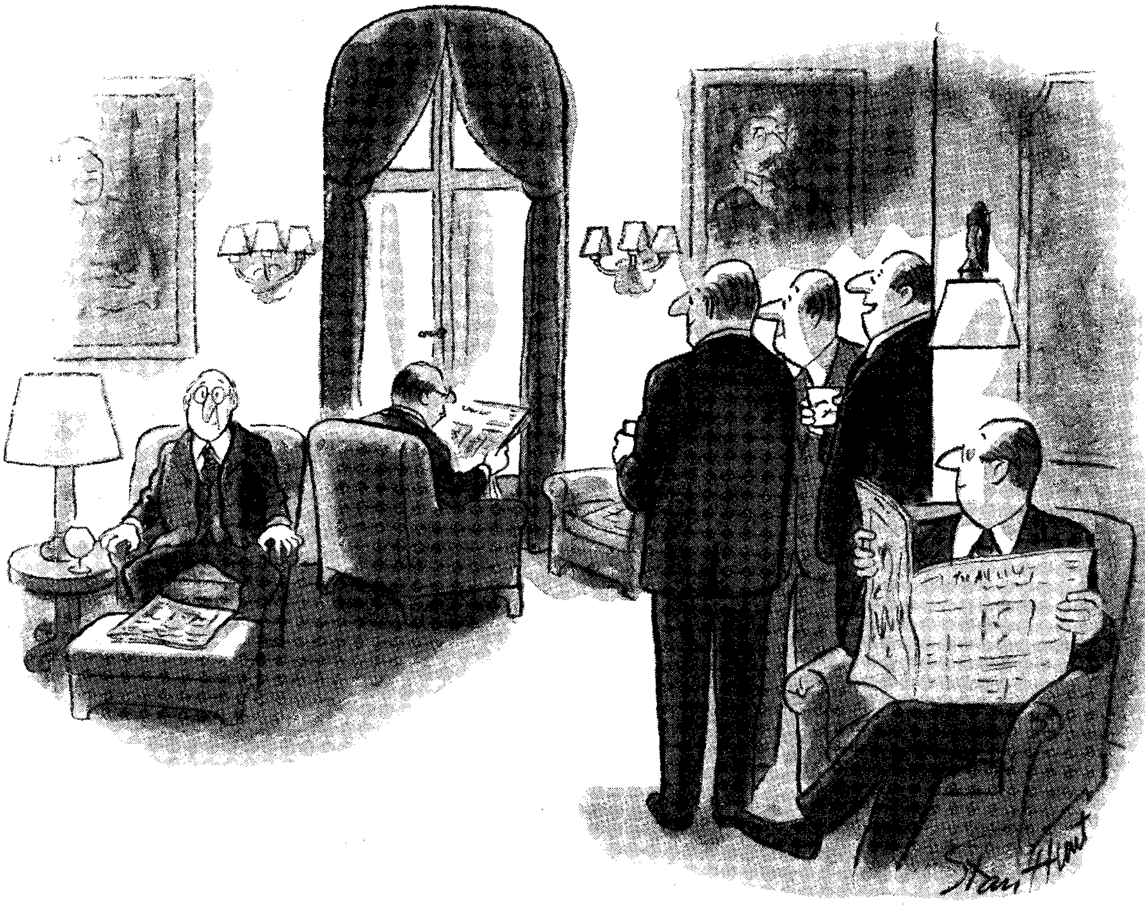
"Sure." She backed out and slid in feet first. When her stomach—large and perfectly round and neat, like a basketball—came over the sill, I saw the reason for the maneuver. "Excuse this," she said, patting her belly. "Next time I'll come by the door."

She did come by the door next time—which was the next day—and almost every day after that.

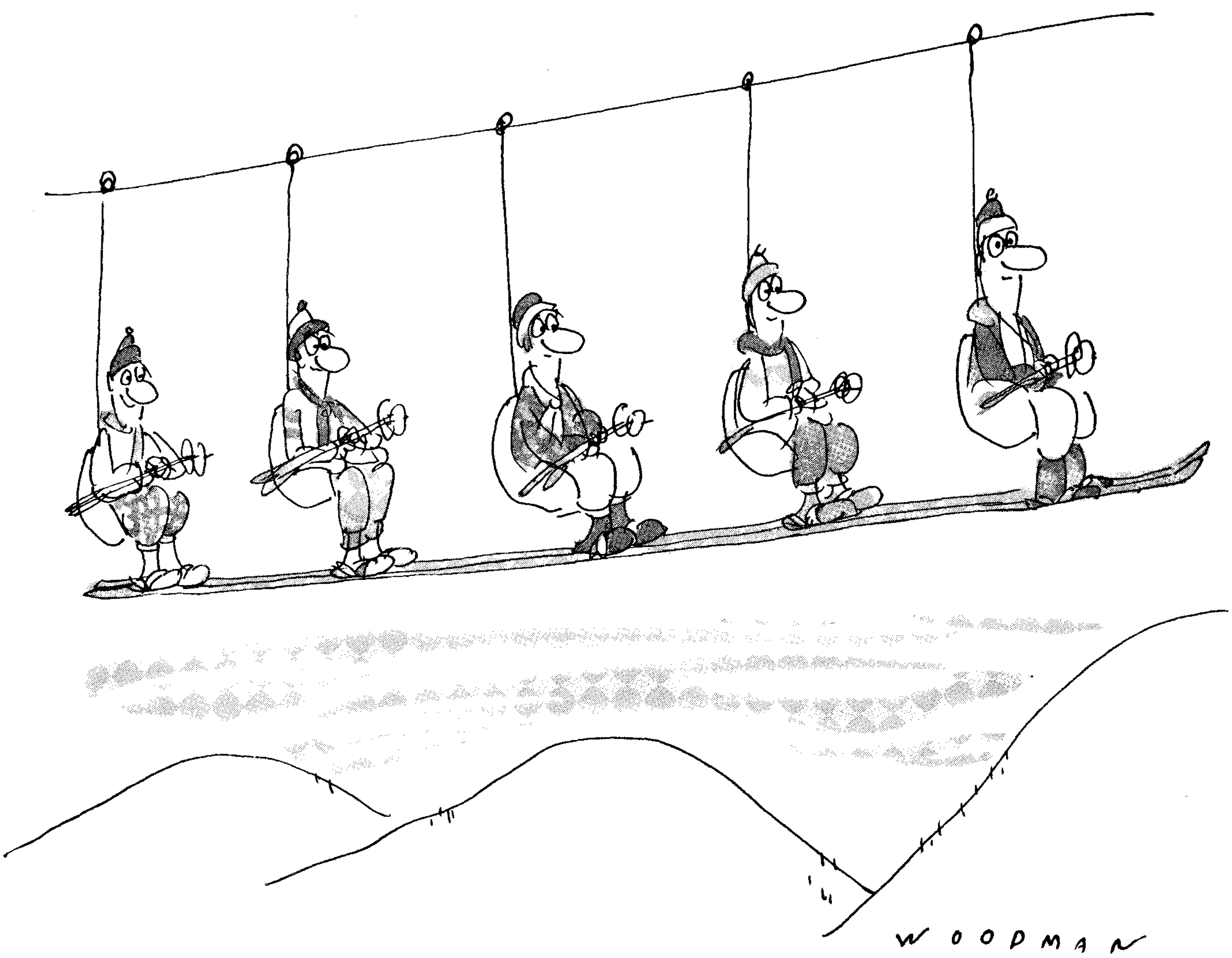
Anna was beautiful. Usually, her black hair hung loose to her shoulders, as straight and shiny as the heavy silk fringe on her mother's shawl. Her eyes were violet, and her skin was so pale it seemed translucent. She pretended not to know how beautiful she was. "Look at this, Grace," she said to me once, holding her arms out with the soft insides facing up. "Remember the Visible Woman? That's me." She was wearing shorts and a low-cut top and the shawl. Large, flat blue veins followed angular, irregular paths down her arms and legs and crisscrossed her chest, like a diagram of the Nile delta. "They could use me in medical school to illustrate the circulatory system." She spoke in a tone of disgust, but I remembered that one of the first things she had told me was about the time an agent saw her in a coffee shop and asked her if she'd like to be a model.

Anna ordinarily arrived in the late morning. The early part of the day she spent on what she called her "dancing." She had wanted to be a ballet dancer when she was younger, and she still did exercises every day on a makeshift barre her husband had built from an old stair rail. In my kitchen I could hear piano records when she was practicing—Chopin, Scarlatti, things Anna would never admit to listening to.

Anna watched soap operas, and after two or three episodes of a string of them I was hooked, too. Our favorite was "As the World Turns;" we never missed it. When the shows were over, we sometimes read, though after five or ten minutes Anna would think of something she had to say; often she told me long stories about her childhood. Now, looking back, I can't always distinguish events from her life or the lives of her parents from what happened to the soap-opera characters. Their lives shared the same dramatic elements, or, anyway, as Anna recounted them they did. Sometimes she made things up. Once, she told me that she'd had a brother who died of leukemia; a few days later she admitted she'd never had a brother at all. The description of her brother and his illness had been detailed; it was lodged so firmly in my mind as the truth that when she told me she had made him up, that was what seemed the lie. Much of what she let stand as the truth could well have been fiction, so differ-



"That double brandy must have got old Wintringham all revved up. He's wearing his faint smile."



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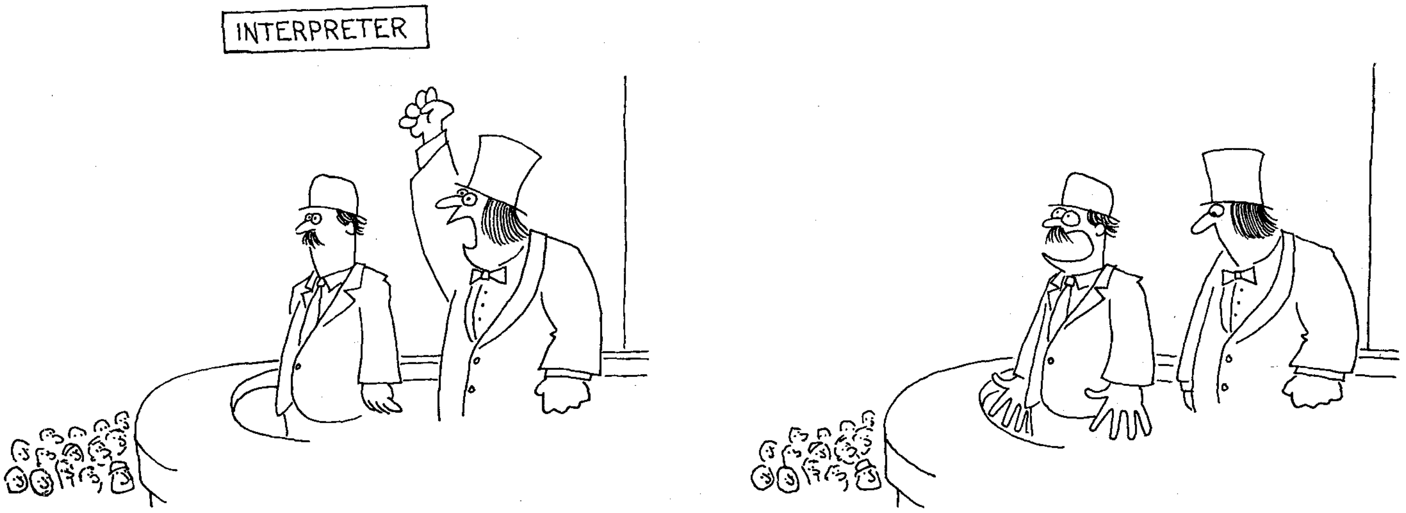
ent was it from anything in my experience. Her parents had been divorced when she was eleven, she said, and her strongest childhood memories were of violent arguments between them—of drinking and accusations, and brief, weepy reconciliations. At my house, arguments had been carried on in vexed whispers behind closed doors, and I'd never known anyone who had been divorced. Even Anna's home town, Buffalo, seemed melodramatic—huddled frozen on the shore of Lake Erie. It was never spring or summer or fall in Buffalo, in Anna's stories.

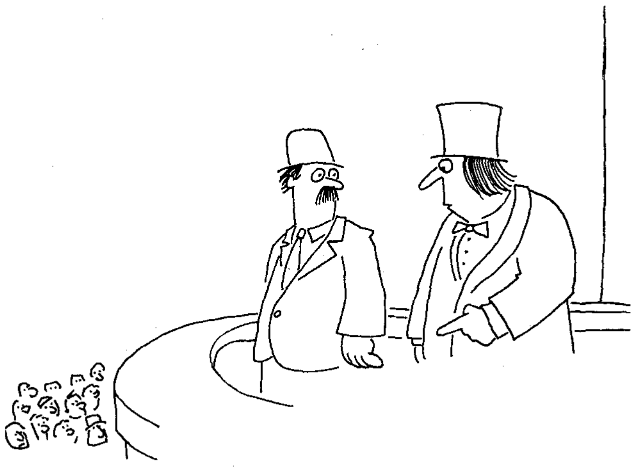
OUR apartment had views of every sort of public transportation New York had to offer: the Cross Bronx Expressway ran diagonally under our bedroom window; the Jerome Avenue Elevated spanned the expressway half a block to the west; a runway from LaGuardia Airport pointed in our direction, and planes taking off barely seemed to clear our roof.

Lewis was from Tennessee and had never been north of Washington, but when he graduated from college he wanted to move to New York. He planned to be an architect, and he thought New York was the place to be. A friend of ours who had moved to the city a year before was leaving his sixty-five-dollar-a-month apartment. He wrote us about it—a five-flight walkup, but sunny. Lewis insisted that we take it, sight unseen. "What can go wrong, Peach?" he said in his thick Tennessee drawl. (He was the only person allowed to call me Peach—a nickname from the time I was a round, rosy baby but incongruous after I had grown up tall and bony.) "We can always come back if it don't work out." He got more Southern when he wanted to be persuasive. It worked. I was from Virginia, and partial to soft vowels. So I said O.K., and applied for a transfer to Barnard. I had another year as an undergraduate.

Lewis got a job almost immediately, designing doorknobs and window frames for a large firm, and began taking graduate courses at night. I set up house and made a show of being a wife, dusting and vacuuming with my new Hoover, and ironing Lewis's shirts, while I waited for school to start in the fall. I collected Plaid Stamps, and bought economy cuts of meat, and learned from the butcher how to cook corned beef and fresh pork shoulder, tripe and kidneys and chicken livers (variety meats, the butcher called the last three, as if they might break into a song-and-dance routine). When I went downtown—to Bloomingdale's basement to buy curtains, to an interview for a summer job I didn't get, because, as the supervisor said, a typist's errors per page should not equal her words per minute—I wore a dress and stockings and white gloves, as I'd been taught by my mother was proper in the city.

Anna set me straight on the gloves. "What are you wearing those for? It's summer. This isn't Chapel Hill." Anna rarely wore shoes, much less stockings. Her apartment was heaped with clutter. Our kitchen sinks were deep, like laundry tubs, and Anna didn't do the dishes until they reached the top. Not that summer, anyway—her third in the apartment. Her husband, Bobby, was away for four months—on active duty





in the National Guard. Anna said he was lucky to have the commission; otherwise, he'd surely have been drafted and sent to Vietnam.

Anna and Bobby had met in college, when they were both freshmen. They dropped out in the middle of the next year. "I thought I was pregnant," Anna said, "and by the time I found out I wasn't we'd already quit going to classes and made plans to come to New York, so we did anyway. Bobby wants to be an actor. He couldn't see any reason to stay in college." In New York, Bobby had been working in a car showroom—"He says he learns a lot about human nature, watching the people through the plate-glass window," Anna said—and going to auditions when he could. They had been married that spring, just before Bobby left for the National Guard. Anna *was* pregnant this time.

"Didn't your parents mind that you were pregnant and not married?" I asked. I couldn't imagine facing mine with such news.

"Oh, yeah," Anna said, in a tone that wondered why I would ask such an obvious question.

ONE Saturday afternoon in August when Bobby was home for the weekend, the four of us went in Lewis's Volkswagen to Jones Beach. Bobby was short—shorter than Anna—with thick, curly blond hair and dark-brown eyes. He was quick and strong, and he talked all the time. He smoked unfiltered Camel cigarettes and drank a lot of beer. I thought perhaps he was nervous. It was the first time he'd met us. Anna was different with him—self-assured but deferential.

"Anna, where'd you get those sunglasses?" Bobby said as we were speeding along some Long Island highway. They were fashionably large and half hid her rather small face.

"My father sent them for my birthday. What do you think?"

"Nope," Bobby said.

"Oh?" Anna said. She flicked them over her shoulder and out the window. She laughed.

The traffic got heavier as we neared Jones Beach, and by the time we reached the Southern State Parkway we were barely moving. Bobby told us endless stories of pranks he'd played on his fellow-Guardsmen, nudging Lewis with his beer can whenever he thought he'd said something hilarious, sloshing beer down Lewis's neck.

It was nearly four o'clock when we got to the beach, and people were already leaving for home. We spread out our towels, and Lewis and Bobby ran off to join a touch-football game. Anna and I went in swimming. The waves were high, sweeping us off our feet before they broke, and the water was cold. I got out quickly, but Anna said it felt good after all those stifling days in the Bronx, and she stayed in. I asked her if it would be all right for the baby, and she said, oh sure, if it was all right for her it was all right for the baby.

I lay down in the sun and closed my eyes for a few minutes. When I looked up, Anna had drifted farther out. I couldn't see her face, but I could see that she was bobbing gently with the waves, like a buoy. She waved, and I waved back. She waved again. I thought she hadn't seen me, so I stood up and waved once more. This time, she waved with both hands, and I realized something was wrong. So did the lifeguard, apparently. He climbed down from his high white chair, so calmly that at first I thought he was going for a stroll; he waded into the churning water and dove through a wave, sleek and purposeful. When he and Anna got back to the beach, Anna was paler than ever, and trembling with cold. Her hair hung in streaming clumps, and her ears stuck out, dead white.

"I feel like such a fool," she said as we walked back to the towels. "I've been swimming all my life. It's this stomach. My center of gravity is off." She put on a shirt and combed her hair and went down the beach to join Bobby. She didn't tell him what had happened.

Later, we built a fire and roasted hot dogs and marshmallows. Bobby had drunk too much beer by this time, and after dinner he insisted that Anna dance for us. "Come on, honey," he said. "Give us a show."

"Bobby, I'll look grotesque with this stomach."

"Oh, honey, please," he said.

She shrugged and got up. She was wearing a loose shirt, and in the dusk, with her elegant long legs and arms

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and her swaying hair, she looked like a dream dancer, like a figure from Chagall. She hummed as she danced, swaying and turning, with the strong ocean breeze blowing her hair and shirt out behind her, making her seem almost weightless. Then, abruptly, she stopped. "Bobby, I look ridiculous!" But it was clear she was glad she had pleased him.

IN September, I went back to school. Every day I took a long N-shaped subway route across the Bronx and northern Manhattan—south, north, then south again. An hour's trip to a place four miles away. I no longer saw Anna often; Bobby was home. In October, Anna went to Buffalo to have the baby. Bobby stayed in New York, to audition for a part in a TV commercial. (He didn't get it.)

The baby was a girl, and they named her Jenny, after Anna's grandmother. Bobby and Anna brought her with them to dinner at our apartment one evening when she was five or six weeks old. She stayed awake the whole time, gazing with her huge dark-blue eyes at whoever was talking. Anna held her gingerly, as if she were afraid of the baby's fragility, but Bobby wrapped her in his muscular arms—enveloped her, so that I wondered if she might suffocate.

A few weeks after that dinner, Anna came over late one afternoon—it was already almost dark when she knocked. I was surprised to hear someone at the door. People rarely visited in our building, which was declining as fast as the neighborhood around it. Half the tenants were elderly Jewish couples—many of them had lived in the building since its earlier, grander days, long before the Second World War—and half were young Puerto Rican families. There were no blacks. The older tenants resented the young, noisy interlopers, and the younger ones were annoyed by the proprietary attitude and interfering manner of the old folks. As for Anna and Bobby and Lewis and me, we were viewed with suspicion by both sides.

"Anna, hi!" I said when I opened the door. "Come on in. How are you?" She had Jenny in her arms, asleep, and she had on bluejeans and a T-shirt and her mother's shawl around her shoulders. She looked thin and sallow, and she had deep brown circles under her eyes.

"O.K., I guess," she said, and then she started to cry. "Oh, Grace, no I'm not. The stupidest thing just happened. I can't even tell you, it's so stupid."

I'd never seen more than a ripple of emotion in her before, even when she was telling the direst tales of her childhood, and I went to get her a box of Kleenex.

She blew her nose and laughed, and then she started to cry again. She put the baby down on the couch and sat down herself. "I lost a contact lens yesterday," she said, "and I was wearing just one lens. It's disorienting—everything looks sharp and fuzzy at the same time. Just now I dropped a bottle of orange juice—a full bottle. The glass and orange juice went all over the place—under the refrigerator, in the cat box, all over that filthy linoleum floor I keep asking them to replace. I couldn't see to clean it up, and I started crying and couldn't stop. Nothing's gone right since I came back from Buffalo." She began to sob.

"Oh dear," I said.

"Do you have any booze?"

I found a bottle of Scotch and

poured us both a drink. After a swallow or two, Anna stopped crying. "God, this is pathetic. I don't know what's wrong with me."

"Maybe you're tired? Does the baby keep you awake?"

"No. She's good. She's already sleeping through the night. I'm just depressed. I guess it's normal after a baby." That sounded like a logical explanation to me. "Everything that happens, I cry."

"Where's Bobby?" I asked.

"He's been so busy lately. He goes to auditions, and he's taking voice lessons. He has a good voice. And he's working on a business deal downtown." She hesitated. "I'm not sure what it is. He says it's just to earn money until he gets an acting job. Actually, it's something to do with grass—you know, marijuana."

I didn't say anything.

"We need the money," Anna went on. "There's not much risk in it. We get a lot of good stuff ourselves. Want to come over one night?"

"Sure. But I guess I should tell you I've only tried it once."

"How'd you like it?"

"Fine. When I got home, I tried to brush my teeth with the back of my toothbrush."

Anna didn't laugh.

"Peach, don't worry yourself about it," Lewis said when I told him about Anna's visit. "After my sister had her first baby, she cried for six weeks." That didn't do much to relieve my anxiety about Anna, but it did make me think about Lewis's sister.

A few weeks later, Anna came over again, this time to say goodbye. They were moving downtown—to the Village. "I'm sorry about that crying fit," she said. "I don't know what came over me."

She did look better. Maybe Lewis was right.

"Everything is going to be fine in our new place," she said. "We have a floor-through in a brownstone, with a garden in back." It sounded expensive. "You'll have to come down and see it."

I said yes, of course, but I knew I probably wouldn't. "I'll miss you," I said.

"I'll miss you, too," said Anna.

I think we both meant it.

THE following summer, Lewis and I moved downtown ourselves, though not as far down as Bobby and Anna. I had decided to go to graduate school, and we moved nearer to Columbia—to Riverside Drive. Our apartment was only one room—fourteen by fourteen with a fourteen-foot ceiling, a perfect cube—but there was also a large kitchen, with a handsome claw-footed bathtub in it. The windows in the big room looked south and west, down and across the river. I gave Lewis a pair of binoculars for his birthday, but I used them more than he did, spending hours in front of the window, watching the boats—Circle Liners and Hudson River Day Liners, delicate sailboats and ponderous yachts from Miami and Venezuela, barges loaded with gravel or coal or timber, flat-topped oil tankers with derricks like rows of gallows. Sometimes someone on a boat would be looking my way through binoculars, and he and I would wave. Airplanes used the Hudson for navigation almost as much as boats did. Jets would line up at the mouth of the harbor and then proceed upriver at a stately pace before veering off to Queens, one after another at evenly spaced intervals, like bridesmaids.

The first we heard from Bobby and Anna was one evening at the end of August, when Bobby called to invite us to a party. We went to a friend's house for dinner the night of the party and so didn't get there till after eleven. No one answered the door when we rang, but it was open and we went in. There must have been fifty people there. It was dark and smoky, and everyone looked so relaxed that it seemed their bones had caved in. I felt conspicuously upright.

Bobby came over and threw his arms around us both. "Hey, people," he said. "It's been a long time."

Lewis asked how he was and Bobby said, "Everything's cool," as if he were reassuring us.

Anna was nowhere in sight. Bobby asked me several times how I was "feeling." Soon he disappeared.

As we were leaving, I went into the bedroom, intending to look out at the garden. Anna was there, sitting on the arm of a chair with her back to me, draped over a man who had on shiny black pointed shoes. Her hair hung down and hid his face. I tapped her on the shoulder and she turned around.

"Grace!" she said. "I didn't know Bobby had invited you. You look terrific."

"How are you?" I said.

She shrugged. "O.K. You know."

"Is Jenny here?"

Anna gestured to a crib almost hidden behind a pile of boxes. It seemed that they hadn't finished unpacking yet. "She's over there. She sleeps through anything."

"She'd have to," the man said.

Anna ignored him. She didn't introduce us.

"How is it, living down here?" I asked.

"Fine. Bobby's doing well." She leaned over and opened one of the boxes. Inside were bricks of marijuana, like miniature bales of hay.

"Is it safe to have this here?" I asked.

"This isn't anything," Anna said. "Nobody's interested."

"Anna," the man said—a warning.

"Oh, yeah, O.K. Our cat died," she said. "He ate a sleeping pill."

"God, Anna," the man said.

SONNET

He lived there in the unsayable lights.
He saw the fuchsia in a drizzling noon,
The elderflower at dusk like a risen moon
And green fields graying on the windswept heights.
"I will break through," he said, "what I glazed over
With perfect mist and peaceful absences—"
Sudden and sure as the man who dared the ice
And raced his bike across the Moyola River.
A man we never saw. But in that winter
Of 1947, when the snow
Kept the country bright as a studio,
In a cold where things might crystallize or founder,
His story quickened us, a wild white goose
Heard after dark above the drifted house.

—SEAMUS HEANEY

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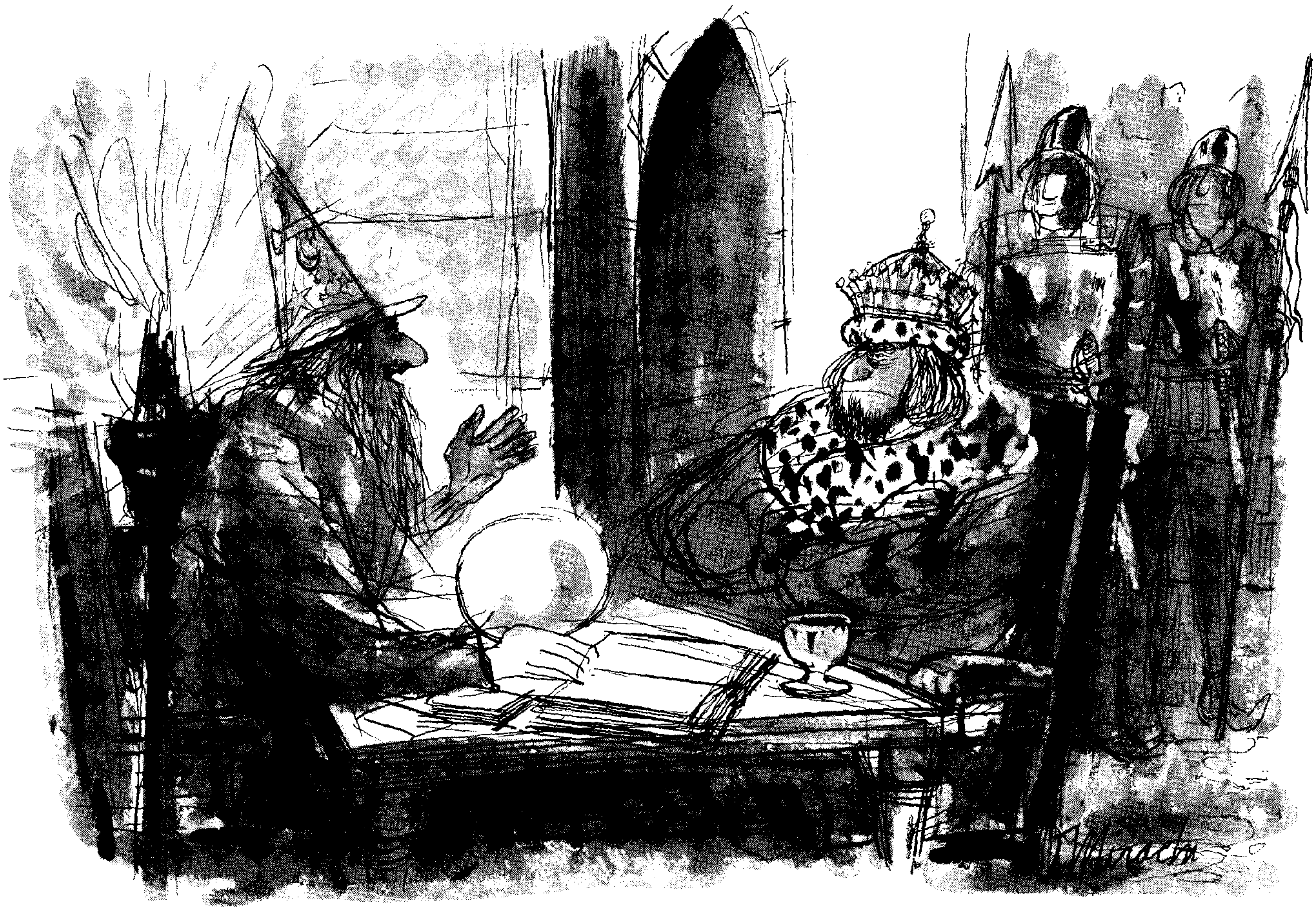


"Insofar as one can measure the esteem Your Majesty enjoys in the hearts of his people, together with the tales of Your Majesty that are being bandied about the realm, it is my considered judgment, Sire, that you will become a legend, but not in your lifetime."

• •

"At least it wasn't Jenny," she said.

"Anna, shut up while you're ahead."

"Grace is an old friend."

"And you're a stupid bitch."

Anna flinched.

"Come here, bitch," he said, more gently, and she allowed herself to be pulled toward him.

"Well, thanks for having us," I said, backing out of the room.

"Bye, Grace." She was sitting in his lap. As I walked away, I heard her giggle and say, "Josh, don't!"

Outside, I repeated the conversation to Lewis. "He sounds like Bobby" was Lewis's comment. "Anna likes to be pushed around."

ONE afternoon in the late fall, a couple of years later, I was in our supermarket up near Columbia. I was in a hurry—Lewis had been out of town, in Atlanta, being interviewed for a job, and I was expecting him home any minute. As I careered around the corner of an aisle with my cart, I collided with a cart coming the other way. Bobby was pushing it. It was the first I had seen of him or Anna since the party. "Gracie!" He gave me a huge hug. He looked older—his face seemed softer, faintly lined, and he was handsomer than I remembered.

"What are you doing up here, Bobby? I'm so glad to see you."

He hugged me again. "It's good to see you, too. I've been meaning to call you, now that we're neighbors."

"You moved up here? Just like old times. How's Anna? I'd really like to see her."

"We split. She stayed downtown."

"I'm sorry."

"But I'm getting it all together now," Bobby went on. "I'm working—as a security guard, at night—and I'm looking around for an agent. I really think I've got a chance."

"Are you still—you know, the other thing?" I looked around to see if anybody was listening.

"Dope?" Bobby said in a booming voice. "It's a hassle. I'm getting out of it as soon as I'm settled."

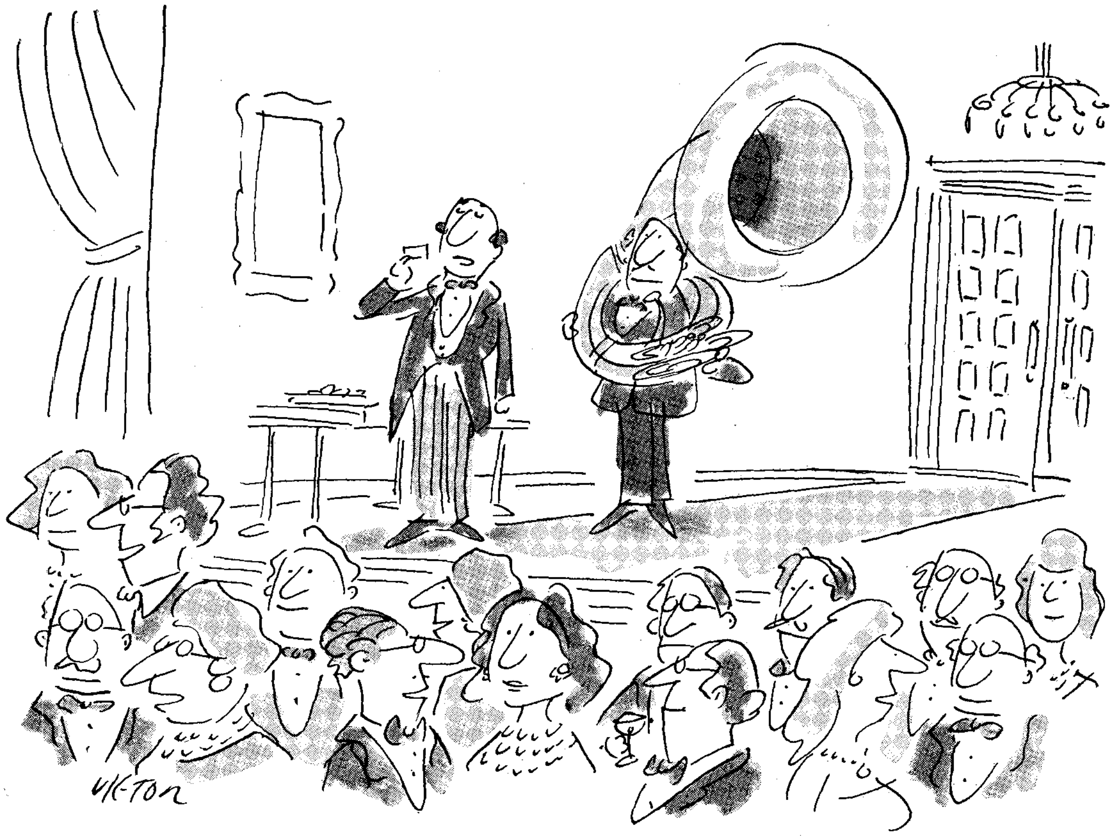
"Who left who?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Anna, and she took Jenny. She said she needed to get away—she never could be in one place very long. There was a guy staying with us—Josh, my business partner, more or less—helping pay the rent. One day Anna just announced that she and Josh were going to live with some people he knew in Pennsylvania. She said she'd probably be back. Well, she is now, but so is Josh. The apartment was half hers, and she wanted it. I couldn't keep up with the rent anyway."

"What's he like?" I asked.

"He's O.K. But that was a bad scene in Pennsylvania—a lot of drugs, stuff I wouldn't have anything to do with. Heroin. Anna seems to be finished with it, but she got too close, if you ask me. I worry about Jenny, but I don't know what I can do." His eye fell on the shelf near us and, as if reminded of what he was there for, he picked up a can and tossed it into his cart. "Hey, listen, why don't we go have some lunch. I want to hear about *you*. How are you feeling?" he went on. "How are you, really?"

I was tempted—there was more I wanted to know about Anna—but be-



"Mr. Wallace Morrison and his sousaphone."

• •

ing with Bobby was making me uncomfortable. He was so aggressively intimate.

"I've got to be someplace," I said. "Why don't we get together another time?"

"O.K. Sure." He hugged me again and squeezed my shoulder, like a football coach sending his star player out on the field. "I'll call you."

Lewis got the job in Atlanta, and in May, when school was out, we started packing. One evening, we were walking down Broadway, to a liquor store where we'd been going most nights to pick up the boxes they set out for the garbage men. I saw Bobby on a side street packing suitcases into a car. A small blond girl, four or five years old, her face smudged and her hair tangled and dirty, was watching him. Lewis and I went over to say hello.

Bobby was subdued. "Do you know Jenny?" he said, and the little girl held out her hand for us to shake—a conventional gesture I'd never have thought Anna would teach her child.

I asked how Anna was.

"She's gone," Bobby said, lowering his voice so Jenny wouldn't hear. Lewis didn't hear, either. He was talking to Jenny, the way he always did to children, as if they were as grown up as he. Children always responded as if they were.

"Gone?" I said.

He gestured sharply upward with his head, or maybe he was nodding toward the river and the west. When he saw that I hadn't understood, he drew me aside and said, "She's dead."

"Oh, Bobby," I cried out, but he motioned toward Jenny.

"She doesn't understand yet," he said.

"What happened?"

"They're not sure. She hadn't been sleeping. It seems she took an overdose of pills—different kinds. They said it was probably an accident."

I asked if I could do anything, but Bobby said no. He'd let us know when the funeral was going to be held. He was taking Jenny to his parents' house, he said. He thought he would stay there awhile, too.

Lewis and I said goodbye—he hadn't heard any of what Bobby had said about Anna—and walked on down to the liquor store. More of the cartons than usual had trash stuffed in them—crumpled wax paper, the ends of sandwiches, empty soda cans. When we came to one that had a dead mouse in it, I said, "Let's go home."

We took the few clean boxes and started back up Broadway. As we passed a deserted movie theatre, someone on top of the marquee dropped a bottle. It was intended for us but hit the sidewalk. We heard laughter and scurrying feet above but couldn't see anyone. I was furious, and also scared, but Lewis dismissed it. "It's just kids."

"Yes, but that was dangerous," I said. Then I was mad at Lewis, too.

When we got home, Lewis went to turn on the TV. I'd been hoping he'd notice that something was wrong and ask me.

"Wait. There's something I have to tell you," I said. "Anna died."

He came over and sat down close to me. "No wonder you're upset." He put his arms around me. It was awkward, because we were side by side, but I started to cry.

Later, after we had gone to bed, I lay awake thinking about Anna. I remembered the day at Jones Beach, and the memory of it was so vivid that I woke Lewis up. Dizzy with sleep, he listened as I told him about Anna bobbing on the water and waving to me, and how I'd misread that gesture—how I'd failed to see that she was drifting precariously.

"But, baby," Lewis said. "What could you have done if you'd known? What could you have done if you'd known about any of this?"

"Lewis, I don't know. Something, surely."

"I don't think so," he said. "Anna would have found a way to screw up, no matter what. That's the way she was. She took chances. But she knew what she was doing."

We left for Atlanta a week later. We never did hear from Bobby, and we didn't know how to reach him.

—Katherine Bouton

•

I am the chief executive of a $75 million metal working company. Recently our traditionally black figures have swindled to the break-even point. I know our products are competitive, the marketing dept. can sell them. I have come to the conclusion that an outside human resource is necessary to reverse the current declining profits.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Meanwhile, keep an eye on your *inside* human resources.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

REWRITING AMERICAN HISTORY—I

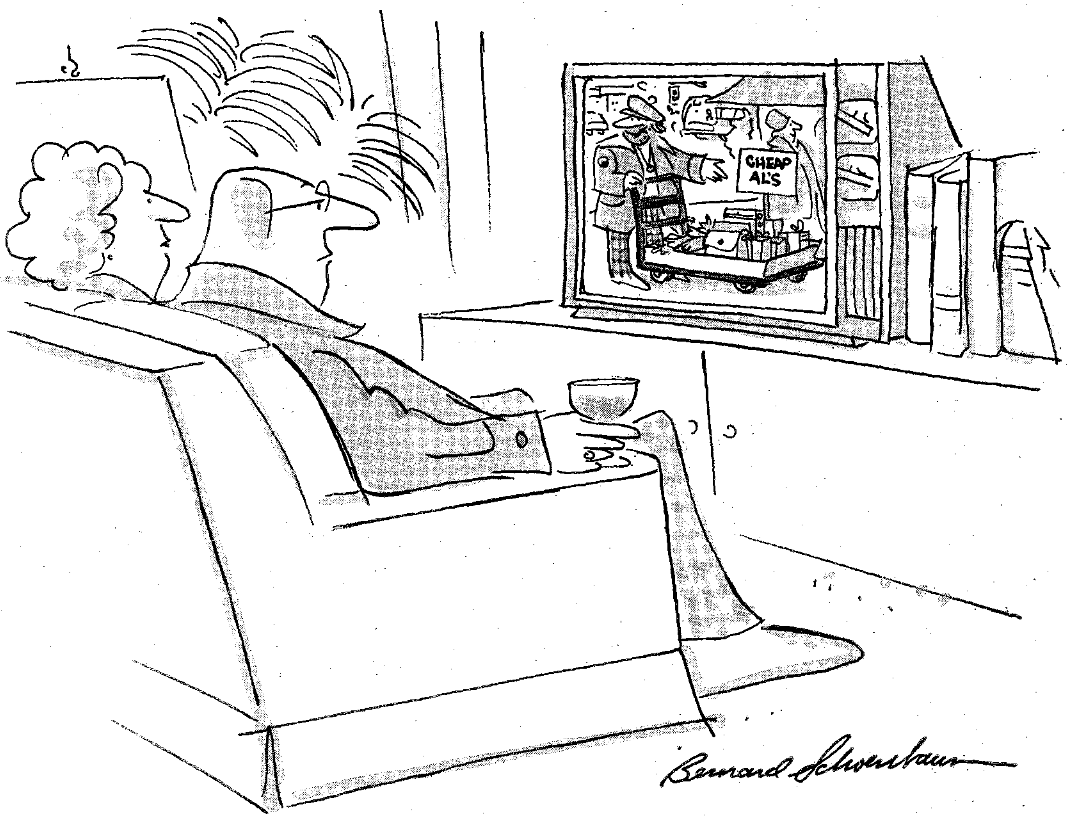
THOSE of us who grew up in the fifties believed in the permanence of our American-history textbooks. To us as children, those texts were the truth of things: they were American history. It was not just that we read them before we understood that not everything that is printed is the truth, or the whole truth. It was that they, much more than other books, had the demeanor and trappings of authority. They were weighty volumes. They spoke in measured cadences: imperturbable, humorless, and as distant as Chinese emperors. Our teachers treated them with respect, and we paid them abject homage by memorizing a chapter a week. But now the textbook histories have changed, some of them to such an extent that an adult would find them unrecognizable.

One current junior-high-school American history begins with a story about a Negro cowboy called George McJunkin. It appears that when McJunkin was riding down a lonely trail in New Mexico one cold spring morning in 1925 he discovered a mound containing bones and stone implements, which scientists later proved belonged to an Indian civilization ten thousand years old. The book goes on to say that scientists now believe there were people in the Americas at least twenty thousand years ago. It discusses the Aztec, Mayan, and Incan civilizations and the meaning of the word "culture" before introducing the European explorers.

Another history text—this one for the fifth grade—begins with the story of how Henry B. Gonzalez, who is a member of Congress from Texas, learned about his own nationality. When he was ten years old, his teacher told him he was an American because he was born in the United States. His grandmother, however, said, "The cat was born in the oven. Does that make him bread?" After reporting that Mr. Gonzalez eventually went to college and law school, the book explains that "the melting pot idea hasn't worked out as some thought it would," and that now "some people say that the people of the United States are more like a salad bowl than a melting pot."

Poor Columbus! He is a minor character now, a walk-on in the middle of American history. Even those books that have not replaced his picture with a Mayan temple or an Iroquois mask do not credit him with discovering America—even for the Europeans. The Vikings, they say, preceded him to the New World, and after that the Europeans, having lost or forgotten their maps, simply neglected to cross the ocean again for five hundred years. Columbus is far from being the only personage to have suffered from time and revision. Captain John Smith, Daniel Boone, and Wild Bill Hickok—the great self-promoters of American history—have all but disappeared, taking with them a good deal of the romance of the American frontier. General Custer has given way to Chief Crazy Horse; General Eisenhower no longer liberates Europe single-handed; and, indeed, most generals, even to Washington and Lee, have faded away, as old soldiers do, giving place to social reformers such as William Lloyd Garrison and Jacob Riis. A number of black Americans have risen to prominence: not only George Washington Carver but Frederick Douglass and Martin Luther King, Jr. W. E. B. Du Bois now invariably accompanies Booker T. Washington. In addition, there is a mystery man called Crispus Attucks, a fugitive slave about whom nothing seems to be known for certain except that he was a victim of the Boston Massacre and thus became one of the first casualties of the American Revolution. Thaddeus Stevens has been reconstructed—his character changed, as it were, from black to white, from cruel and vindictive to persistent and sincere. As for Teddy Roosevelt, he now champions the issue of conservation instead of charging up San Juan Hill. No single President really stands out as a hero, but all Presidents—except certain unmentionables in the second half of the nineteenth century—seem to have done as well as could be expected, given difficult circumstances.

Of course, when one thinks about it, it is hardly surprising that modern scholarship and modern perspectives have found their way into children's books. Yet the changes remain shocking. Those who in the sixties complained of the bland optimism, the chauvinism, and the materialism of their old civics texts did so in the belief



"Remember, for bargains galore it's Cheap Al's, at the corner of Thirty-fourth and Sixth—just steps away from your favorite stores."

"I'll be back in a little while. I'm going to take a stroll down the Boulevard of Broken Dreams."

that, for all their protests, the texts would never change. The thought must have had something reassuring about it, for that generation never noticed when its complaints began to take effect and the songs about radioactive rainfall and houses made of ticky-tacky began to appear in the textbooks. But this is what happened.

The history texts now hint at a certain level of unpleasantness in American history. Several books, for instance, tell the story of Ishi, the last "wild" Indian in the continental United States, who, captured in 1911 after the massacre of his tribe, spent the final four and a half years of his life in the University of California's museum of anthropology, in San Francisco. At least three books show the same stunning picture of the breaker boys, the child coal miners of Pennsylvania—ancient children with deformed bodies and blackened faces who stare stupidly out from the entrance to a mine. One book quotes a soldier on the use of torture in the American campaign to pacify the Philippines at the beginning of the century. A number of books say that during the American Revolution the patriots tarred and feathered those who did not support them, and drove many of the loyalists from the country. Almost all the present-day history books note that the United States interned Japanese-Americans in detention camps during the Second World War.

Ideologically speaking, the histories of the fifties were implacable, seamless. Inside their covers, America was perfect: the greatest nation in the world, and the embodiment of democracy, freedom, and technological progress. For them, the country never changed in any important way: its values and its political institutions remained constant from the time of the American Revolution. To my generation—the children of the fifties—these texts appeared permanent just because they were so self-contained. Their orthodoxy, it seemed, left no handholds for attack, no lodging for decay. Who, after all, would dispute the wonders of technology or the superiority of the English colonists over the Spanish? Who would find fault with the pastorale of the West or the Old South? Who would question the anti-Communist crusade? There was, it seemed, no point in comparing these visions with reality, since they were the public truth and were thus quite irrelevant to what existed and to what anyone privately believed. They were—or so it seemed—the permanent expression of mass culture in America.

But now the texts have changed, and with them the country that American children are growing up into. The society that was once uniform is now a patchwork of rich and poor, old and young, men and women, blacks, whites, Hispanics, and Indians. The system that ran so smoothly by means of the Constitution under the guidance of benevolent conductor Presidents is now a rattletrap affair. The past is no highway to the present; it is a collection of issues and events that do not fit together and that lead in no single direction. The word "progress" has been replaced by the word "change": children, the modern texts insist, should learn history so that they can adapt to the rapid changes taking place around them. History is proceeding in spite of us. The present, which was once portrayed in the concluding chapters as a peaceful haven of scientific advances and Presidential inaugurations, is now a tangle of problems: race problems, urban problems, foreign-policy problems, problems of pollution, poverty, energy depletion, youthful rebellion, assassination, and drugs. Some books illustrate these problems dramatically. One, for instance, contains a picture of a doll half buried in a mass of untreated sewage; the caption reads, "Are we in danger of being overwhelmed by the products of our society and wastage created by their production? Would you agree with this photographer's interpretation?" Two books show the same picture of an old black woman sitting in a straight chair in a dingy room, her hands folded in graceful resignation; the surrounding text discusses the problems faced by the urban poor and by the aged who depend on Social Security. Other books present current problems less starkly. One of the texts concludes sagely:

> Problems are part of life. Nations face them, just as people face them, and try to solve them. And today's Americans have one great advantage over past generations. Never before have Americans been so well equipped to solve their prob-

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lems. They have today the means to conquer poverty, disease, and ignorance. The technetronic age has put that power into their hands.

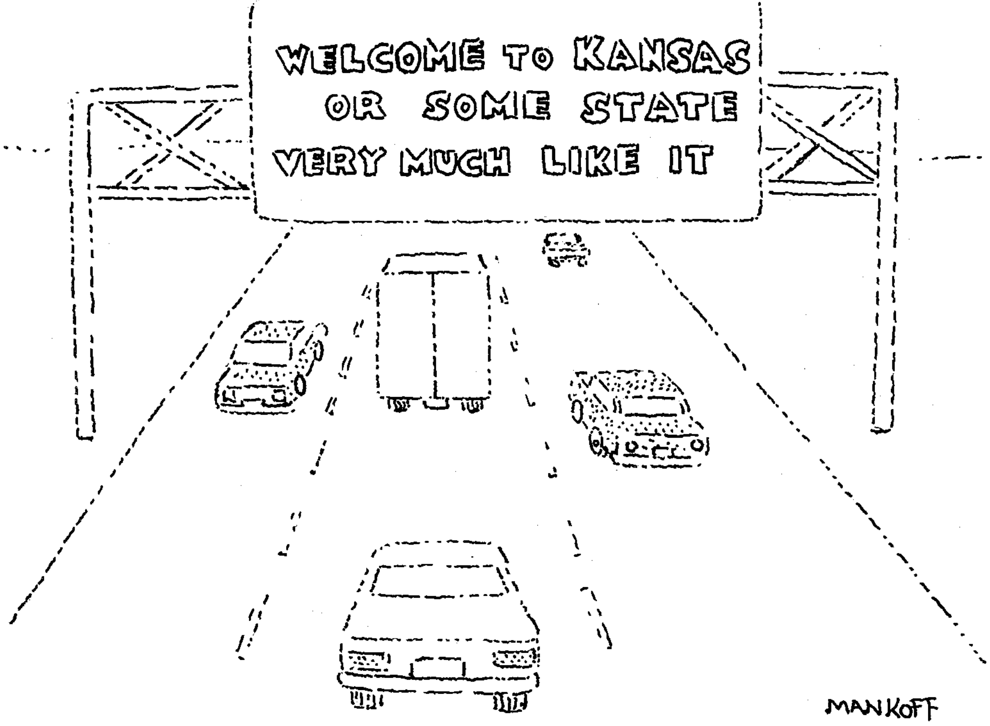
Such passages have a familiar ring. Amid all the problems, the deus ex machina of science still dodders around in the gloaming of pious hope.

Even more surprising than the emergence of problems is the discovery that the great unity of the texts has broken. Whereas in the fifties all texts represented the same political view, current texts follow no pattern of orthodoxy. Some books, for instance, portray civil-rights legislation as a series of actions taken by a wise, paternal government; others convey some suggestion of the social upheaval involved and make mention of such people as Stokely Carmichael and Malcolm X. In some books, the Cold War has ended; in others, it continues, with Communism threatening the free nations of the earth.

The political diversity in the books is matched by a diversity of pedagogical approach. In addition to the traditional narrative histories, with their endless streams of facts, there are so-called "discovery," or "inquiry," texts, which deal with a limited number of specific issues in American history. These texts do not pretend to cover the past; they focus on particular topics, such as "stratification in Colonial society" or "slavery and the American Revolution," and illustrate them with documents from primary and secondary sources. The chapters in these books amount to something like case studies, in that they include testimony from people with different perspectives or conflicting views on a single subject. In addition, the chapters provide background information, explanatory notes, and a series of questions for the student. The questions are the heart of the matter, for when they are carefully selected they force students to think much as historians think: to define the point of view of the speaker, analyze the ideas presented, question the relationship between events, and so on. One text, for example, quotes Washington, Jefferson, and John Adams on the question of foreign alliances and then asks, "What did John Adams assume that the international situation would be after the American Revolution? What did Washington's attitude toward the French alliance seem to be? How do you account for his attitude?" Finally, it asks, "Should a nation adopt a policy toward alliances and cling to it consistently, or should it vary its policies toward other countries as circumstances change?" In these books, history is clearly not a list of agreed-upon facts or a sermon on politics but a babble of voices and a welter of events which must be ordered by the historian.

In matters of pedagogy, as in matters of politics, there are not two sharply differentiated categories of books; rather, there is a spectrum. Politically, the books run from moderate left to moderate right; pedagogically, they run from the traditional history sermons, through a middle ground of narrative texts with inquiry-style questions and of inquiry texts with long stretches of narrative, to the most rigorous of case-study books. What is common to the current texts—and makes all of them different from those of the fifties—is their engagement with the social sciences. In eighth-grade histories, the "concepts" of social science make fleeting appearances. But these "concepts" are the very foundation stones of various elementary-school social-studies series. The 1970 Harcourt Brace Jovanovich series, for example, boasts in its preface of "a horizontal base or ordering of conceptual schemes" to match its "vertical arm of behavioral themes." What this means is not entirely clear, but the books do proceed from easy questions to hard ones, such as—in the sixth-grade book—"How was interaction between merchants and citizens different in the Athenian and Spartan social systems?" Virtually all the American-history texts for older children include discussions of "role," "status," and "culture." Some of them stage debates between eminent social scientists in roped-off sections of the text; some include essays on economics or sociology; some contain pictures and short biographies of social scientists of both sexes and of diverse races. Many books seem to accord social scientists a higher status than American Presidents.

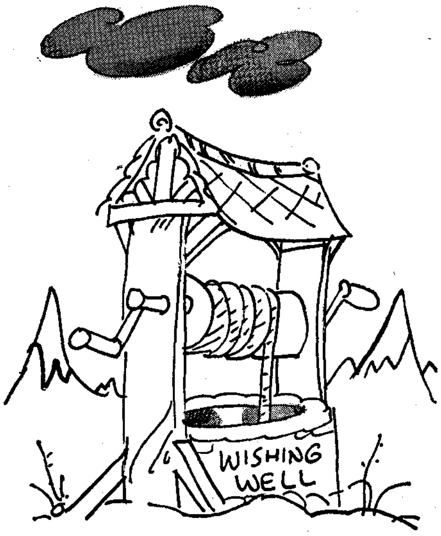
Quite as striking as these political and pedagogical alterations is the change in the physical appearance of the texts. The schoolbooks of the fifties showed some effort in the matter of design: they had maps, charts, cartoons, photographs, and an occasional four-color picture to break up the columns of print. But beside the current texts they look as naïve as Soviet fashion magazines. The print in the fifties books is heavy and far too black, the colors muddy. The photographs are conventional news shots—portraits of Presidents in three-quarters profile, posed "action" shots of soldiers. The other illustrations tend to be Socialist-realist-style drawings (there are a lot of hefty farmers with hoes in the Colonial-period chapters) or incredibly vulgar made-for-children paintings of patriotic events. One painting shows Columbus standing in full court dress on a beach in the New World from a perspective that could have belonged only to the Arawaks. By contrast, the current texts are paragons of sophisticated modern design. They look not like *People* or *Family Circle* but, rather, like *Architectural Digest* or *Vogue*. One of them has an Abstract Expressionist design on its cover, another a



Rauschenberg-style collage, a third a reproduction of an American primitive painting. Inside, almost all of them have a full-page reproduction of a painting of the New York school—a Jasper Johns flag, say, or "The Boston Massacre," by Larry Rivers. But these reproductions are separated only with difficulty from the over-all design, for the time charts in the books look like Noland stripe paintings, and the distribution charts are as punctilious as Albers' squares in their color gradings. The amount of space given to illustrations is far greater than it was in the fifties; in fact, in certain "slow-learner" books the pictures far outweigh the text in importance. However, the illustrations have a much greater historical value. Instead of made-up paintings or anachronistic sketches, there are cartoons, photographs, and paintings drawn from the periods being treated. The chapters on the Colonial period will show, for instance, a ship's carved prow, a Revere bowl, a Copley painting—a whole gallery of Early Americana. The nineteenth century is illustrated with nineteenth-century cartoons and photographs—and the photographs are all of high artistic quality. As for the twentieth-century chapters, they are adorned with the contents of a modern-art museum.

The use of all this art and high-quality design contains some irony. The nineteenth-century photographs of child laborers or urban slum apartments are so beautiful that they transcend their subjects. To look at them, or at the Victor Gatto painting of the Triangle shirtwaist-factory fire, is to see not misery or ugliness but an art object. In the modern chapters, the contrast between style and content is just as great: the color photographs of junk yards or polluted rivers look as enticing as *Gourmet's* photographs of food. The book that is perhaps the most stark in its description of modern problems illustrates the horrors of nuclear testing with a pretty Ben Shahn picture of the Bikini explosion, and the potential for global ecological disaster with a color photograph of the planet swirling its mantle of white clouds. Whereas in the nineteen-fifties the texts were childish in the sense that they were naïve and clumsy, they are now childish in the sense that they are polymorphous-perverse. American history is not dull any longer; it is a sensuous experience.

The surprise that adults feel in seeing the changes in history texts must come from the lingering hope that there is, somewhere out there, an objective truth. The hope is, of course, foolish. All of us children of the twentieth century know, or should know, that there are no absolutes in human affairs, and thus there can be no such thing as perfect objectivity. We know that each historian in some degree creates the world anew and that all history is in some degree contemporary history. But beyond this knowledge there is still a hope for some reliable authority, for some fixed stars in the universe. We may know that journalists cannot be wholly unbiassed and that "balance" is an imaginary point between two extremes, and yet we hope that Walter Cronkite will tell us the truth of things. In the same way, we hope that our history will not change—that we learned the truth of things as children. The texts, with their impersonal voices, encourage this hope, and therefore it is particularly disturbing to see how they change, and how fast.



WISHING WELL

Slippery history! Not every generation but every few years the content of American-history books for children changes appreciably. Schoolbooks are not, like trade books, written and left to their fate. To stay in step with the cycles of "adoption" in school districts across the country, the publishers revise most of their old texts or substitute new ones every three or four years. In the process of revision, they not only bring history up to date but make changes—often substantial changes—in the body of the work. History books for children are thus more contemporary than any other form of history. How should it be otherwise? Should students read histories written ten, fifteen, thirty years ago? In theory, the system is reasonable—except that each generation of children reads only one generation of schoolbooks. That transient history is those children's history forever—their particular version of America.

The nature of the influence that these textbooks have on children is, of course, another matter. Many studies have been done on the question of what seventeen- or eighteen-year-old Americans know about their history and their political system, with uniformly depressing results. A recent survey by the National Assessment of Educational Progress showed that forty-seven per cent of the nation's seventeen-year-olds did not know that each state has two United States senators. A wholly unscientific survey of my own would show that few American adults can remember as much as the name of the history textbook they "had" in secondary school. And the sight of an old textbook is much less likely to bring back the sequence of Presidents or the significance of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act than it is to evoke the scene of an eighth-grade classroom: the sight of, say, Peggy, one long leg wrapped around the other, leaning forward on the scarred green bench, or Stevie talking a mile a minute and excitedly twirling his persistent cowlick. Rabbits, it is said, cannot remember pain or fear for more than sixty seconds. Perhaps human beings cannot remember things that bored them. Memory has its own antidotes. On the other hand, the fact that one cannot remember the order of the Presidents does not mean that all is lost. Amid the telephone numbers, nursery rhymes, and advertising jingles that we carry around in our heads, there are often snatches of textbook history. My own snatches consist of visual images detached from their context: Balboa on his peak in Darien; the supporters of Andrew Jackson celebrating his first election by tromping over the White House furniture in their muddy boots. Other people have more literary memories. "I had Muzzey," one friend told

WISHING WELL
ffolkes

me recently. "Wonderful book. I'll never forget the scene of Lincoln after the Battle of Gettysburg looking over the graves in the cemetery and a voice crying out to him, 'Calhooon! Calhoooon!'" The memory of my friend was not, as it turned out, perfectly accurate, for in David Saville Muzzey's "American History" William Lloyd Garrison is speaking at a banquet in Charleston after the war, and about him Muzzey asks rhetorically, "Did the echoes of his voice reach a grave over which stood a marble stone engraved with the single word 'Calhoun'?" Still, my friend had remembered the dramatic irony, and that was surely the essence of this particular passage.

In some general sense, this may be the truth of the matter: what sticks to the memory from those textbooks is not any particular series of facts but an atmosphere, an impression, a tone. And this impression may be all the more influential just because one cannot remember the facts and arguments that created it. In the fifties, we learned from our texts—math and English as well as history—that Americans were a tolerant people, full of common sense, practical, industrious, democratic, civic-minded, and generally homogeneous. That we, then or later, read about Cotton Mather, slavery and the Civil War, Thoreau, the Molly Maguires, and vigilante rule in San Francisco somehow did not cause us to alter this impression. It was only the events of the nineteen-sixties that changed it. To learn that Americans were also violent, idealistic, and divided by race and culture was not just to learn something new but to undergo a reëducation. What the current texts say about the American Revolution or the Vietnam War may therefore have some importance: though the memory of children may reduce much of it to white sound, some may remain as a tone of voice, a definition of the register.

In the nineteenth century, a heavy reliance on textbooks was the distinguishing mark of American education; it was called "the American system" by Europeans. The texts were substitutes for well-trained teachers; in some parts of the country, they constituted the whole of a school's library and the only books a child would ever read on the subject of, say, American history. Now, of course, the texts must compete not only with other books but with magazines, movies, television, and so on. The problem for the modern child is not so much to acquire information as to select from the barrage of it coming from everywhere, including the corner of the living room. As part of an attempt to develop such powers of discrimination, many teachers now use the texts critically, as they would any other book. (One teacher in a rural Maine school says that he uses a conservative, ten-year-old history text, because its views and his own views differ so strongly.) The texts still give a structure to history courses—and they are still the only books that many children ever read on the subject—but they have lost their single voice of authority. Yet, no matter what degree of influence the texts actually have on children, they have their own intrinsic interest as historical documents. For they are not, like other books, works of single authors. Many people have a hand in writing them, and they are tailored to please a public that extends even beyond the vast educational establishment. Consensus documents, they are themselves a part of history, in that they reflect the concerns, the conventional wisdom, and even the fads of the age that produced them.

Charles and Mary Beard, Richard Hofstadter, Merle Curti, John Hope Franklin, Ernest R. May, Henry Steele Commager, Henry F. Graff—the names of some of the most distinguished American historians appear on the covers of high-school textbooks of American history. Their names usually appear as part of duos or trios: Graff and Krout; Todd and Curti; Caughey, Franklin, and May; Barker, Dodd, and Commager. Some of the high-school books—and most of the eighth-grade books—also bear the name of a professor of education, a high-school teacher, or a school administrator. But there is almost always the name of an academic historian with impressive credentials. What these names signify is, however, questionable.

Children cannot be expected to care very much who wrote their texts. But any history teacher glancing through the popular texts of past and present must wonder a good deal about the relationship of these famous men to their works. The texts do not usually say it, but *Who's Who* will show that a number of the distinguished historians named on the covers died long before the current editions of the texts were published. Sad though this may be, what is interesting is that they died before the occurrence of many of the events they are credited with describing. A teacher who looked through a number of texts would discover that since the nineteen-thirties all historians have written their textbooks in much the same style—indeed, in a style that can only be described as textbook prose. Reading a few paragraphs here and there, the teacher would almost certainly be struck by certain discrepancies—certain ideas quite foreign to the authors. For instance, Richard Hofstadter's "A People and a Nation" (Clarence L. Ver Steeg, co-author) contains the thought that the immigrants of the late nineteenth century "introduced variety into American life, adding immeasurably to its color and interest," and that "in time they showed their ability to enter the mainstream of American life without giving up either their identity or their distinctive qualities." It's hard to believe Hofstadter, that brilliant stylist and caustic critic of American liberalism, could have written such a sentence. Similarly, many of the texts omit or contradict the very interpretations of history which their supposed authors made famous: Charles and Mary Beard's school history scants economics as a factor in the making of the Constitution; the nineteen-thirties text that bears Commager's name contains no intellectual history at all. Finally, the difference between two editions of the same text is often so great that a historian would have had to undergo a conversion, or possession by another historian, in order to write both.

The internal evidence of a text is enough to show that the relationship to it of the historian whose name appears on its title page is rarely the simple one of author. But any teacher who wanted to find out just what that relationship is would run into difficulties. In the first place, there is a great deal of secrecy in the textbook business. Not just the publishers and editors but the authors as well do not care to explain exactly how texts come into being. And teachers permit them to maintain this silence. In the second place, the making of a text is a complicated business—much more complicated than the making of a trade book. Texts are not "written" anymore; they are, as the people in the industry say, "developed," and this process involves large numbers of people and many compromises. Not since the twenties have textbook publishers commissioned a basic history text from a single author and simply printed it, as they would a trade book. The costs are too great, the risks too high, and the demands from the schools too exacting. Typically, the first step in the current process is to find two or more authorities in the field, including one academic historian and one schoolteacher or administrator. (The exceptions are in the preparation of non-mass-market books for very literate high-school students.) The rationale is that a specialist in history and a specialist in children can write a better text together than either could alone. But—like most educational theories—this assumption cannot be proved or disproved, since the text houses often choose both specialists for their prestige or their influence with school boards rather than for their skill in collaborating on the writing of histories for children. As a rule, the younger the audience the book is intended for, the greater the number of specialists involved. The high-school books usually have two authors' names on the cover; the eighth-grade books usually have three; and the social-studies series running from kindergarten through the sixth grade have a whole raft of them. A new Houghton Mifflin social-studies series, for instance, has two authors, a general editor, an editorial adviser, and nine consultants, including a consultant for "skills" and one for "values." What all these people actually do on the books is not entirely clear, but their names give the series a certain weight of authority.

Whether a publisher has chosen his authors well or badly, his editors usually have a fairly exact idea of what should go into the book he has commissioned. In the first place, they have read the texts for college students, and these show what is necessary in the way of scholarly furnishings. In the second place, they have analyzed the competition, so they know what is selling in the school systems. At one publishing company I visited, the social-studies editor was doing a line count of the ten best-selling eighth-grade histories to find out how much space each gave to each major event in American history. At another company, an editor was writing a perceptive analysis of the changes in the content of history books over the past five years. In doing such studies, text editors may be trying to duplicate the most popular features of the competition in one book or they may be trying to find a hole in the market for a new kind of book. If it is the latter, the editors will also be guided by their other sources of information about the market—ranging from educational-research surveys, through pilot studies of new materials, to the reports of their salesmen. Whatever their goal may be, they usually start by giving the authors an outline to follow.

In the matter of prose style, the editors invariably impose constraints on the writer. The public schools require that all textbooks be adjusted to the standard reading levels for the grades that the books are intended for. The text houses must therefore see to it that all manuscripts follow standard "readability" formulas, which measure the frequency with which difficult words occur and the complexity of the sentence structure. The Dale-Chall formula, for example, gives a list of three thousand "easy" words (the list includes "banjo," "bobwhite," and "beautify" but not "special," "necessary," or "disease") and a complicated equation between the number of difficult words and the length of sentences. Since few historians can contrive to write by these rules, the editors usually have to rewrite the final draft. In the process, they may or may not change the essential meaning of the original, but, almost necessarily, they remove all individuality from the writing, homogenizing it so that it is in fact nearly unreadable.

In respect to political content, too, the editors have a fairly good idea of what will and what will not sell. A few years ago, for example, the editors at one house were giving their writers specific instructions to highlight ecology and minority groups. A history book, they said, would not sell in Texas if it did not have a good deal of material on Mexican-Americans, and it would not sell anywhere if it had pictures of minority-group members who were not *aspiring* people: pictures of black sharecroppers could not be used in order to illustrate Reconstruction; if blacks were pictured they had to be, say, technicians in lab coats. Some of the political criteria change from year to year, but at any given moment most text editors have the same kind of information and thus tend to think alike on most subjects. To look through all the junior-high-school textbooks published in 1975 and 1976 is to see that all use virtually the same formulas to describe both the Vietnam War and Watergate. The editors give much more political as well as stylistic latitude to authors of texts for literate eleventh or twelfth graders than to authors of histories for the lower grades, with the result that only the very sophisticated texts contain any original historical writing.

The text editors are not, of course, always right in their judgments about content. They have their problems, too. In certain periods, such as the sixties, educational and political styles change

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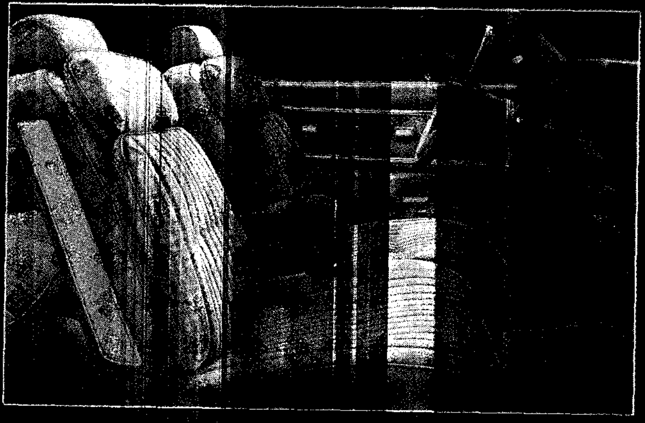

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faster than texts can be written and marketed. Since present-day texts are expected to cover everything up to the moment, events are bound to outpace them. The assassination of President Kennedy and Watergate created special consternation in houses that had issued their histories just before the events occurred, for these houses were stuck for a time with sanguine last chapters on the achievements of the Kennedy or the Nixon Administration. A perpetual problem for the editors is that Presidential elections come every four years. In one case, when a book was to be published just after an election the editors asked the authors to write two versions of the concluding pages, one describing victory for the incumbent, the other defeat; both versions, of course, had to fit in with the seamless web of American history. The editors thought they would be able to choose between the two at the last moment. But both versions described John F. Kennedy as the incumbent candidate in 1964.

The publishing houses do occasionally print manuscripts more or less as they arrive—some authors write very well to the editorial requirements—but usually the editing is heavy. When it happens that the editors want an author's name more than his work, they may take a manuscript that is utterly inadequate to their purposes and rewrite the whole thing. One young woman I met had in the two years of her employment at Holt, Rinehart & Winston, in the sixties, rewritten part of one of the best-known of the inquiry texts and written from scratch part of the teacher's guide for another history text. She had also, and with little help, written a book of short biographies of famous Americans which her house published under the name of an elementary-school teacher. The young editor had no academic credentials in history or education and no teaching experience; her annual salary for those incredibly productive years was six thousand dollars—a small fraction of what a distinguished figurehead receives for not writing a book.

Recently, a few publishing companies in the social-science field have taken the logical next step and eliminated these highly paid non-authors entirely, putting out so-called "managed texts," which list no author but merely an editor whose name carries prestige. The editor writes an introduction or one chapter of the book (or has it written for him) and farms out the rest to graduate students, free-lance writers, and other cheap intellectual labor. Since

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• •

these laborers—if they are responsible—must rehash the work of experts in the field, the managed texts often flirt with the laws on plagiarism. Still, in some respects their truth-in-packaging is greater than that of many texts whose covers claim authorship by well-known scholars.

Not even a book in print is safe from editorial intervention, for if it is successful it will be revised and reissued every three or four years, in time to be presented anew to the school systems. The revisions can be small or extensive, but even the small ones can be fairly drastic in political terms. In the mid-seventies, two high-school histories by different authors which were published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston appeared with their discussions of the Cold War altered completely—from a Cold Warrior to a revisionist position. A book that survives for ten years will receive a complete overhaul and a historical update. If you look through the various editions of the very long-lived texts, you will see the book changing like a Brunswick stew or a customized stock car. After thirty years or so, the latest edition will show very little trace of the original. One of the most popular eighth-grade histories, a book known as Casner and Gabriel, began in the thirties as a liberal internationalist book and by the fifties had changed into a fierce anti-Communist tract.

TO the uninitiated, the very thought of what goes on in a textbook house must inspire a good deal of vertigo. Way up in some office building sit people—ordinary mortals with red and blue pencils—deciding all the issues of American history, not to mention those of literature and biology. What shall we think of the Vietnam War? Of the American Revolution? What is the nature of American society and what are its values? The responsibility of these people seems awesome, for, as is not true of trade publishers, the audiences for their products are huge, impressionable, and captive. Children have to read textbooks; they usually have to read all of each textbook and are rarely asked to criticize it for style or point of view. A textbook is there, much like Mt. Everest awaiting George Mallory, and it leaves no alternative. The textbook editors, therefore, must appear to be the arbiters of American values, and the publishing companies the Ministries of Truth for children. With such power over the past and the future, textbook people—or so the uninitiated assume—should all be philosophers. Oddly, however, few people in the textbook business seem to reflect on their role as

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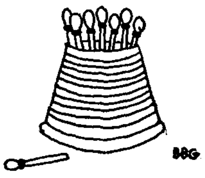
truth givers. And most of them are reluctant to discuss the content of their books. Occasionally, a young editor full of injured idealism will "leak" a piece of information about house policy. In one publishing house, a young woman pulled me inside her office conspiratorially to show me a newspaper article attacking a literary anthology that her company had published a few years before. The article expressed outrage about the profanity in the book, pointing to the use of the word "damn" in one short story. "Don't tell anyone I showed you this, or I'll lose my job," the young woman whispered. She went on to say that she had had to revise the anthology—a task that consisted of removing the offending selection and finding stories by two American women and a Puerto Rican man to replace three short stories by Anglo-Saxon men.

"Isn't that a bit arbitrary?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. "But, you see, we're under such great pressure. We'd never sell the book without a Hispanic-American."

The reticence of the textbook people derives, one soon discovers, from the essential ambiguity of their position. On one hand, they are running what amount to Ministries of Truth for children, and, on the other, they are simply trying to make money in one of the freest of free enterprises in the United States, where companies often go under. The market sets limits to the publishers' truth-giving powers. These limits are invisible to outsiders, and they shift like sandbars over time, but the textbook people have a fairly good sense of where they are likely to run aground—and for the rest they feel their way along. Under the circumstances, there is no point in discussing final, or even intermediate, principles, since these would merely upset the navigation. It takes someone used to operating under the norms of trade publishing to demonstrate where principles conflict with market realities.

Robert Bernstein, the president of Random House, runs a large book-publishing complex. In 1974, the head of Pantheon, a Random House division, showed Bernstein the manuscript of what Bernstein thought was an excellent new ninth-grade history of Mississippi. The product of a collaboration between students and faculty of Tougaloo and Millsaps Colleges, the book, unlike the old textbook in use in Mississippi schools, discussed racial conflict frankly and pointed out the contributions that black people had made to the state. The manuscript had been turned down by several textbook houses, but Bernstein—against the advice of some of his own textbook people—backed its publication as a textbook. Pantheon published it as both a trade book and a textbook, under the title "Mississippi: Conflict and Change." Most of the books never left the warehouse, because the one customer for them, the Mississippi State Textbook Purchasing Board, refused to approve the text for use in state schools at state expense, even though the one textbook in use had gone largely unchanged for ten years and the board was authorized to approve as many as five state histories. As an activist in civil-rights and civil-liberties causes, Bernstein was outraged. So were the authors of the book, and so were some parents, students, and local school officials in Mississippi, and they retained the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund to file suit against the Mississippi State Textbook Purchasing Board on the ground that its one approved history denigrated black Mississippians and championed white supremacy. "This business is shockingly political," Bernstein told me. "Especially in the South it's shocking."



Shocking as it might be, though, Random House did not join the Legal Defense Fund in bringing suit. Historically, textbook houses do not bring such actions, and rarely, if ever, do they protest when their books are banned by school authorities or burned by outraged citizens. Unlike many trade publishers in similar circumstances, they acquiesce, give way to pressure, and often cut out the offending passages. In the fall of 1974, a group of parents and other citizens in Kanawha County, West Virginia, demonstrated and finally shut down schools throughout the county in protest against some books newly acquired for classroom use or for the school libraries. Among the objects of their wrath were a number of stories by black writers (the protesters claimed that these were critical of whites), an anti-war poem, and a Mark Twain satire on the Book of Genesis. The incident made national news for weeks and created a good deal of consternation among publishers, teachers, and civil-liberties groups. The Teacher Rights Division of the National Education Association studied the controversy and concluded, not surprisingly, that it was basically a cultural conflict between liberal values and the fundamentalist beliefs of the

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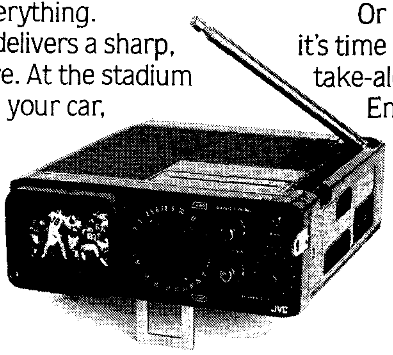

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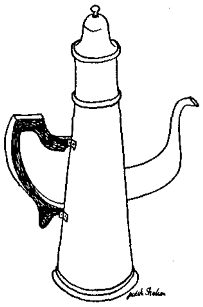
community. No national organization found anything objectionable in the books, and yet at least one publishing house revised its literary anthology to meet Kanawha County standards.

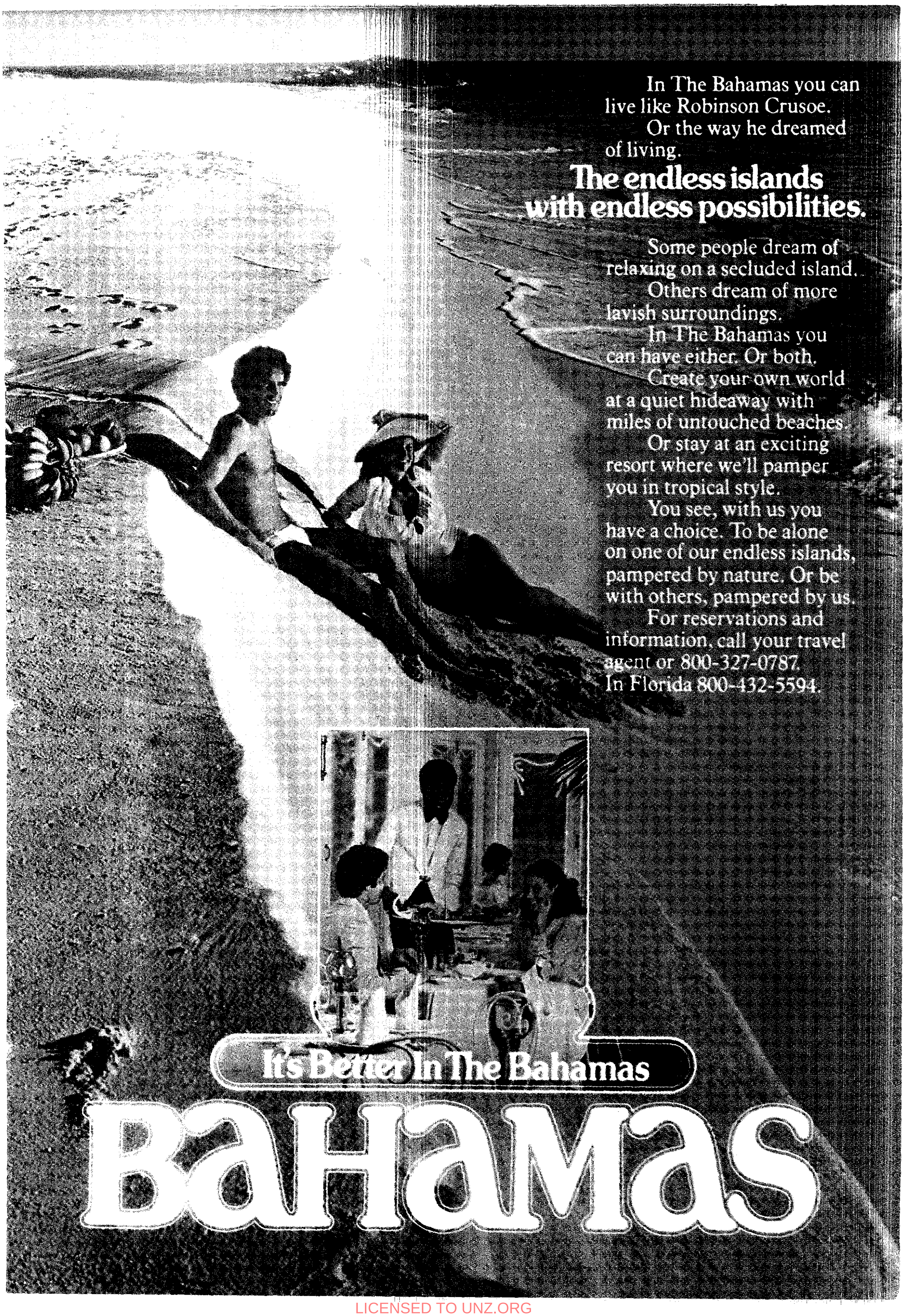
Trade-book publishers tend to look upon such incidents as First Amendment issues, and to see the acquiescence of textbook publishers as pure cowardice—as a betrayal of civil-liberties principles for commercial ends. But there is a sense in which they are wrong. For it is one thing to defend the right to publish a book and quite another to insist that schools must use the book. Why should the editors of Random House, Rand McNally, or Ginn & Company act as the arbiters of the classroom? Who are they to insist that children read Langston Hughes instead of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, or works by three Anglo-Saxon men instead of works by two American women and one Hispanic-American man? A group like the National Education Association or the Legal Defense Fund can bring a case against a school board for censorship. But textbook publishers are only the servants of the schools, the providers of what they require. And yet textbook publishers rarely make this argument, since, taken to its logical conclusion, it implies that they have—and should have—no standards; that truth is a market commodity, determined by what will sell. Naturally, the publishers do not want to make this admission; hence the swampiness of their public statements, and their strangely unfocussed anxiety when they're asked about their editorial decisions.



To look further into the question of textbook selection and rejection is to see that there is some matter of principle involved. In most countries, national authorities—academies or Ministries of Education—more or less dictate educational policy and the content of textbooks. But the American educational system has always been highly decentralized, and resistant to national authority of any sort. From the publishers' point of view, the educational system is a market, but from the point of view of the schools it is a rough kind of democracy. If a state or a school district wants a certain kind of textbook—a certain kind of truth—should it not have it? The truth is everywhere political, and this system is in principle no less reasonable and no more oppressive of the individual than the alternative of a national authority. In fact, it might be argued that it is less oppressive—that, given the size of the United States, the texts reflect the values and attitudes of society at large much more accurately than they would without decentralization. At least to some degree, they reflect the society itself.

The texts represent the society imperfectly, because the democracy of the educational system is not perfect. In the first place, texts are chosen by adults, and not by the children who must read them. An alternative system is difficult to conceive, but the fact remains that the texts do not represent children. In the second place, not all adults, or even all teachers, have a voice in the selection of schoolbooks. The system of selection is far from uniform across the country, and depends upon a variety of institutions analogous to the Electoral College or to the Senate as it was conceived by the Founding Fathers. About half of the states, for instance, have some form of state-level control over the selection of elementary-school textbooks; slightly fewer states have that control over the choice of secondary-school textbooks. In most of these states, a board of education, a superintendent of schools, or a special textbook committee reviews all texts submitted by the publishers and lists or adopts a certain number of them in each category for use in the public schools. The practices of these review boards vary widely, as does their membership. Some boards, for instance, can by law adopt only a few books in each category, and in practice they may, as the one in Mississippi did, adopt only one. Others simply weed out a few books they judge substandard and leave the real power of decision to the schools. In the so-called non-adoption states, the school districts usually have committees to examine the texts, and the practices of the committees differ more than those of the state boards. The system is, in fact, so complicated nationwide that publishers employ people to spend most of their time figuring out how it works.

The theory behind the practice of state- or district-wide adoptions is that some educational authority should stand between the world of commerce and the hard-pressed teachers to insure that the books meet certain educational standards. The standards are not, however, entirely academic. The guidelines for most state boards include dicta on the subject matter of the books and on the attitudes they display. The 1976 guidelines of the State Instructional Materials Councils for Florida,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for instance, note, "Instructional materials should accurately portray man's place in ecological systems, including the necessity for the protection of our environment and conservation of our natural resources. [They] should encourage thrift and humane treatment of people and should not contain any material reflecting unfairly upon persons because of their race, color, creed, national origin, ancestry, sex, or occupation." The State of Oregon has traditionally prohibited its schools from using texts that speak slightingly of the Founding Fathers. In some cases, the unwritten criteria of state boards are more specific and more important to the selection of books; in certain instances, they contradict the written guidelines.

Then, too, the whole system is less than democratic, because it is biassed toward the large adoption units—the large adoption states and the big-city school districts—and particularly biassed toward the ones that make a narrow selection of books. For example, the recommendation of a social-studies book by the Texas State Textbook Committee can make a difference of hundreds of thousands of dollars to a publisher. Consequently, that committee has traditionally had a strong influence on the content of texts. In certain periods, the committee has made it worthwhile for publishers to print a special Lone Star edition of American history, for use in Texas alone. Much more important, it has from time to time exercised veto power over the content of texts used nationwide. For example, in 1961 a right-wing fringe group called Texans for America intimidated the committee, and it pressed several publishers to make substantial changes in their American-history and geography texts. Macmillan, for one, deleted a passage saying that the Second World War might have been averted if the United States had joined the League of Nations. The Silver Burdett Company took out two passages concerning the need for the United States to maintain friendly relations with other countries and the possibility that some countries would occasionally disagree with us and substituted passages saying that some countries were less free than the United States. Various publishers deleted references to Pete Seeger, Langston Hughes, and several other offenders against the sensibilities of Texans for America. Not only the largest states but combinations of smaller ones have often exerted an influence disproportionate to the size of their school popu-

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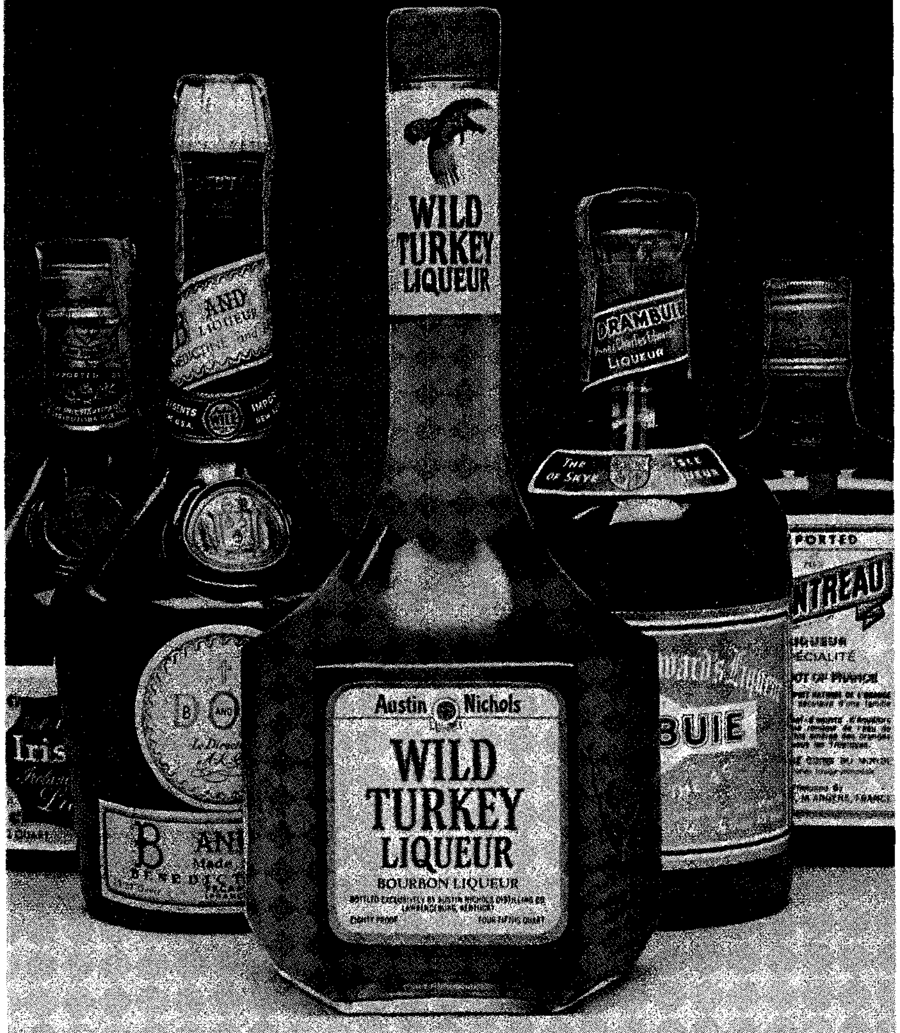

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lations. The fact that most of the former Confederate states have state-level adoptions has meant that until recently conservative white school boards have imposed their racial prejudices not only on the children in their states but on children throughout the nation.

In sum, the system of adoptions has a significant impact on the way Americans are taught their own history. Because of the Texas State Textbook Committee, New England children, whose ancestors heartily disapproved of the Mexican War, have grown up with heroic tales of Davy Crockett and Sam Houston. Because of actions taken by the Detroit school board and the Newark Textbook Council in the early sixties, textbooks began for the first time to treat the United States as a multiracial society.

THE school establishment is not the only group that shapes American history in the textbooks. It is often private-interest groups or citizens' organizations that bring about the most important political changes in the texts. The voices of these outside pressure groups have risen and fallen almost rhythmically in the course of the past fifty years. Sometimes there seems to be a great deal of public interest in textbooks, sometimes very little. What is noteworthy is that until 1960 the voices were pretty much alike; after that, they became much more varied, and the public debate over texts altered dramatically.

The history of public protests against textbooks goes back at least to the middle of the nineteenth century, but these protests grew in size and intensity with the establishment of universal secondary education, in the twentieth. The first important outbreak of them occurred in the years following the First World War. In that period, the mayor of Chicago and the Hearst newspapers, using adjectives such as "unpatriotic" and "un-American," created an uproar over what they said was the pro-British bias of certain texts. (According to Henry Steele Commager, one of the objects of their rage was an account of the battle of Bunker Hill in a text by Andrew C. McLaughlin. That being a simpler era in the history of textbook publishing, McLaughlin himself answered the charges. According to Commager, he volunteered to change a sentence that read, "Three times the British returned courageously to the attack" to one reading, "Three times the cowardly British returned to the attack.") Simultaneously, the Daughters of the American Revolution attacked some of the texts for not putting enough stress on American military history. The Ku Klux Klan got into the act by complaining of pro-Jewish and pro-Catholic sentiments. Then a number of fundamentalist groups protested against the teaching of evolutionary theory, and eventually succeeded in purging some biology texts of references to evolution. Finally, and with no publicity at all, several utilities associations, including the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, and the American Railway Association, put pressure on the publishers and school officials to doctor the texts in their favor. They got results until their efforts were discovered by the Federal Trade Commission. This wave of right-wing indignation receded as the Depression hit, and for the next ten years such groups remained silent. During the thirties, the peace was broken only by the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the liquor interests, whose debate seems to have ended in a draw.

Then, in 1939, there erupted the most furious of all textbook controversies to date, the subject of which was a series on American civilization by Dr. Harold Rugg. A professor at Columbia University Teachers College, Dr. Rugg had written his series (intended for pupils in elementary and junior high school) in the twenties and had begun publishing it in 1930. His aim in writing it had been to bring some realism into the schoolbook description of American society, and to a great extent he succeeded. In one volume, "An Introduction to Problems of American Culture," he discussed unemployment, the problems faced by new immigrants, class structure, consumerism, and the speedup of life in an industrial society. These questions had never before been dealt with extensively in any school text, and the frankness of his approach remains startling even today. Rugg is probably still the only text writer who has advocated national economic planning and who has used the word "Socialist" on the first page of a book. His series does not, however, advocate Socialism. The books are full of pieties about the need for American children to become "tolerant, understanding and cooperating citizens." The series sold very well in the thirties. It was used in school systems containing nearly half of all American children, and for almost a decade there were no complaints about it. In 1939, a chorus of protests suddenly broke out. The first was from the Advertising Federation of America, which was of-

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fended by Rugg's disparaging remarks about advertising; then the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Legion, and a columnist for the Hearst press joined in, calling the series Socialist or Communist propaganda. The charges caught on and spread to community groups across the country. Dr. Rugg went on an extensive lecture tour to defend the series, during which he announced publicly that he was neither a Communist nor a Socialist. But in vain. A number of school boards banned the books, and others simply took them out of circulation. In 1938, the Rugg books sold 289,000 copies; in 1944, they sold only 21,000 copies; not long afterward, they disappeared from the market altogether.

During the forties, business associations and right-wing citizens' groups attacked a number of other liberal textbooks and maintained a high level of pressure on the publishers. By 1950 or so, the merely conservative groups had been so successful that they had nothing more to complain about: the texts had become reflections of the National Association of Manufacturers viewpoint. This surrender by the publishers did not, however, end the war; it merely moved the battle lines farther to the right. In the mid-fifties, the antifluoridation lobby went on the offensive, followed a few years later by the John Birch Society, which—quite imaginatively—blamed the textbooks for the North Koreans' success in "brainwashing" a handful of American prisoners of war. The textbook publishers took this seriously, for by that time they were so sensitive to right-wing pressure that they were checking their books before publication with a member of the Indiana State Textbook Commission named Ada White. Mrs. White believed, among other things, that Robin Hood was a Communist, and she urged that books that told the Robin Hood story be banned from Indiana schools. The publishers were no less mindful of the Texas State House of Representatives, which—in a state that already required a loyalty oath from all textbook writers—approved a resolution urging that "the American history courses in the public schools emphasize in the textbooks our glowing and throbbing history of hearts and souls inspired by wonderful American principles and traditions."

The mid-sixties must have been a bewildering period for the textbook companies. In the space of a year or two, the political wind veered a hundred and eighty degrees. For the first time in publishing history, large-scale protests came from the left and from non-white people, and for the first time such protests were listened to. The turnaround began with a decision made by the Detroit Board of Education. In 1962, the local branch of the N.A.A.C.P. charged that one history text, published by Laidlaw Brothers, depicted slavery in a favorable light, and called on the Detroit board to withdraw it from the city school system. The N.A.A.C.P. and other civil-rights organizations had denounced racial prejudice in the textbooks a number of times in prior years with no real effect. This time, however, the Detroit board withdrew the text, and subsequently began to examine for racial bias all the history texts used in the school system. The Newark Textbook Council soon followed suit. The movement then spread to other big-city school systems and was taken up by organizations representing other racial and ethnic minority groups—Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans, American Indians, Asian-Americans, Armenian-Americans, and so on, all of whom claimed, with justice, to have been ignored or abused by the textbooks. Within a few years, a dozen organizations, from the B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League to a new Council on Interracial Books, were studying texts for racial, ethnic, and religious bias and making recommendations for a new generation of texts. What began as a series of discreet protests against individual books became a general proposition: all texts had treated the United States as a white, middle-class society when it was in fact multiracial and multicultural. And this proposition, never so much as suggested before 1962, had by the late sixties come to be a truism for the educational establishment.

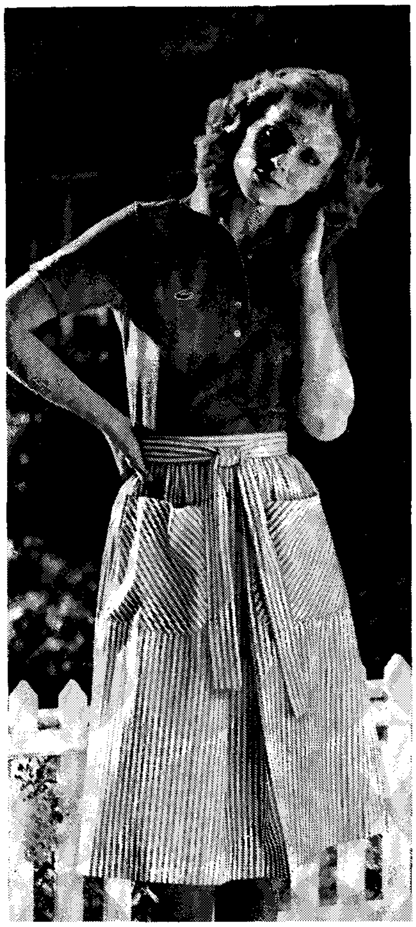
The causes of this sudden upsurge of protest and the equally sudden change of perspective among educators are easy to understand in retrospect. As a result of the migrations from South to North during and after the Second World War, black Americans had become by the sixties a strong minority of the population in many Northern cities. In Detroit and Newark, they had become a majority. At the same time, the civil-rights movement had begun to focus national attention on the ugly facts of racial discrimination and prejudice in all areas of American life. A need for a change in the depiction of blacks and other minorities in textbooks, on television, and in advertising was merely one of the themes of the civil-rights movement, but it was the one that was the easiest to deal with. White Americans could resist racial integration in employment, in housing, and in the schools, but no one could deny the minorities at least a token place in the picture of American society. There was no principle to support a counter-argument, and, more important, no reason to make one. An alteration in the symbols could be made without any change in the reality.

The abrupt reversal of perspective in the schools created some panic in the textbook houses. Three or four years—the time it usually takes to produce a new basic text—seemed like an aeon relative to the change in consciousness. A single year was enough to outdate any given picture of America, and nobody could know what the next change would be. (On the evidence of one elementary-school social-studies text, the panic must have reached an all-time high at Noble & Noble. As late as 1964, "New York: Past and Present" made only fleeting reference to blacks. Two years later, another Noble & Noble book, "The New York Story," included five chapters on blacks.) No sooner had the editors begun to paste in pictures of Ralph Bunche and write reports on the civil-rights movement than along came the women's movement, sending them quite literally back to the drawing board—this time to change their representation of half the human species.

Only in the mid-seventies did the rate of change slow and the positions harden enough for the publishers to write guidelines for authors and editors on the treatment of racial and other minorities in the textbooks. These guidelines—which have since been published and thus set fast, at least for a while—give instructions on such things as the percentage of illustrations to be devoted to the various groups, and ways to avoid stereotyping in text or pictures. The most interesting thing about them is the rather substantial modifications they make in the English language. The Holt, Rinehart & Winston guidelines on gender, for instance, include such strictures as "Avoid 'the founding fathers,' use 'the founders.' " Holt also says, "Men are to be shown participating in a variety of domestic chores, such as cooking, sewing, housework, child-rearing, etc. Care should be taken to avoid implying that they are inept at these activities." Houghton Mifflin advises its editors to make sparing use of quoted material with male references, such as "These are the times that try men's souls;" it has discouraged the use of "the fatherland" and female pronouns referring to boats. To avoid ethnic stereotyping, its guidelines warn against the overuse of names like "Mary" and "John" and the use of only one ethnic name in lists of arbitrarily chosen names. Macmillan, for its part, urges its editors not to transform ordinary words into negative concepts by adding "black" to them, as in "black market," and it gives "native Americans" as an alternative term for American Indians. There is, as the editors recognize, a certain arbitrariness about these decisions on usage. Allyn & Bacon, for instance, subscribes to "native Americans" but not to "Hispanic-Americans." "We won't use the term Hispanic-Americans," one editor told me, "unless, of course, that becomes the way to go."

As the sixties ended, the publishers may have thought they had found some peace. But it was not to be. Just as soon as their guidelines were issued and pictures of female mechanics and native-American chairpersons began to appear in the books, the reaction set in. The demonstrations in Kanawha County were followed by a spate of smaller-scale protests in communities across the country. Then the John Birch Society emerged from a decade of near-silence to direct or help along (it was difficult to tell which) demonstrations in Washington against one of the new federally funded social-studies programs. Some of the protesters were merely registering conservative objections to what they saw as the excesses of the sixties; others went further, and attacked the whole drive for racial equality and women's rights.

More than automobile manufacturers or toothpaste executives, textbook publishers see themselves as beleaguered, even persecuted, people. And there is some justice in this view, for textbooks have become the lightning rods of American society. In the past, public protest over textbooks occurred only in times of rapid political or social change. Now a great number of organizations and informal groups take an interest in the content of texts. In addition to the racial and ethnic organizations, many of which disagree on what constitutes a "fair and accurate representation" of any given group, a multitude of educational and civil-rights



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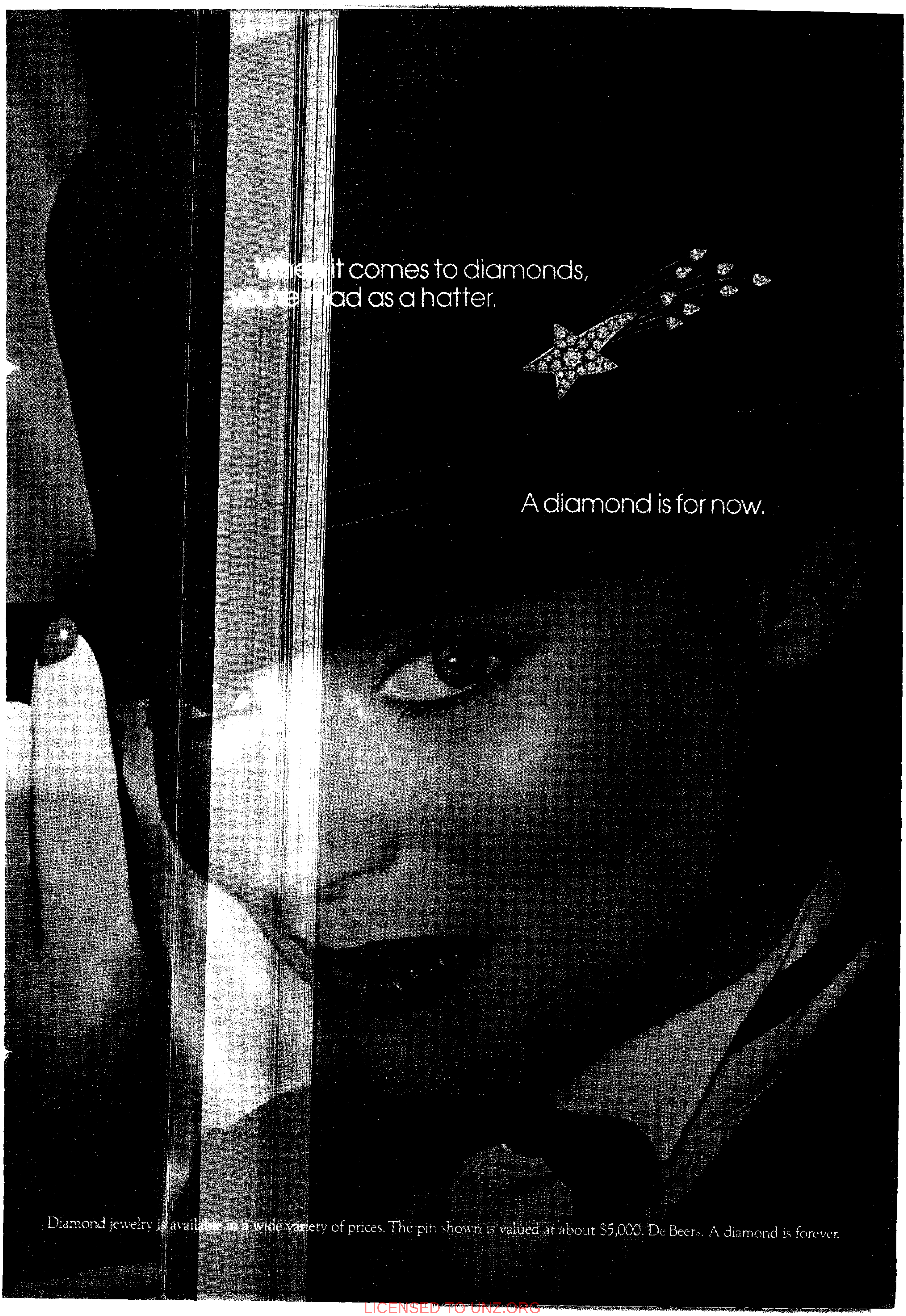
groups have research departments devoted exclusively to the analysis of textbooks. Many of these departments—on the right and on the left—have with experience become sophisticated both in their analyses of text materials and in their methods of approaching publishers, school boards, and the federal bureaucracy. The public battle over texts is thus more intense and more complicated than it has ever been before. At the same time, the publishers have become much more sensitive to the market. Having availed themselves of many of the new market-research techniques, they can now register not just the great upheavals in society but also the slight tremors. They find this a mixed blessing. On the one hand, there are fewer surprises; on the other hand, they have had to become horrendously self-conscious. Does this math text have enough Polish-sounding people buying oranges? Does that third-grade reader show a woman fireperson? What will play in New York that will not offend the sensibilities of Peoria? As the publishers well know, it is impossible to satisfy everyone—or anyone for a long period.

There is perhaps only one group left in the country which does not bother the publishers—or anyway not very often—and that is the academic community. True, scholars do help "develop" textbooks, and occasionally they are permitted to have a significant role in determining their content. In the nineteen-sixties, the federal government was spending large sums for the development of new teaching materials, and groups of scholars selected by the learned societies developed a new generation of textbooks in the natural and social sciences. (The history texts, however, were not affected, for the American Historical Association did not take part.) But most scholars do not take secondary-school (or even college) textbooks seriously—not even when they have had a hand in writing them. They do not make a practice of reading textbooks in their field, and no academic journal reviews textbooks on a regular basis. One consequence is that new scholarship trickles down extremely slowly into the school texts; as it proceeds, usually by way of the college texts, the elapsed time between the moment an idea or an approach gains currency in the academic community and the moment it reaches the school texts may be fifteen years or more. Another consequence is that there is no real check on the intellectual quality—or even the factual accuracy—of school textbooks. The result is that on the scale of publishing priorities the pursuit of truth appears somewhere near the bottom.

In a perfectly democratic, or custom-designed, world, every teacher would be allowed to choose his or her own history textbook—which is to say that the publishing houses would publish books in a variety large enough to suit all tastes. But this has somehow never happened, in spite of all the structural changes the textbook business has undergone in the United States over the past hundred years. The late nineteenth century ought to have been the period for a great diversity of books, because scores of publishers were competing then in a burgeoning school market. At the time, however, the content of texts was the least of a publisher's worries, for—particularly in the West, where the competition was the most intense—the sale of books depended largely on which company could most successfully bribe or otherwise corrupt the whiskey dealers, preachers, and political-party hacks who sat on the school boards. This degree of free enterprise proved uneconomical in the long run. In the eighteen-nineties, three of the major companies banded together to form the American Book Company, which acquired a seventy-five- to eighty-percent monopoly of the textbook market. Yet this streamlining of the industry did not make for a wider selection of books. Indeed, when the American Book Company acquired a total monopoly in geography publishing, it produced no new books in that field for many years. Competition was eventually reëstablished, and there was some greater variety in the texts until the ideological freeze of the Cold War. In recent years, the industry has been a model of American free enterprise: four hundred companies (forty of them major ones) have competed fiercely, but with a fairly high degree of probity, to sell more or less the same product to the same people.

In the mid-sixties, there were high hopes in the publishing industry that this situation would change. Sitting at the feet of Marshall McLuhan, the publishers decided that the era of mass production was over—along with the era of literacy and linear reasoning—and that they should at once prepare to deliver instant all-around audio-visual programming with individualized feedback for every child. The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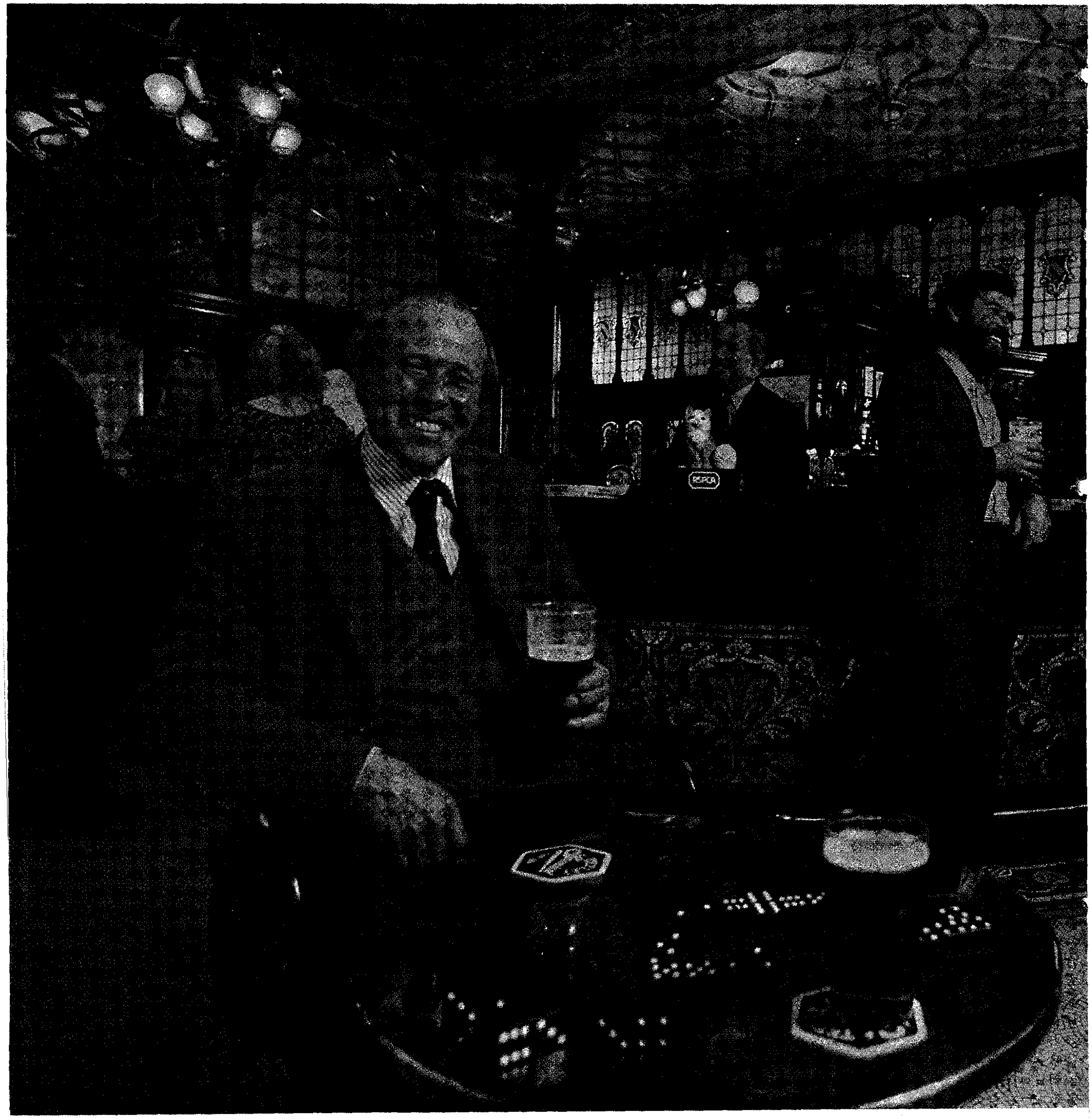

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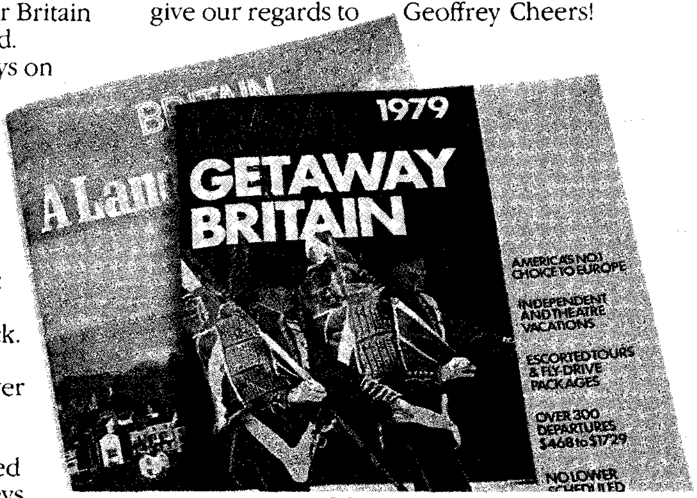
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era of software had come—the era of total communication and perfect customization. Not only—or even principally—the textbook publishers but a lot of high-rolling communications-industry executives dreamed of equipping every classroom in America with television sets, video cameras, holography sets, and computer terminals. As a first step toward this post-industrial future, the executives built conglomerates designed to put all kinds of software components and communications capability under one roof. Xerox acquired Ginn & Company; RCA bought Random House; C.B.S. acquired Holt, Rinehart & Winston; Raytheon bought D. C. Heath; and Time Inc. acquired Little, Brown & Company and Silver Burdett and, with General Electric, formed the General Learning Corporation.

The problem was that all the new theories about education, information, and business in the future rested on the availability of large-scale government funding, a growing student population, and a ballooning economy. And none of these conditions held for very long. As soon as the costs of the Vietnam War came home, the schools drastically curtailed their multimedia programs, the government cut back funding of research projects to develop new teaching methods and materials, and the conglomerates began to look like no more than the sum of their parts. And then, with great speed, fashions changed, and educational theory turned conservative. Parents and school boards complained that children couldn't read or write anymore—that what they needed was textbook drill. Publishers, up to their ears in machinery, began to look on textbooks as the basic winter coat. While they continued to produce some of the cheapest of the new materials—such things as magazines and filmstrips—they put their money back into books: both the hardbacks and a new generation of paperbacks, which allowed teachers a choice of supplementary material. "It began to dawn on them," one trade-book editor says, "that the book is finally the most efficient retrieval system we possess."

The big basic history textbook thus seems here to stay, at least for a bit, and to stay just about what it has always been in this century—a kind of lowest common denominator of American tastes. The books of the seventies are somewhat more diverse than those of the fifties, but still they differ from one another not much more than one year's crop of Detroit sedans. This is hardly surprising, since, like cars, textbooks are expensive to design and relatively cheap to duplicate. The development of a new eleventh-grade history text can cost five hundred thousand dollars (more this year, perhaps), with an additional hundred thousand in marketing costs. Since the public schools across the country now spend less than one per cent of their budgets on buying books (textbook publishing is only a seven-hundred-million-dollar-a-year business), publishers cannot afford to have more than one or two basic histories on the market at the same time. Consequently, all of them try to compete for the center of the market, designing their books not to please anyone in particular but to be acceptable to as many people as possible. The word "controversial" is as deeply feared by textbook publishers as it is coveted by trade-book publishers. What a textbook reflects is thus a compromise, an America sculpted and sanded down by the pressures of diverse constituents and interest groups.

HISTORY textbooks for elementary and secondary schools are not like other kinds of histories. They serve a different function, and they have their own traditions, which continue independent of academic history writing. In the first place, they are essentially nationalistic histories. The first American-history text was written after the American Revolution, and because of it; and most texts are still accounts of the nation-state. In the second place, they are written not to explore but to instruct—to tell children what their elders want them to know about their country. This information is not necessarily what anyone considers the truth of things. Like time capsules, the texts contain the truths selected for posterity.

The surprise is how quickly and how thoroughly these truths for posterity have changed. And the changes have occurred not only in the past two or three decades. To read the texts published over the two hundred years of United States history is to see several complete revisions in the picture they present of the country and its place in the world. These apparently solid, authoritative tomes are in fact the most nervous of objects, constantly changing in style as well as in political content. In the nineteenth century, when the texts usually had identifiable authors, the changes could be measured in generations; in the early twentieth century, they occurred in every decade. Since the nineteen-forties, however, the practice of rewriting texts every few years has meant that children who be-

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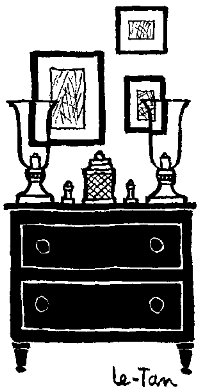
long to the same generation often get very different impressions of the national identity.

American-history texts gained general currency in the schools only in the eighteen-nineties. Before then, American history was not very widely taught. The public grade schools had very little history of any kind in their curricula, and the private academies that prepared students for colleges and universities concentrated on classical studies and European history. The place that American-history texts now hold as the common element in children's schooling belonged in the nineteenth century to Noah Webster's spellers and rhetoric books, and then to the McGuffey readers. The Webster and McGuffey books had snatches of American history between their catechisms and their stories, but their bent was literary, and, apart from teaching children how to read, they taught mostly manners and morals. That fact suggests that until the eighteen-nineties Americans thought of themselves as belonging to a particular culture and holding certain values; they defined themselves by that culture much more than by the fact of the nation-state. The early-nineteenth-century history texts seem to bear this proposition out, since none of them offered much information on government, on politics, or even on the shape of the country. Samuel Goodrich, who, under the name of Peter Parley, published some of the most popular of all the pre-Civil War school histories, added large quantities of pure fiction to what was an otherwise unrelieved account of earthquakes and other natural disasters. His tales about the heroism of little boys in Indian raids were there not just to make good reading but to provide moral instruction for the student.

The first school historians of the United States did not lack patriotic ardor, but they seemed to lack a means of expressing it. New England clergymen for the most part, they suffered from the circumstance that before the Revolution American history was not a proper subject for study and therefore they had little education in it. But instead of trying to compensate for this deficiency they tended to make things up. The Reverend Jedidiah Morse, a friend of Noah Webster's and the first American school geographer, wrote, for instance, "North America has no remarkably high mountains. The most considerable are . . . the Allegheny Mountains." Then, the American history they eventually wrote seemed to have very little to do with the morality they professed for it. Goodrich's more factual-minded successors concerned themselves almost entirely with violence and with events of the nature of man-bites-dog. Emma Willard, a pioneer in the education of women in the United States, wrote in the foreword to one of her histories (published in 1847) that students should study history in order to increase their virtue, and that American history was particularly appropriate in this regard, because "in comparison with these old and wily nations, the character of America is that of youthful simplicity, of maiden purity." Her text, however, describes an almost uninterrupted sequence of massacres, rebellions, Indian attacks, border skirmishes, and major wars (the wars drawn out for pages, battle by battle). In these sanguinary conflicts, the only real virtue that Americans seem to have is the negative one of not behaving quite as despicably as everyone else.

Many of the nineteenth-century text writers had decided opinions on things. For example, they did not like foreigners at all, and they had a particularly keen dislike for the Spanish. The Reverend Mr. Morse wrote of the Spanish, "Naturally weak and effeminate, they dedicate the greatest part of their lives to loitering and inactive pleasures. Luxurious without variety or elegance, and expensive with great parade and little convenience, their character is nothing more than a grave and specious insignificance." The prose style of these writers is unparalleled in the twentieth century, and, indeed, in many respects it is all downhill rhetorically from the heights of the Reverend Mr. Morse. Unfortunately, their sense of structure—their feeling for the flow of history—did not measure up to their style. They relied desperately on chronology, and some of them placed their evaluation of each President at a point in the text that corresponded to the date of the President's death, no matter how long the man had been out of office by then or what was currently going on. They told a lot of anecdotes, but these did not always advance the narrative line. One writer, for instance, reported that George Washington had introduced Lafayette to his mother at a ball after a certain battle, and that Lafayette had found the lady impressive. The story ends there. On the whole, their characterizations of historical figures, like their political analyses, tended to be thin.



The history texts of the eighteen-nineties appear at first glance to have originated in a different civilization from the one that produced the earlier texts. And that is more or less the case. The decade before the turn of the century brought, among other things, a transformation of the educational system. Since the Civil War, the number of public high schools had grown rapidly—to the point where the high schools now had more students than the private academies. While the state legislatures concerned themselves with the politics of this development (many of them started requiring courses in American history), the teachers and college professors organized national associations to set standards for the teaching profession and to bring some order to the secondary-school curriculum. This work of organization and standardization—such as was then taking place in all the professions—was accompanied by a certain change in philosophy about the nature of the scholarly enterprise. In the field of history, university professors under the influence of the German school began to explore problems of methodology and to conclude that if history was not a science (which many, such as Henry Adams, hoped it might turn out to be), then at least it was a discipline, and not just a craft practiced by men of leisure. This notion moved gradually into the schools and schoolbooks in the form of a general recognition that facts were important and certain facts more important than others.

The texts of the eighteen-nineties thus constitute a departure. In the first place, they are written in terse, declarative sentences—the so-called telegraphic style. In the second place, they are orderly to the point of compulsion. Gone are the old eccentricities of style and the old piling up of events on dates; their material is organized into themes, such as "The English Colonies" or "The Rise of Parties," the significance of each theme being stated as bluntly as possible in the chapter heading. The books give much less space to battles and much more to politics, economics, and governmental undertakings of all sorts. Institutions appear amid the welter of events—the formation of the Republic now has a significance equal to that of the Revolutionary War—and personalities are fleshed out slightly with description and pertinent anecdote. Finally, the books sound a new note of restraint. The authors clearly have their opinions, but they do not force them adjectivally upon their readers. The books have a tone of objectivity and authoritativeness. That tone is, of course, spurious—a pure formality. But seen in retrospect the assumption of this impersonal voice was as important an innovation in the history of textbooks as the discovery of perspective was in the history of painting. From the eighteen-nineties on, what the texts said about American history would appear to children to be the truth.

If the eighteen-nineties could be viewed as the Quattrocento of American-history text writing, then the period between 1910 and 1930 was surely the Renaissance of that particular form. In 1911, there appeared the first edition of David Saville Muzzey's "American History;" in 1913, the first work by the Progressive historian Willis Mason West. Subsequently, there were books by Charles and Mary Beard, by the Harvard historian Albert Bushnell Hart, and by a number of other first-rank historians, including Andrew C. McLaughlin and Wilbur Fisk Gordy. At the very end of the period, Harold Rugg began publishing his series. The new textbook authors were not simply writers for children, as the nineteenth-century authors usually were, but professors chosen for their academic distinction and for their ability to synthesize large issues for children. Some of them were considerable prose stylists, and though their texts do not have the same flair—or sometimes even the same point of view—as their less synthetic works, the new textbook convention of deadpan writing does not entirely filter out the sound of their individual voices.

Ideologically speaking, the books produced in this period were a good deal more diverse than those published in the eighteen-nineties—or, indeed, in any subsequent period until the late nineteen-sixties. Not only the authors of the books but, by and large, the new audience of secondary-school teachers belonged to the Progressive political movement, and believed in political and pedagogical reform. On the right end of the spectrum were Muzzey (of whom more later) and Hart,

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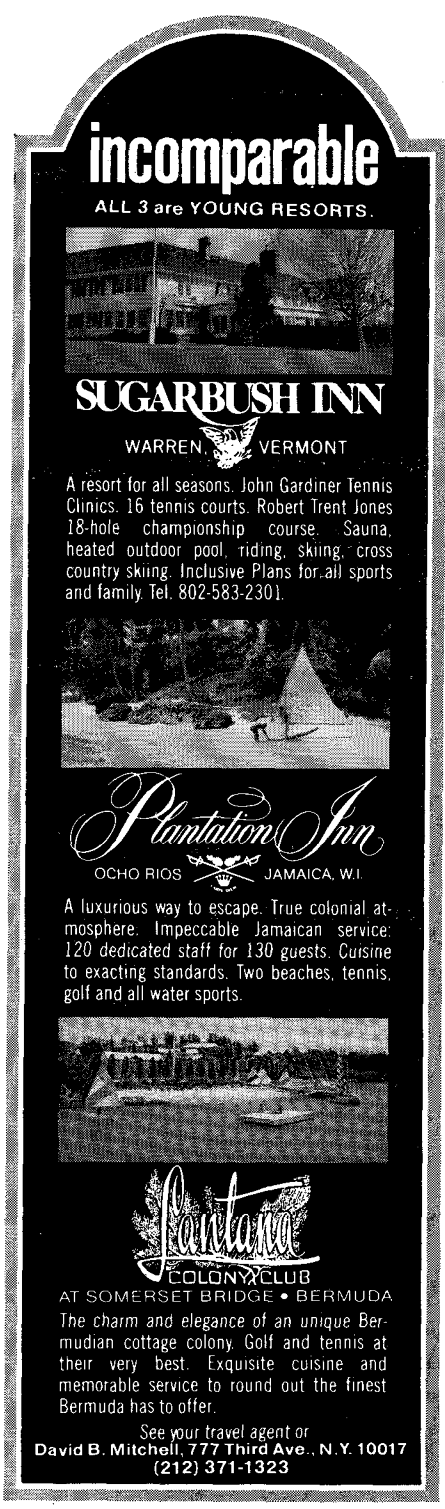
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with their aristocratic New England brand of Progressive politics. These gentlemen looked upon the Age of Enlightenment as the source of the best in the American tradition. They revered the Founding Fathers and, on their behalf, carried on the only serious attempt at ancestor worship in American textbook history. Hart argued, typically, "One evidence that the Revolution was justified is the fact that the best and ablest men in the colonies believed that their liberty was in danger. When Benjamin Franklin heartily joined in the war, there must have been reason for it." For Hart and Muzzey, character was all-important, and the quality of individual leaders was the central issue in politics and in history. Hart, who disapproved of Western expansionist adventures in general, wrote, "The defect of Polk's character was his lack of moral principle as to the property of our neighbor, Mexico."

On the left end of the spectrum between 1910 and 1920 was Willis Mason West. For West, the significant actors in history were not individuals but economic forces, social groups, and political institutions. West specifically disapproved of the New England view of the Enlightenment. The first of his books begins, "I have tried to correct the common delusion which looks back to Jefferson or John Winthrop for a golden age, and to show instead that democracy has as yet been tried only imperfectly among us." True to this purpose, West reports *in the body* of his text that the delegates to the Constitutional Convention did not believe in government by the people, that they belonged to the eighteenth century rather than to the twentieth, and that "they represented the crest of a reactionary movement of their own day." West thought that the main value of the American Revolution lay in the fact that it opened up new opportunities to a great number of people and called forth new social energies. In writing about the late nineteenth century, West—almost alone among text writers—discussed class conflict and the "warlike" relationship between labor and capital. He was nonetheless something of a moralist, and he was a true Progressive in that he believed in salvation by the elevation of consciousness. In the conclusion of his 1913 text, he wrote of the Progressive period, "The Nation awoke shamed . . . enmeshed in a net of intangible chains. . . . Now at the end of another twenty years, a new dawn is breaking. The moral sense of the people has grown steadily more and more alert [We have] a gallant group of leaders . . . with weapons for the strife."

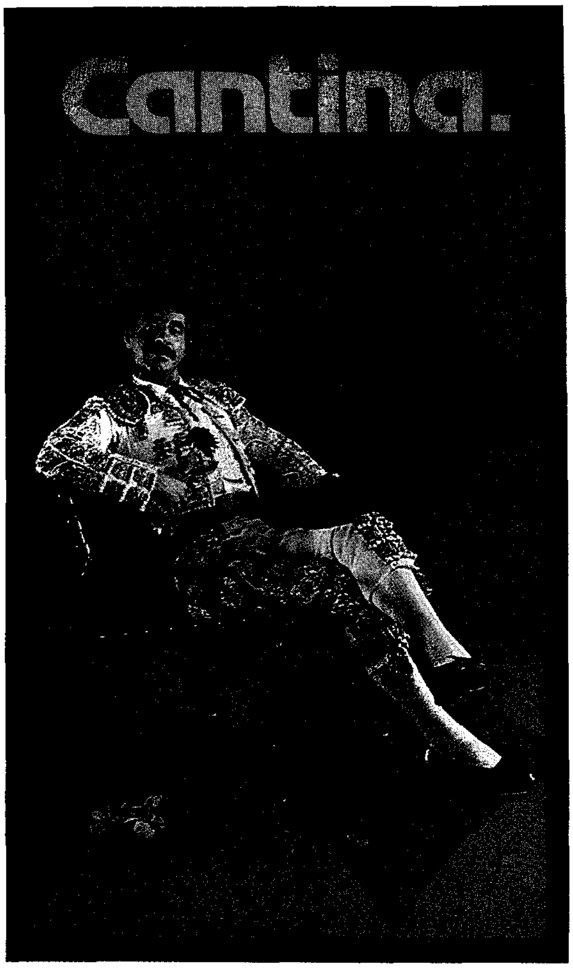
These Progressive texts continued to appear throughout the twenties (textbooks being always somewhat behind the times), along with a number of conservative histories. None of the former were as politically explicit as the West book, but all carried at least some slight strain of dissent from prevailing institutions. Some of the thirties texts maintained this distance, even while introducing a very different style of political thinking. The more leftist among them reflected a hazy kind of Socialism—the ideology of the progressive-education movement, as opposed to that of the now-defunct Progressive Party. Perhaps in obedience to John Dewey's dictum that economic history is more democratic than political history, Charles Garrett Vannest and Henry Lester Smith collaborated on a text that is short on political history. Like Harold Rugg's civilization series, their "Socialized History of the United States" reports on the development of American society and tends to slight Presidents or other leaders. The approach did not result in any great narrative fluency. Of the Pilgrims, the book reports, "After a stormy voyage of over two months, they landed at Plymouth, where for the first few years they had a hard time." But books such as this were clearly not meant for the entertainment of children. They were designed to promote social reform by indoctrinating children with tolerance, coöperation, and other social-democratic virtues.

What carried over from the thirties into the forties was this tone of high moral seriousness—little more. For the period of ideological diversity—the Hundred Flowers of textbook writing—ended abruptly with the beginning of the Second World War. The warning signal was the N.A.M.-sponsored attack on the Rugg series; even before that controversy ended, the publishers were dropping or revising all history texts of a similar nature and hiring new authors. Within a few years, there were no more dissenting books on the market. The political spectrum of the texts narrowed to a point somewhere in the neighborhood of Dwight D. Eisenhower and remained there for the next twenty-five years.

As might be expected, the texts of the forties give emphasis to political history, or, rather—since in many ways these texts deny the very existence of politics—to the history of government actions. The word "democracy" is not, as it was in the thirties books, a call to social action but simply the name of the American system, and the opposite of Fascism and Communism—which are not themselves very well defined. The curious thing about these books is that all of them insist upon the right to vote as the foundation stone of democracy. They do that in spite of the fact that this right exists in the Soviet Union and provides no real impediment to the rule of the Communist Party bureaucrats.

Unsurprisingly, the forties texts show a new interest in foreign affairs. In addition to a rather belated concern for Europe, they manifest a sudden rush of enthusiasm for Latin America. This enthusiasm lasts exactly as long as President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy, leaving only one sign of its passage: the word "imperialism," which was once freely used to describe United States adventures in Asia and the Caribbean at the end of the nineteenth century, no longer applies to the United States. According to these books, imperialism is a European affair: "we" have a Monroe Doctrine and a Good Neighbor Policy. The words "we" and "our" crop up frequently in the forties texts—most prominently in the titles. Whereas the twenties books are usually called something like "An American History" or "The History of the United States" (the naming of texts never having been an occasion for much originality), those of the forties have such titles as "The Story of America" and "The Story of Our Republic," the implication of which is that the student must identify with everything that has ever happened in American history.

In the fifties, these concerns do not so much change as intensify. The morbid fear of Communism becomes an overriding passion—to the point where in some books the whole of American history appears a mere prologue to the struggle with the "Reds." Most books devote more than half of their twentieth-century history to foreign affairs and focus their attention on the question of "how the United States became a world power." American power and strength are the leitmotivs of these books. Even the War of 1812, which ended—to put the matter in its best light—in a military standoff, appears as yet another victory in the tri-



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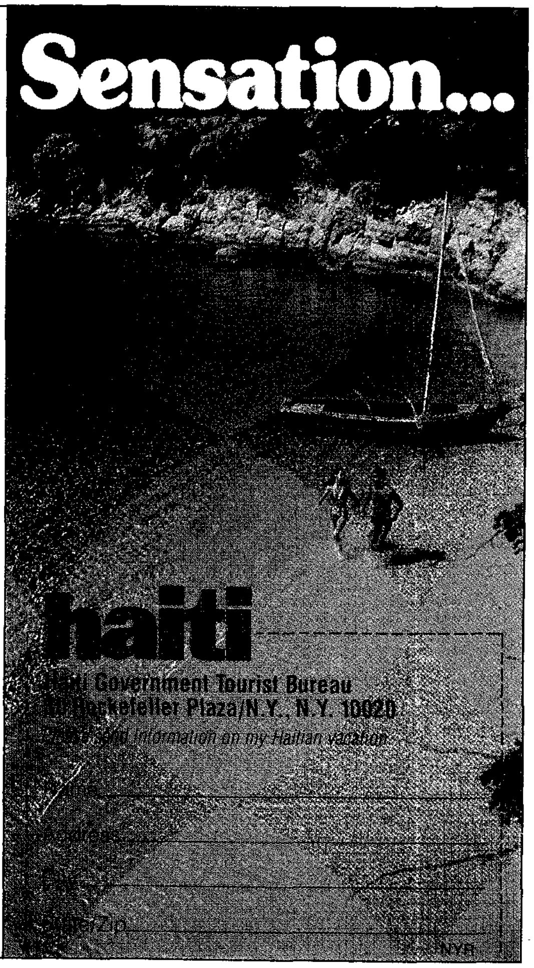

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umphal march of America. After 1914, "we" are, according to the texts, "taking up our responsibilities" for the rest of the world. There is a fascination with patriotic symbols—the flag, Independence Hall, the Statue of Liberty. And the static, legalistic quality of the political analysis in the forties books has now hardened into a neo-Confucian mold, wherein the American political system appears eternal and unchanging. One of the major texts of the period, Henry W. Bragdon and Samuel P. McCutchen's "History of a Free People," concludes with an essay extolling the virtues of freedom not for its own sake but merely as the greatest asset in the world struggle.

For all their insistence on the wealth, strength, and virtue of the United States, the fifties texts do not have a very sunny view of the future. In the concluding sections, there are a good many grim warnings that citizens must do jury duty, pay taxes, and learn to recognize hostile propaganda. Children are also repeatedly informed that their liberties will disappear if they do not defend them properly. This, the books invariably conclude, is the most difficult and challenging period in American history. Even the sections on the wonders of science are not particularly reassuring, for where the thirties books looked forward to improvements in society and human nature, these look forward to progress only in an inhuman sphere beyond most people's control.

The texts of the fifties are notable for laying equal stress on political, social, and economic history. They give the development of American industry—a subject that was sorely neglected by their predecessors—an important place in nineteenth-century history. And while they tend to side with the Pinkertons against the labor radicals, they give nineteenth-century labor-union history as much space as they give the captains of industry. What is missing from their economic history is, first, a description of the structural changes in the American economy since the eighteen-thirties and, second, an account of how these structural changes affected American politics. But the same might be said of their political and social history: the books do not describe change or show the relationship between one kind of event and another. The nineteen-fifties texts are encyclopedias rather than history books. Their vast indexes contain references to everything under the sun, but there is no connection between one thing and another. Events stand iso-

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lated below headings of black type, like islands in some archipelago where no one has yet invented the canoe.

The texts of the sixties contain the most dramatic rewriting of history ever to take place in American schoolbooks. The political alteration began in 1965, when texts first reported the assassination of President Kennedy. From then on, problems of a new sort begin to crop up. At first, these problems are confined to the concluding sections; they come apparently from nowhere, since if one believes the rest of the books the United States, threatened though it may be from the outside, has a just and pacific society and a firm but peaceable foreign policy. Later, these problems multiply, and they spread like measles through the texts. The late-sixties editions show that foreign policy has been a problem for years, what with Suez and the Cuban missile crisis and other such challenges. Urban blight, too, has long been a problem, and black Americans have historically been discriminated against. By the early seventies, these problems are running rampant through American history; indeed, according to one book, American history is "a gnarled experience involving problems, turmoil, and conflict." Then, even while the problems are still breaking out, there is a distinct shift of emphasis from foreign policy to domestic social history. Blacks and other minority groups enter the books slowly, their way prepared by George Washington Carver. At the same time, the static, neo-Confucian style gives way to a somewhat more dynamic—or simply historical—mode of political analysis. These changes in interpretation bring with them new sets of facts or, as in the case of Reconstruction, the old set of facts used backward. To read all the editions of the sixties texts is thus a bewildering experience. What changes is nothing less than the character of the United States.

A SURVEY of the books published in the successive decades of the twentieth century might seem to show that the students of each decade have grown up with a completely different version of American history. But this is not entirely true. For nearly half the century, a high percentage—perhaps even a majority—of American schoolchildren learned American history from a single book: David Saville Muzzey's "American History." In one of the most competitive of markets, Muzzey's "American History" survived for sixty-five years, selling more copies for much of that time than any of its competitors—and in certain periods more than all of them combined—and proving almost as popular in the days of the jet aircraft as in those of the horse-drawn carriage. First published in 1911, it became an immediate best-seller. It continued to top the lists in the nineteen-thirties. And it went on selling strongly through the forties and fifties, its popularity waning only in the early sixties. In the mid-seventies, it was still in print and still serving as the history text for thousands of students. For staying power, the book is matched only by "Magruder's American Government," which, now in its sixty-second year, covers more than fifty per cent of the market for government texts. But whereas "Magruder" is more or less a reference book—an encyclopedia of American-government institutions, revised and updated every year—Muzzey is a narrative history that was written by one man and changed remarkably little from the time of its first publication until its author's death, in the nineteen-sixties.

Ask the editors at Ginn & Company to explain the phenomenal success of the book and they will say, "Muzzey wrote well for children," and then shrug. They are right to be diffident, for the book has no single quality that sets it off from all other texts—except, perhaps, its style. It is not a formula book; on the contrary, even after half a century of editorial sandpapering it remains personal, even slightly eccentric. The views it expresses do not derive from any single, orthodox system; rather, they reflect a whole person with a unique sensibility and a not altogether tidy outlook on the world. What made this personality so attractive to several generations of Americans? It is better to turn the question around, since there is clearly a mystery in it. To examine the book closely is to learn something new about those generations of Americans.

The Ginn editors are right: Muzzey is well written. In comparison with other history texts, it is wonderfully lively and colorful. The vocabulary is large, and the images are unconventional. Verbs always carry the sentences, and the sentences are varied enough to create nice changes of rhythm. Not only the prose is lively—so is the world that Muzzey creates for children. His history is full of characters—people with beliefs, emotions, and voices of their own. There is a good deal of scenery, very few abstractions, and many wonderful stories. Describing the assassination of Lincoln, Muzzey reports that "as Booth leaped down

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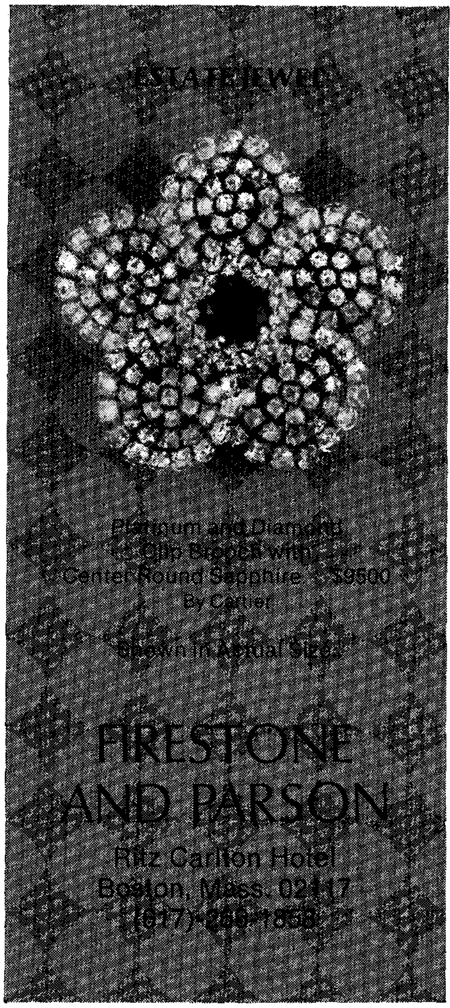

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onto the stage after firing his fatal shot, his spur caught in the folds of the American flag which decorated the Presidential box, and he fell, breaking his leg. He made his escape from the theatre on a horse that was waiting at the stage door, but was soon afterward trapped in a barn in Virginia and shot." Clearly, Muzzey did not see history as something that was dead or that was useless except insofar as it explained "present conditions." Indeed, from the theatrical images he uses in his first editions ("stages" are constantly "being set," and "curtains" are "rising" or "falling"), it is clear that he saw history as a series of terrific dramas. He had heroes ("the great commander, Washington") and villains ("the unspeakable demagogue" Benjamin F. Butler), each of whom had his own intrinsic interest as a person.

Probably almost none of the teachers or students who used Muzzey's text knew anything about the man (few dictionaries of national biography so much as mention him), but they might have guessed something of his background from the text itself. David Saville Muzzey came, as it happened, from Massachusetts—from the state with the strongest tradition of public education. His family was of pre-Revolutionary vintage, and among his forebears, one of whom had owned Lexington Green, were members of the old intellectual élite of teachers and preachers. Born in 1870, Muzzey as a young man had studied at Union Theological Seminary before deciding on the other course of becoming a historian. He then went to the Sorbonne and the University of Berlin; back in the United States, he studied with James Harvey Robinson, one of the distinguished historians who at the turn of the century helped to bring the more exacting standards of European scholarship to the United States. He became a professor at Columbia University and for many years taught an American-history class at the Ethical Culture Schools.

In the preface to the 1936 edition of his text, Muzzey wrote:

> Each of you should think of himself or herself as a person who has inherited a beautiful country estate, and should be proud to keep up that estate and to make such "modern improvements" as will increase its beauty and comforts. You would be ungrateful heirs indeed if you did not care to know who had bequeathed the estate to you, who had planned and built the house [and defended] it from marauders and burglars.

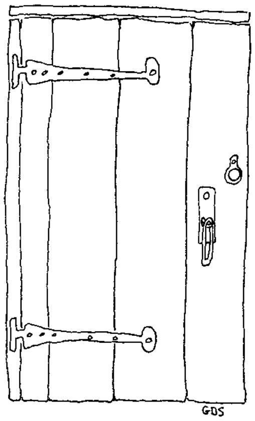
Muzzey was speaking metaphorically, but he clearly had a certain kind of reader in mind. He was also, as it happened, describing himself and some of the most profound attitudes and assumptions in his book. As the text alone makes quite clear, he not only believed in the value of history but—unlike many Americans—felt himself to be a legitimate heir to it. "We," he wrote in the 1911 edition, identifying himself with the United States government. His book is filled with confident judgments not only on matters of fact but on the wisdom and morality of national enterprises. For instance, he judged the 1848 war with Mexico to have been wrong, because it intensified the debate over slavery and so proved to be another source of North-South strife. "The fruits of the Mexican war," he wrote, in one of his more highly colored passages, "like the apples of Sodom, turned to ashes in our mouth."

As the 1936 preface also implies, Muzzey had very definite class attitudes. In the 1911 edition, for instance, he described Shays' Rebellion from the point of view of the Massachusetts merchants and manufacturers who "had to subdue an armed mob of 1500 rebels of the debtor class." A Progressive on contemporary social issues, he felt it "inconceivable that the great body of American citizens . . . will long allow one tenth of their number to stagnate in abject poverty." That he despised poverty did not, however, mean that he identified with the poor. The mass of poor immigrants who had arrived around the end of the century were "they" to him—aliens whom "we" had to "assimilate and mold into citizenship," lest they become "an undigested and indigestible element in our body politic, and a constant menace to our free institutions." For him, "Americans"—real Americans—were not a mass but individuals; they were people like himself, of English descent, with traditions of independent landed wealth and a genteel culture.

From Muzzey's identification with England many things followed. In the first place, he anchored American history firmly in Europe, and American politics in the British political tradition. This acknowledgment of parentage was not conventional wisdom; many of the nineteenth-century texts credited the United States with what amounted to a virgin birth. He viewed the Revolution as a separation from, rather than a rejection of, Europe, and saw the War of 1812 as unnecessary and unfortunate, in part because it benefitted Napoleon. So strong was his European orientation that he knew and cared very little about the American West.

He had no sympathy with the war hawks or the proponents of Manifest Destiny. California was a blank on his map; indeed, apart from the frontiersmen and covered-wagon settlers the whole country west of Chicago did not really exist for him. In all editions of the book, he was lukewarm about American imperial adventures in the Caribbean and in Asia. On the other hand, he was an internationalist with regard to Europe, favoring American intervention in the two world wars and participation in the League of Nations and the United Nations. Interestingly, the 1955 edition is not half so stridently anti-Communist as the other texts of that period. It is anti-Soviet, but that is all. China does not get "lost" until the 1963 edition—a version that was revised by another historian.

With regard to the Civil War, Muzzey declared himself firmly for the Union side and the policies of Lincoln. He thought slavery an evil, but, like some of his colleagues at Columbia University, he looked upon Reconstruction from the perspective of the white Southern gentry. President Andrew Johnson was "coarse, violent, egotistical, obstinate, and vindictive," but the Radical Republicans (including "the unspeakable demagogue" Butler) were a good deal worse. Indeed, there was nothing good about Reconstruction—not even the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, since the enfranchisement of the freedmen "set the ignorant, superstitious, gullible slave in power over his former master." Muzzey moderated his language a bit in later editions, but he continued to insist that the situation in the South improved only in 1877, when "the Southern people were given charge of their own government." Not until the 1961 edition did the book suggest that blacks might be numbered among the "Southern people," and then only by virtue of some rather condescending words about Tuskegee and Booker T. Washington.



On the subject of race, Muzzey held the view, conventional in the early part of the century, that each race had its own innate moral character, and that some races were simply inferior to others. The Aztecs, for instance, were sunk in "moral degradation;" the North American Indians "had some noble qualities . . . but at bottom they were a treacherous, cruel people." The Negro was lazy and had to be protected by the white man. In the earlier editions, there is some confusion between race and nationality, as in "the English race;" this disappears later on, but what remains is the definition of race as culture and as moral personality. This view, which was common in the Progressive era, derived from nineteenth-century science, with its presumption of innate "character," and it was this nineteenth-century racism that Muzzey's book taught generations of twentieth-century children.

Muzzey's conception of democracy and his philosophy of history seemed to come from an even earlier time. The liveliness of his writing resulted in no small part from the fact that he portrayed individual leaders—George Washington and George III—as free agents, whose vices and virtues determined the course of history. History was for him a personal matter. He wrote of sectional-interest and economic-interest groups, but with disapproval. His ideal of government was a debate between such figures as Clay and Calhoun. It is for this reason that, among Presidents, he adored Washington and Jefferson, respected John Quincy Adams, and disliked Andrew Jackson, whom he thought arrogant and uncouth. (Jackson became a hero of frontier democracy only in the 1961 edition.) Also for this reason, he despised or ignored all the Presidents—except Hayes and Cleveland—who held office between the Civil War and the end of the century. His twentieth-century hero was Theodore Roosevelt.

As might be imagined, Muzzey's weak point as a historian—his blind spot, in fact—was economic and social history. He simply could not see the drama of the American Industrial Revolution; he could not describe the violent change in the culture which accompanied it. In the first edition, he went so far as to apologize to his readers for "the lack of romantic elements in an economic age" and to complain of the "lack of moral fervour" in the period between 1865 and 1900. He hated the anarchic capitalism of the period—the major problem of his own time, he felt, was "the corruption of the government by the money power"—but he was hardly able to write about Rockefeller or Carnegie at all. In the 1955 edition, Muzzey or his surrogates the Ginn editors actually project upon the "captains of industry"

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a desire to develop natural resources (as opposed to the simple desire to make money)—a motive that Muzzey himself would have considered proper. The blank he draws on the labor movement is even more nearly complete. In the 1911 edition, he makes one mention of what he calls "the laboring class;" in subsequent editions, he gives the obligatory page or two to the development of the unions. But his interest in the unions never went much beyond his fear of social disruption. To him, all organizations to the left of the American Federation of Labor were hotbeds of foreign agitators preaching anarchism or Bolshevism. As time went on, therefore, events became more and more difficult for Muzzey to describe or explain. He hated the twenties and thirties, for their combination of isolationism in foreign policy and "industrial chaos, social ferment, class struggle, bitter propaganda, commercial profiteering, and reckless business plunging" at home. He could not explain the Depression or the New Deal, and only the Second World War seemed to make him feel that the country was once again engaged in a noble cause.

From the perspective of the nineteen-seventies, Muzzey seems in many ways a contradictory figure. On the one hand, he had the instincts of a reformer. The concluding sections of his texts are lists of "problems" facing the United States. These problems include the domination of the government by the great trusts, the waste of natural resources, commercialism, the poverty of one-tenth of the population, and—in the nineteen-thirties—bad race relations. On the other hand, he was a reactionary when it came to organized-labor politics. The solutions he proposed to these problems never involved institutional change but only an amorphous moral regeneration. "The manhood of the nation must rise in its moral strength to restore our democratic institutions"—that sort of thing.

A possible explanation of Muzzey's politics is to be found in Richard Hofstadter's "The Age of Reform." In his book on the Progressive period, Hofstadter identified a group of Mugwump leaders who later became an important element in the Progressive Party:

> Protestant and Anglo-Saxon for the most part, they were very frequently of New England ancestry; and even when they were not, they tended to look to New England's history for literary, cultural and political models and for examples of moral idealism.... Their ideal leader was a well-to-do, well-educated, high-minded citizen, rich enough to be free from motives of what they often called "crass materialism."

Hofstadter quotes Alfred D. Chandler, Jr., as saying that these men were "individualists, unacquainted with institutional discipline [who] represented, in spite of their thoroughly urban backgrounds, the ideas of the older, more rural America." These men, Hofstadter explains, saw themselves as Enlightenment figures. Like Henry Adams, they believed in the powers of altruism and the rule of law. And they looked upon government as an ally against the corruption and social chaos that attended the rapid industrialization of the country. As they saw it, the Progressive reform movement promised a restoration of Jeffersonian democracy and of the power of the individual over the interests, capital and labor included. That this ideal individual bore a close resemblance to a middle-class professional of their own sort was, Hofstadter submits, no coincidence, since their main social grievance was the sudden decline of their own status relative to that of the new industrial plutocracy. They legislated reforms, but they could never make common cause with the immigrants, because they looked a century back, to the society in which they had dominant wealth and influence. In a sense, they were not progressives at all but thoroughgoing reactionaries.

Just why Muzzey's textbook—and this very particular world view of a New England gentleman—should have been so attractive to Americans for fifty years is an interesting question to speculate upon. The book was, after all, read by people of all ethnic backgrounds, and its popularity endured through three major ideological shifts in the country. A part of the attraction may have been Muzzey's tone of self-assurance, his assumption of his own legitimacy in the American tradition. For Westerners and people of less ancient American ancestry than he, Muzzey may have seemed to be the voice of the real America—the America they wanted to, or felt they should, belong to. Another possible explanation—and the two are not mutually exclusive—is that the Mugwumps expressed one of the most deep-seated of American political instincts: if not a majority of Americans, then a controlling proportion believes optimistically that the country can right its own wrongs without a change in the institutional structure. Americans believe in the politics of good will.

A third possibility—and, again, a complementary one—is that it is far easier to teach children élite politics than

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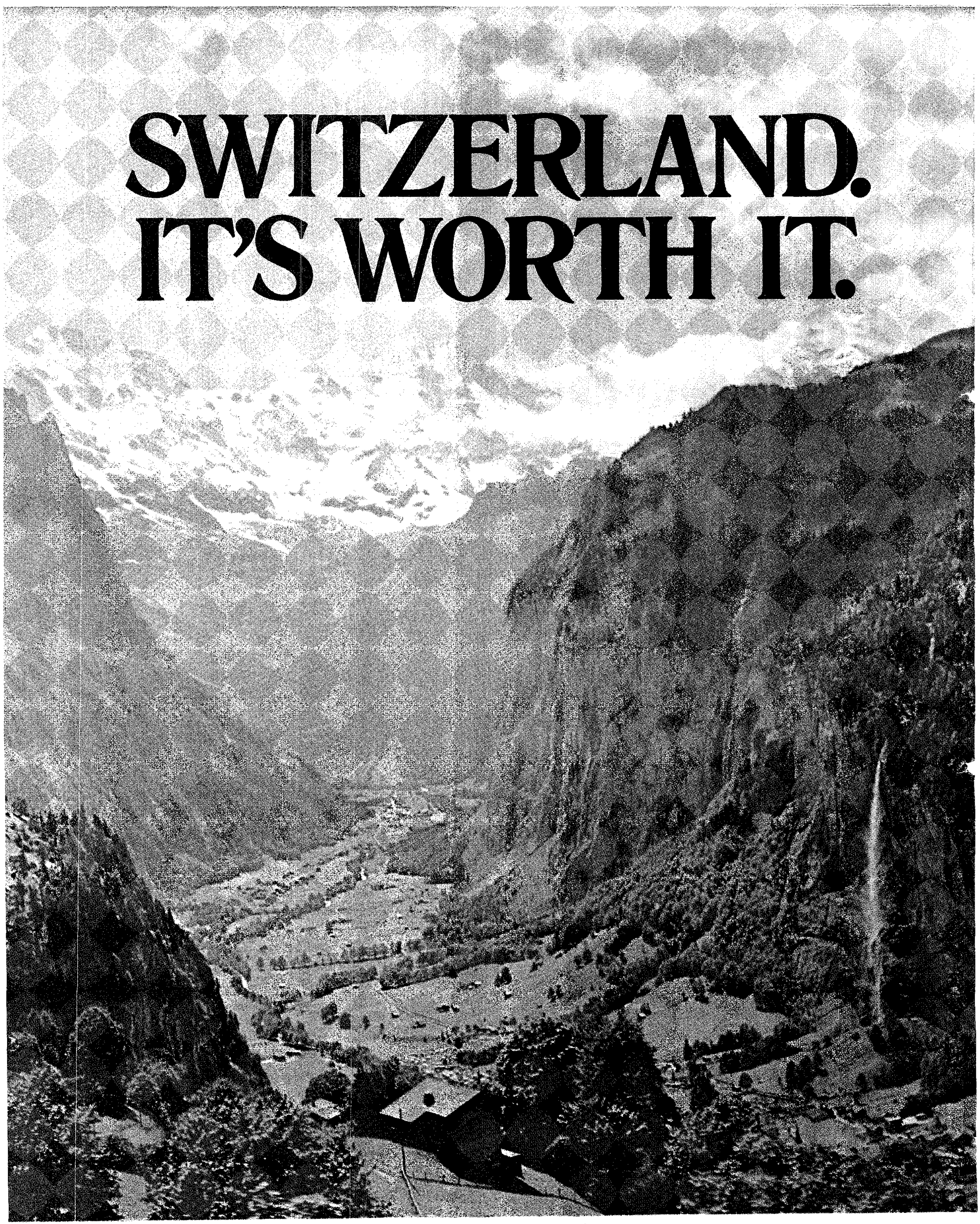

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politics of any other kind. Children, after all, cannot learn politics the way they learn mathematics or French; they must have some experience of life to understand how societies work, and the workings of democracies are far more difficult to grasp than those of monarchies or dictatorships. The difficulty is not just intellectual but aesthetic as well. Histories in which the main actors are institutions or social forces tend to lack surface attraction—an immediate appeal to the emotions. There is far more natural drama in the biographical mode—and Muzzey exploited it to the full. What this suggests is that Dewey and his many successors, who advocated teaching a truly democratic history, may have been fighting an uphill battle for the minds of young people.

The Muzzey phenomenon is unique. Even now, nearly twenty years after his "American History" lost its hold on the market, no American-history text has come anywhere near its popularity or anywhere near its sales relative to other textbooks. While there may be a number of reasons for this, one important one is the change in textbook-publishing procedures. The textbook companies and beyond them the school boards simply do not permit authors the freedom to write their own books in their own way. Today, texts are written backward or inside out, as it were, beginning with public demand and ending with the historian. This system gives the publishers a certain security, since their books cannot be too far out of the mainstream. But, having minimized one kind of risk, they have created another, of a different order. By casting away scholarly claims to authority, they have set themselves adrift on the uncertain seas of public opinion. The voyage can be uncomfortable at times. It is difficult when opinions are divided or are changing rapidly, and it is just as difficult when, as happens quite frequently, people do not really know what they want to hear. For the past ten years, the publishers have suffered from both of these conditions. —FRANCES FITZGERALD

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

●

For his role in a new movie, actor Robert Redford was called upon to ride a horse through the main showroom of Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas. But that wasn't the only action. Suddenly Redford's saddle, electrically wired for sound, shortcircuited. Redford and the horse were enveloped in smoke, but neigher was injured.—*Washington Post.*

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THE THEATRE

Cookie Cutters at Work

NEIL SIMON's "They're Playing Our Song," at the Imperial, is a stone-cold exercise in gag-writing, not in the least mitigated by the fact that the gags make up the book of a musical that is supposed to concern itself with the romantic meeting, the falling in love, and the mating of two good-looking and gifted young people, one of them a composer and the other a lyricist. From the moment the show gets under way, with a drumfire of synthetic repartee, it's impossible to believe that either of these two cutesy-prickly characters is alive, or has ever been alive, and our incredulity is heightened by a device that Mr. Simon may have had confidence in when he first set to work on the book—the device of having three male singer-dancers pop up from time to time, purportedly to represent various aspects of the composer's psyche, with three female singer-dancers performing the same office for the lyricist. The device, however, founders almost as soon as it is launched; while we are spared the loneliness implicit in an audience's sharing a big theatre all evening long with two automata, the presence of eight automata cannot be said to introduce the much-needed note of human warmth. Vernon Gersch and Sonia Walsk (for such are the young couple's names) are the products of a professional intention as limited as that of a cookie cutter turning out cookies. The relentless click-click-click of their puppet-like gibble-gabble, interrupted by songs so conventional as to be almost inaudible, aroused in me an indignation radically disproportionate to its source; "They're Playing Our Song" is, after all, simply another Simon hit, calculated to make people laugh for a year or so on Broadway, and there are surely worse things in the world than that.

Robert Klein plays Vernon, the composer, and Lucie Arnaz plays Sonia, the lyricist. He is already a big shot in Tin Pan Alley, and she is hoping to join forces with him. She is also engaged in getting rid of a lover named Leon, a leech with whom she deals at interminable length by telephone. (Nobody can possibly believe that an offstage Leon exists at the far end of the phone; Mr. Simon is clever enough not to have to depend as heavily as he does on props.) We perceive without difficulty that Vernon and Sonia will soon be leaping into bed, and, indeed, they accomplish this feat by the end of the first act. The second act is devoted to keeping them out of bed until it is time for everything to end happily, at 10:43½ P.M. Mr. Klein and Miss Arnaz lack the technical resources required to fill an entire act with bickering piffle; again and again, he fell back upon what struck me as the gestures and muggings of a standup nightclub comedian, while she stared at him not as Sonia at Vernon but as Arnaz at Klein, patiently awaiting her next cue. The few dance numbers have been staged by Patricia Birch, the scenery is by Douglas W. Schmidt, the costumes are by Ann Roth, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, and the direction is by Robert Moore. Talented people all, and they have done their work well. I fear that the coarsely chic beach cottage at Quogue which Mr. Schmidt has run up for us on the stage of the Imperial is very like what is currently being erected in that once sleepy and far-off fastness of gray-shingled many-chimneyed summer places. *Eheu fugaces!*

"WHOOPEE!," at the ANTA, is a revival of a musical comedy that was put on here in 1928, starring Eddie Cantor (1892-1964). The book is by William Anthony McGuire (1887-1940), the music is by Walter Donaldson (1893-1947), and the lyrics are by Gus Kahn (1886-1941). These dates hint at the period as well as the social and aesthetic attitudes out of which "Whoopee!" came, and there is little in its strenuous, idiotic nonsense that can give us the same degree of pleasure that our grandfathers drew from it. Better by far for us to listen to the old, admired songs—"Makin' Whoopee," "Love Me or Leave Me," "You," and "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby"—on a record-player at home than to sit fidgeting in the dark as Sheriff Bob pursues an elderly-looking bride through the painted mesquite of a ranch somewhere in Arizona.

The Eddie Cantor role is played by Charles Repole, who, like Cantor, is small, brassy, and grotesque, and who rolls his eyes in a fashion that no ophthalmologist could look upon with professional tranquillity. The rest of the cast is unself-consciously second-rate and appears to enjoy firing off cap pistols at regular intervals, along with uttering atrocious schoolboy puns. Revivals of this sort are all very well on a moonlit evening at the pretty little Goodspeed Opera House in Connecticut; they are but clumsily rouged cadavers on Broadway.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Miss Smith and Miss Maxwell

"STEVIE" (at the Manhattan Theatre Club through March 4th) is, among many admirable things, the occasion for a remarkable performance by Roberta Maxwell as Stevie Smith, the remarkable English poet. The play is largely, though not entirely, a skillful arrangement, by Hugh Whitemore, of Miss Smith's own words, taken from short stories and recollections, and above all from the deadly light verse of her despairing temperament. The poems, in their deceptive simplicity, arise from the script as effortlessly as they appear to have arisen in her. All the action takes place in the living room of 1 Avondale Road, Palmers Green, a suburb of London where the spinster poet lived with her aunt. At the opening, a man walks into a corner of the stage with a volume of her collected verse, sits down, and speaks briefly about her. The house lights go down, the stage lights go up, the front door bursts open, and Stevie enters, calling shrilly to the aunt, "I'm back!" She is back from the BBC, where she has been reading one of her stories on the air (to dismal comments from her producer). Sitting over the teacups with her aunt, she begins to tell the audience about herself and her life, breaking into imitations of schoolmistresses and neighbors and of colleagues at the publishing house where she works as a secretary. She plays some scenes with her aunt and with the man, who acts the parts

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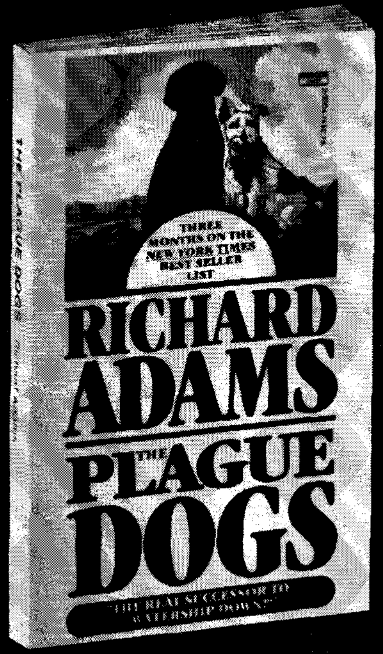
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of an unsuccessful suitor in her youth and of a somewhat put-upon, though devoted, escort in her sixties—until her death, in 1971, at sixty-eight. The scene with the suitor, by the way, in which she breaks off an engagement, is the only one that seems false and sounds off-key; I doubt that many of those words are Miss Smith's. The best words are the poems, of course, but there are also good ones in her conversations (many of them with the audience) and in the stories she tells about herself as we trace her steps from childhood on. The funniest of the stories is her account of a visit to Buckingham Palace, where she received the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry in 1969, on the recommendation of C. Day Lewis, then Poet Laureate, and where she sat and made small talk with the Queen, answering questions about poetry. "Poor darling," she says. "I got the idea it wasn't her favorite subject."

"Stevie" presents and then shatters the stereotype of the English spinster. For all her unsuitable clothes (too young or too frisky or just plain god-awful), her acid comments, the sprightliness that masks her desperation and her obsession with death, the cigarettes she continually lights, the nips at the bottle, Stevie Smith, as portrayed by Miss Maxwell, is a humorous, shrewd, complex woman, like no one else on earth. Her understanding of herself is deep and complete, and she is capable of every emotion—most notably defiance. Miss Maxwell, by the very perfection of her acting, enhances the character; her silences are as eloquent as her lines, and every thought, every transitory feeling that goes by is caught and expressed—she cannot even lick a spoon without giving the action meaning. Under Brian Murray's imaginative, intelligent, and strong direction, the entire evening is fascinating and credible. Margaret Hilton is fine as the aunt, and James Higgins does very well as the man. Barry Robison is to be congratulated, too, for the suitable suburban setting and for the funny, rather bloodcurdlingly unsuitable clothes.

—EDITH OLIVER

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For example, the massive immigration northward from the impoverished south gave many Italians the possibility to increase both their earning power and their education. It also placed an enormous strain on public facilities and social services that to this day has yet to be resolved, causing semipermanent pockets of poetry and creating unfulfilled aspirations that inevitably led to an increase in crime.—*Boston Globe.*

Or in Dante's case the "Inferno."

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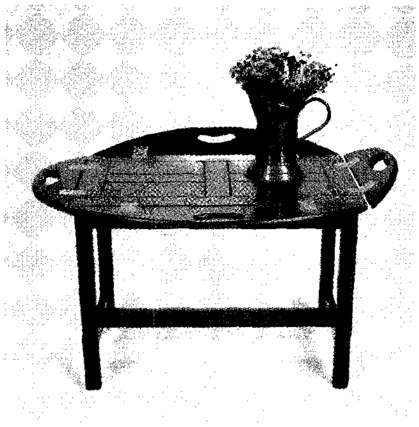

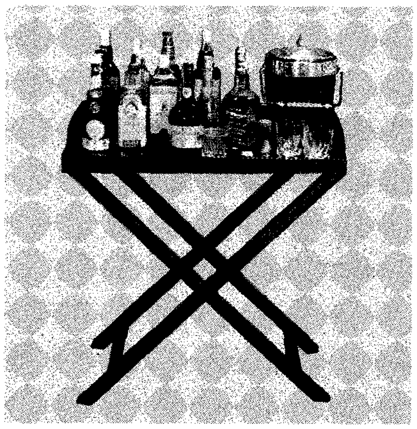

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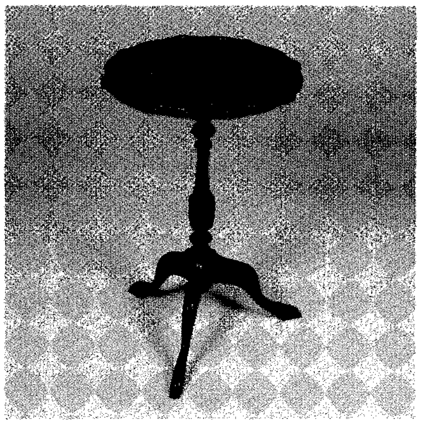

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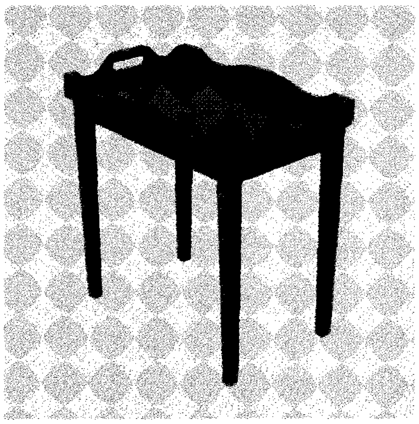

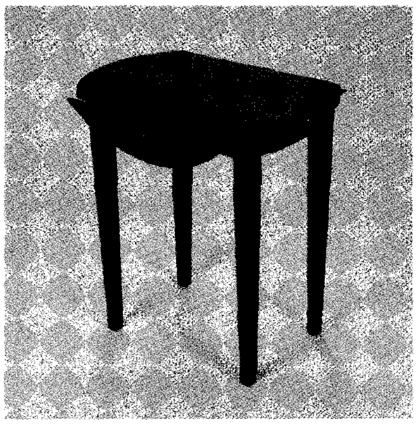

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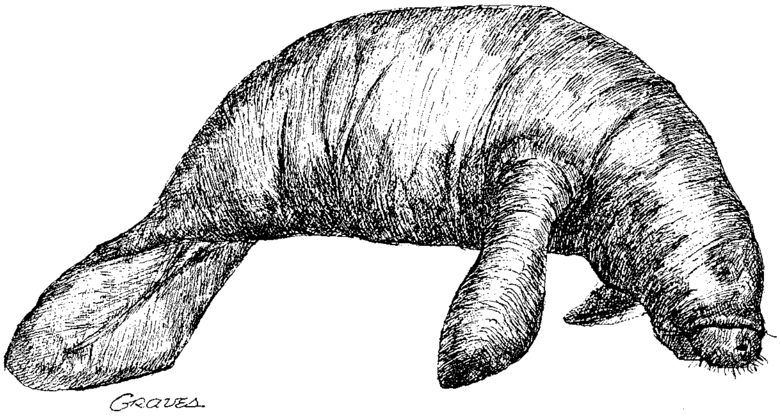
MANATEES

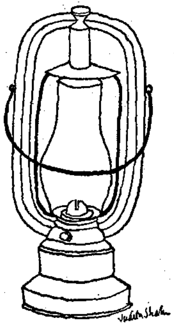


ON a February morning not long ago, I had the pleasure of meeting, briefly but memorably, what may be the gentlest creature on earth: the manatee. I floated face down on the water of the Crystal River, in Florida, looking through a mask into a shadowy world through which sunbeams cut bright pathways and clouds of silt swirled like smoke. Beside me I could see the shiny black frog feet of a biologist named Daniel Hartman and of his assistant, James Powell, Jr. Hartman was trailing a white belt of foam rubber, to which an ultrasonic transmitter, or pinger, had been attached, and which he hoped to fasten around a manatee's tail. Beneath us, gliding in and out of the darkness, were two manatees—long gray shapes that looked as big as one-man submarines. I had a good view of one manatee, directly beneath me. It moved easily, stroking the water with a tail flattened horizontally, like a beaver's, but shaped more like a Ping-Pong paddle. Its hide had a mottled look, and etched on its back, like graffiti scratched on stone, was a series of white lines—scars of wounds inflicted during an encounter with a motorboat propeller. Nearly every manatee that Hartman has encountered in his study of the species is thus marked; besides making clear the danger that boats pose to manatees, the scars have served as identifying symbols, enabling Hartman to distinguish sixty-three individual manatees, give them names, and chart their comings and goings.

One manatee slipped away into the gloom, but the other turned and hung in the water facing Hartman, swaying gently, its flippers held out like arms akimbo. It looked disarmingly like a captive balloon. Seen full face, the manatee is so homely of visage, and wears an expression of such innocence, as to be utterly beguiling. Its head is small compared with the inflated bulk of its great round body; there is no neck to speak of, and there are no external ears. This manatee's small, deep-set eyes stared steadily at the swimmers with an expression of simpleminded curiosity mixed with surprise, while its long, bristly muzzle had a despondent, hound-dog droop. Hartman swam closer to the manatee, and still she didn't flee. I say "she" because Hartman later told me that he recognized this manatee as a female he had named Piety, one of a half dozen or so with whom he had been able to make particular friends. For an instant, the man and the manatee hung face to face. Piety stared steadily and then, with what can only be described as a look of tender affection, swam forward, reached out with her flippers as though to embrace Hartman, and bestowed a bristly, nuzzling kiss full upon his face mask. Hartman reached out and stroked Piety's huge, rubbery back. Piety revolved, presenting her round flanks and even rounder underside. For the next three or four minutes, I watched a slow-motion ballet as Hartman, assisted now by Powell, tried to slip the belt around Piety's ever-waving tail. Powell took over rubbing the front end of Piety, holding her attention, while Hartman maneuvered for position at the tail end. The belt was bulky, and difficult to move quickly through the water. To fasten it, he would have to bring it around the narrow part of Piety's tail (the handle of the Ping-Pong paddle) and press together the two ends, which were covered with self-gripping fabric. Several times, he came tantalizingly close to success, but Piety invariably swished out of reach at the crucial moment. Then he came closer than ever. Piety must have felt the belt grip her tail. She gave a great, convulsive, indignant flap and shot out of sight in the dark water, leaving Hartman and Powell and me in the swirling silt stirred by her abrupt departure. We were not able to find Piety again that day, or another approachable manatee. That night, the weather turned warm, and the manatees disappeared from the area, riding down the river and out into wider waters at the river's mouth, in the Gulf of Mexico, where it would be impossible to find them. Hartman retired to think about ways of designing a belt that could be more easily attached to a manatee.

THE manatee is, of course, a member of that curious group the water mammals. It is a large beast, shaped like a tapered balloon, weighing around a thousand pounds, and measuring ten feet or so in length. Like the whale and the seal, the manatee is a creature whose ancestors moved from land back to a life in the sea. It has been altered by its years in the sea less than the whale but more than the seal, which still spends some time on land. The manatee never leaves the water, but it is not equipped, as whales are, for life in the open ocean. It spends its time in rivers and estuaries and along the fringes of the land. Whales, seals, and manatees, despite their similarities, are not close cousins but the descendants of different beasts, which took to the water at different times. Improbable as it sounds, the nearest relative of the manatee is thought to be the elephant. Like the elephant, the manatee is completely herbivorous; it grazes on river and sea grasses. And like the elephant's, the manatee's mammary glands are pectoral. The manatee's teeth resemble the elephant's; it has no incisors or canines—only molars. Lacking front teeth to crop its food, the manatee uses its long, muscular upper lip, which is cleft in the middle and equipped with stout bristles, to grasp food and push it into its mouth. The manatee has lost its hind legs (though vestigal bones remain), and its forelegs have become flippers. Though the bones are hidden within the flipper, the Florida manatee still has three nails at the end of each flipper—reminders of its terrestrial existence. The flippers are highly flexible. Manatees use them not for fast swimming but for close maneuvering, for support when they rest on the bottom, and for embracing each other.

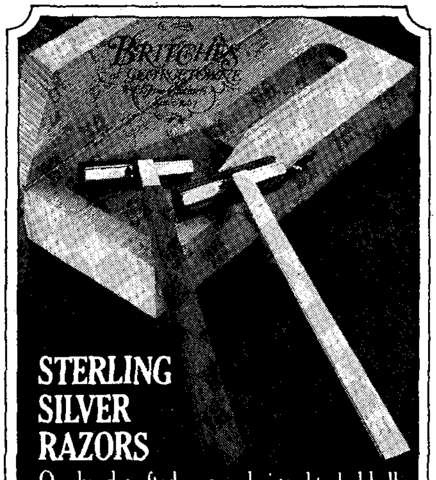
In technical classification, the manatee belongs to a small and select group. It is a member of the order Sirenia—so named in honor of the mythical mermaid, for which manatees are said to have sometimes been mistaken. Other Sirenians are the dugong, a somewhat similar marine creature found off the shores of East Africa, southern Asia, and Australia, and the enormous and defenseless Steller's sea cow, which was discovered in the Bering Sea in 1741 by Vitus Bering, the first explorer of the region, and was exterminated by ruthless slaughter for its meat and oil within twenty-seven years. There are three species of manatee; one lives in the rivers of Central West Africa, another in the Amazon basin, and the third on the shores of the Caribbean, including both the east and the west coast of Florida. All manatees have the misfortune to be delicious eating. Men have preyed on them since primitive times, and still do. No one knows how numerous manatees once were, but they are now rare everywhere, and probably diminishing each year. The only exception to this decrease appears to be occurring in Florida, where Hartman has made the happy discovery that the creatures are holding their own and a few local populations may even be increasing.



It has come to me lately as a matter of some surprise that scientists really know very little about a great number of animals. This lack of knowledge may seem strange in a time when biologists can explain the most intricate workings of single cells, but I have learned that the reason for it is that until recently few scientists bothered to devote close study to creatures whose lives appeared to have no direct relation to human welfare. Now, suddenly, with the interrelatedness of life becoming more apparent and more significant for our own future, it seems urgent to catch up.

Until Hartman undertook his study, very little was known about the manatee. Dead manatees had been dissected and their bones and organs described, but, scientifically speaking, that was about it. Early Floridians had enjoyed eating manatees, and had presumably slaughtered them in great numbers. There are no figures on their onetime abundance. Manatee steaks were popular in Florida until the end of the nineteenth century. By then, the creatures had become very scarce, but they were saved from extinction by a state law, passed around 1893, that banned further killing. The manatee is an elusive animal, hard to see unless you're looking for it. Occasionally, its back glides out of the water like a whale's, but usually nothing more than its nostrils appears above the surface. Consequently, well into this century the small surviving population was hardly noticed. Then, in the nineteen-fifties, a biologist employed at Everglades National Park, J. C. Moore, did some manatee studies. Among other things, he found that manatees congregated in the warm water discharged from a power plant in downtown Miami, where he was able to watch them from a bridge. His observations were the first important contribution to knowledge of the manatee, but the water in which the manatees swam was so dirty that Moore was able to see only a small part of what they did.

In 1967, Hartman, then a graduate student at Cornell, chose the manatee as the subject of his doctoral dissertation. Exploring the west coast of Florida, he came, at the suggestion of a colleague, to the Crystal River and found a large congregation of manatees. On occasion, they gathered around springs whose water was so clear that every detail of their submarine lives could be observed. Hartman had got there in the nick of time, as it turned out. In the years since he came to the Crystal River, pollution and the growth of waterweeds have gradually darkened the water to the point where visibility is now only a few feet. What was one of the most beautiful rivers in the world has been converted in that short time into just another thoroughfare for fishermen in powerboats and a wastebasket for human debris. The Crystal River that Hartman found in 1967 was an extraordinary place. A great number of springs—the largest sixty feet deep and thirty feet across—pour out six hundred million gallons of crystalline water a day at the delightful temperature of seventy-four degrees winter and summer, forming a large bay and a wide river flowing seven miles to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The river teemed with fish. There were crabs and oysters to be taken at its mouth, and shrimp farther out in the Gulf. There had been some commercial fishing in the river, and logging nearby, for a hundred years, but the lovely wooded shores of the bay were not seriously disturbed until about twenty years ago. Then the developers arrived. Year by year, they have fought the jungle with chain saws and bulldozers to provide flat, barren building lots; have dug dank, stagnant canals to



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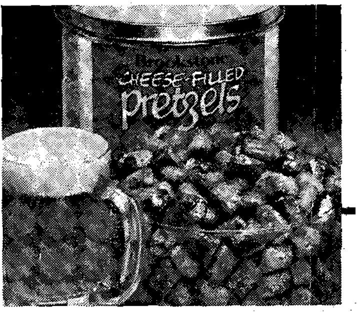

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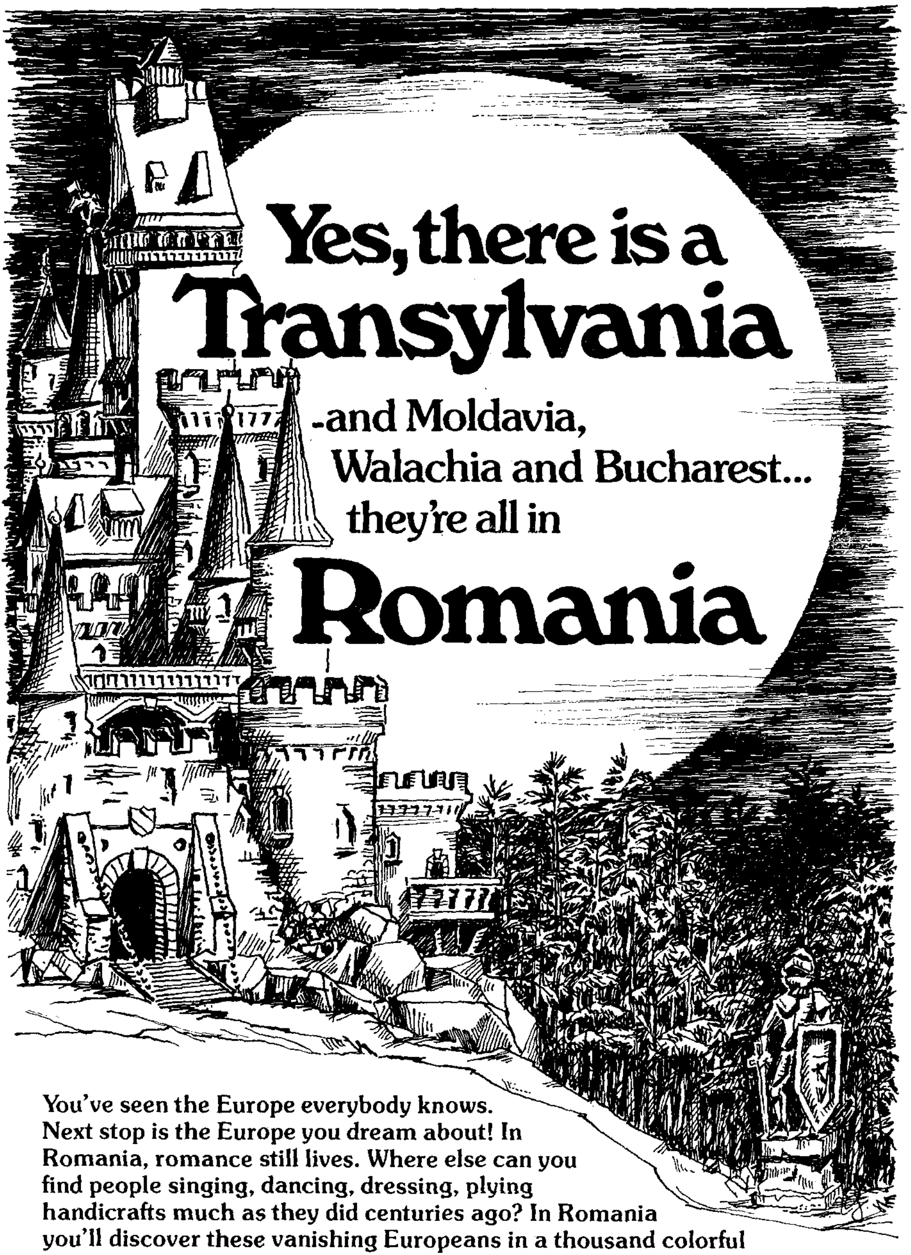
make each lot a "waterfront" site; have buried the sandy shoreline of the bay under cement seawalls, and erected hundreds of suburban homes, whose septic tanks leach nutrients into the water. While these changes were under way, some unrecorded ecological accident introduced two exotic plants into the river. One was *Hydrilla verticillata,* native to China, and very like a water plant commonly used in the aquariums of fish fanciers; the other was *Myriophyllum spicatum,* or water milfoil, native to Eurasia. These plants thrived in the nutrients that the new homeowners were pouring into the water. The once clean, sandy bottom of the bay is now entirely covered with weeds and the silt of their decay. The river is crystal no longer, and there is no way that it can ever be restored to its former beauty.

To study the manatees, Hartman got into the water with them, wearing mask, flippers, and snorkle, and spent three or four hours a day there, afterward making extensive notes on their behavior. He gave the females Southern names, in keeping with the surroundings: Miss Molly, Flora Merry Lee, Pearly Mae, and—his favorite of all—Lavaliere. He found that the manatees had vastly differing personalities: some fled; some were wary but curious; some, particularly Lavaliere, not only were unafraid but sought his attention. Lavaliere loved to be rubbed, and, in return, would try to enfold him in her rubbery arms.

The life of the manatee, Hartman discovered, is as simple, as peaceful, and possibly, were it not for motorboats and divers, as blissful as life can be. The central rhythm of its life seems to be dictated by the weather and the consequent water temperature. When the weather cooled, in October, Hartman found, the manatees came upriver from the Gulf and congregated in the warmer waters of the springs. With the return of warm weather, in March or April, they dispersed again. But even during the winter they came and went quite often, according to the temperature, cruising back and forth from the Gulf and sometimes into an adjacent estuary. During the summer, they disappeared—presumably into deeper waters. Hartman, in an effort to discover how far they dispersed, tried without success to track their wanderings from a small plane. His efforts to attach a sound device to one of the manatees were also unsuccessful, but subsequent researchers have determined that the animals disperse up and down the coast during the summer, often congregating



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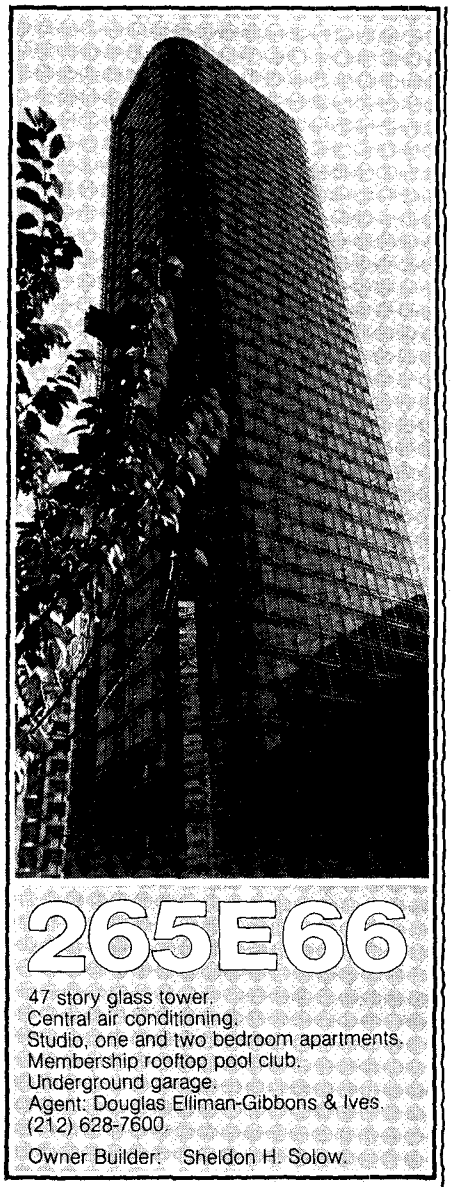

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in the Gulf near the mouths of fresh-water rivers. Essentially, manatees lead their lives independent of each other. They do not have a herd in the sense that some animals do—no leaders, and no lasting attachments except between mother and calf. But they are moderately social, and when they meet in the close confines of the river they enjoy each other's company, playing and cavorting underwater like frolicsome blimps.

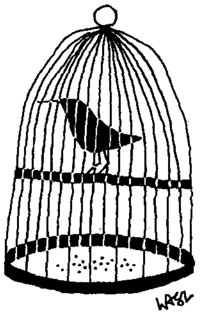
Here are some of the things that Hartman observed underwater:

The manatees' main business in life is peaceful browsing, cowlike, on underwater pastures. Usually, they simply graze, but once in a while they use their flippers to pull food to their mouths.

Manatees nap with closed eyes, sometimes near the surface but more often on the bottom, rising slowly and sleepily every few minutes for a breath of air and then sinking again. Sometimes they are bothered by fish that peck at their hides searching for micro-organisms. The manatees flinch, and slap ineffectually with their flippers, like a man bothered by mosquitoes.

Manatees are remarkably supple. Waking from a nap, they may close their eyes and arch their backs, or curl forward like shrimp, emitting a lengthy groan. This stretching may be followed by a back dive to the bottom and a headstand in the sand.

Manatees rub themselves with their flippers as far as they can reach. They also use their flippers to clean their teeth. Apparently, food trapped in a manatee's mouth is irritating, and Hartman saw manatees become almost frantic as they attempted to get rid of it. They also rub their bodies, with apparent pleasure, against such things as rocks and poles and crab traps.

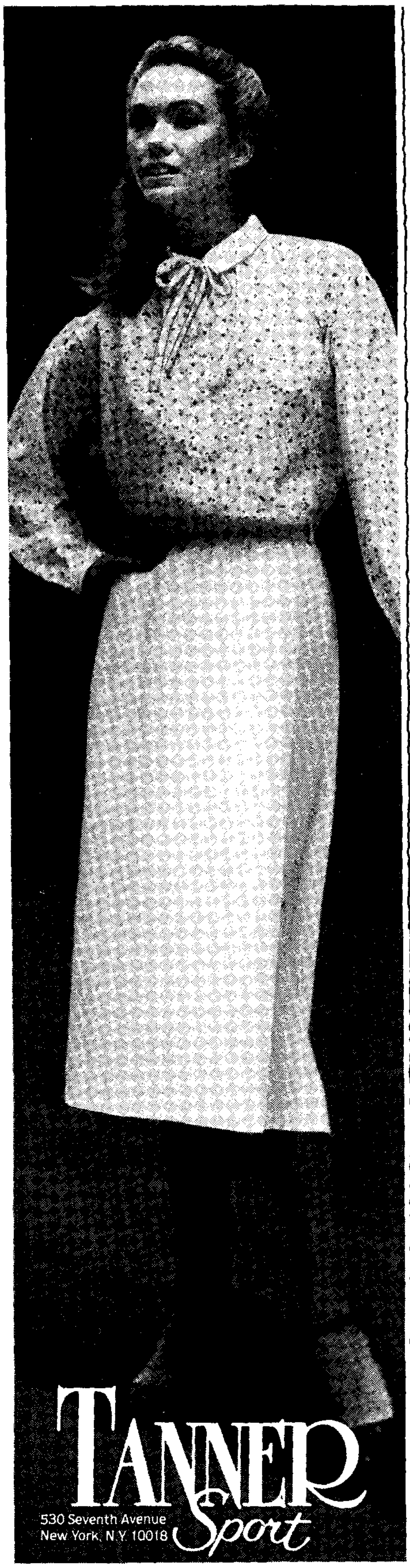


Manatees emit squeals, chirp-squeaks, and screams, which Hartman could hear plainly underwater. He saw no air bubbles accompanying these sounds and has no idea how they are produced. Manatees seem to use their voices less to communicate than to express emotion, as in moments of fear, internal conflict, sexual arousal, protest, or play. One manatee squeaked as though with pleasure when Hartman scratched its back, and he heard others squealing and chirping as they rubbed themselves on rocks and logs. Sex is accompanied by a medley of sounds, and fright evokes a high-pitched scream. Calves answer the alarm calls of their dams.

Manatees are inquisitive. They investigate oddities encountered in the water by nudging them, licking them, or taking them in their mouths. Hartman saw one manatee chewing on a Coke bottle, another carrying a beer can around, another nudging a log, and so on. Manatees nibbled his flippers, munched on his anchor rope, and tried to carry off his underwater thermometer.

Perhaps the greatest flaw in what is otherwise a design for an idyllic existence is the sex lives of manatees. Male manatees are very sexy, and female manatees are not. As a cow comes into estrus, there is a period of a few days during which she is intensely attractive to males but is quite uninclined to mate. Consequently, she collects a train of increasingly frantic suitors, who pester her relentlessly. Hartman guesses that things are arranged this way so that a herd will gather and there can be selective competition for the privilege of mating. This is the only time there is anything like aggression between manatees. The males jockey for position near the female, colliding and bouncing off each other like living beach balls. The males probably enjoy the chase, and from time to time relieve their feelings with homosexual embraces, but the female shows no pleasure as she flees, dodges, and, as a last resort, rolls on her back to frustrate their advances. Hartman saw one female followed for days by a herd of amorous males—almost the whole male population of the bay at that time. They gave her no peace until, at last, some mysterious clock within her ticked to the right second and she decided to submit, allowing herself to be embraced, with the male lying on his back beneath her, and accepting one lover after another. Even when there is no cow in estrus, male manatees are always hopeful—constantly searching for sexual possibilities and easily excited. If there is nothing better around, they engage in homosexual play. Females never do.

Play is an important part of manatee social life; the young, especially, do a great deal of kissing, caressing, and cavorting that are not sexual in intent. Females happily join in this activity, allowing themselves to be nibbled and embraced, and seeming to bask in enjoyment. The kissing of manatees is interesting: they press their lips to those of another manatee as in a human kiss—no one knows just why. One scientist suggested that it might be a bit of behavior left over from life on



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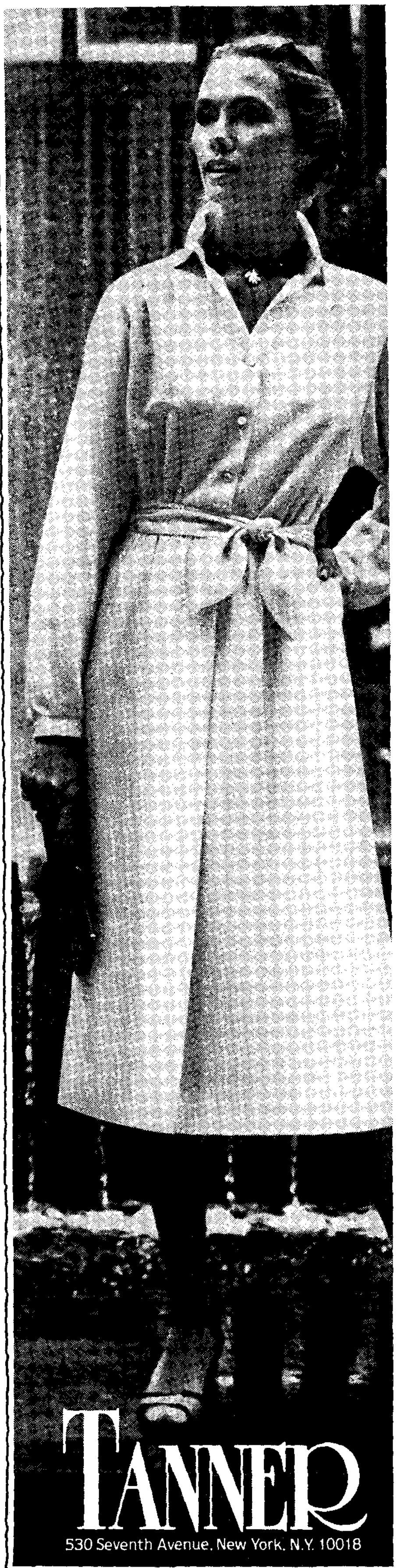
land, where animals often sniff each other's faces.

It appears that the female manatee produces her calves at two- to three-year intervals. She seeks a sheltered spot to give birth, and then, it is said, raises the newborn to the surface on her back for its first breath. The young manatee is suckled for one to two years. The mother is solicitous of her young and will attempt to lead a calf away from danger, but will never attack an enemy. Her only defense is flight.

Hartman believes that manatees have very acute hearing and depend on their vision only for closer inspection, since they often frequent murky water. They probably smell little underwater, for their nostrils are closed most of the time, but possibly they can taste changes in the water—an ability that may help them to know where they are, and recognize other manatees.

HARTMAN found it easier to spy on the intimate behavior of manatees than to make accurate population counts or to assess their future. He feels that in the local area of his study—that is, the river estuaries from the Chassahowitzka to the Withlacoochee—the population of manatees is healthier than it was a few years ago, though current estimates are that there are still only a thousand or twelve hundred left in Florida. Hartman suspects that for manatees a bit of pollution has a silver lining: increased waterweeds provide more food, and the dredging of canals extends their habitat.

On the other hand, the incessant small-boat traffic on every navigable waterway is a serious menace to manatees. Fishing in Florida is no longer a peaceful pastime. A ride on a river is almost like rush hour on the freeway—at even more reckless speeds. Many manatees are hit and survive their wounds, but there is no way of telling how many die of them. Their bodies sink at first; later, afloat, they could easily be carried into hidden nooks in the river or to the marshy, inaccessible shores of the Gulf, and never be found. Manatees are protected by law, but they are harassed by divers, hooked by bored fishermen, and shot at by vandals. Scuba diving is a standard sport in the Crystal River. Hartman found that the manatees that gathered to rest or play in the warm waters of the springs were forced to flee when divers arrived, for often the divers teased and plagued them unmercifully. However, as the waters darken more and more this is one harassment that may come to an end. Before the waters became so turbid with silt, Hart-



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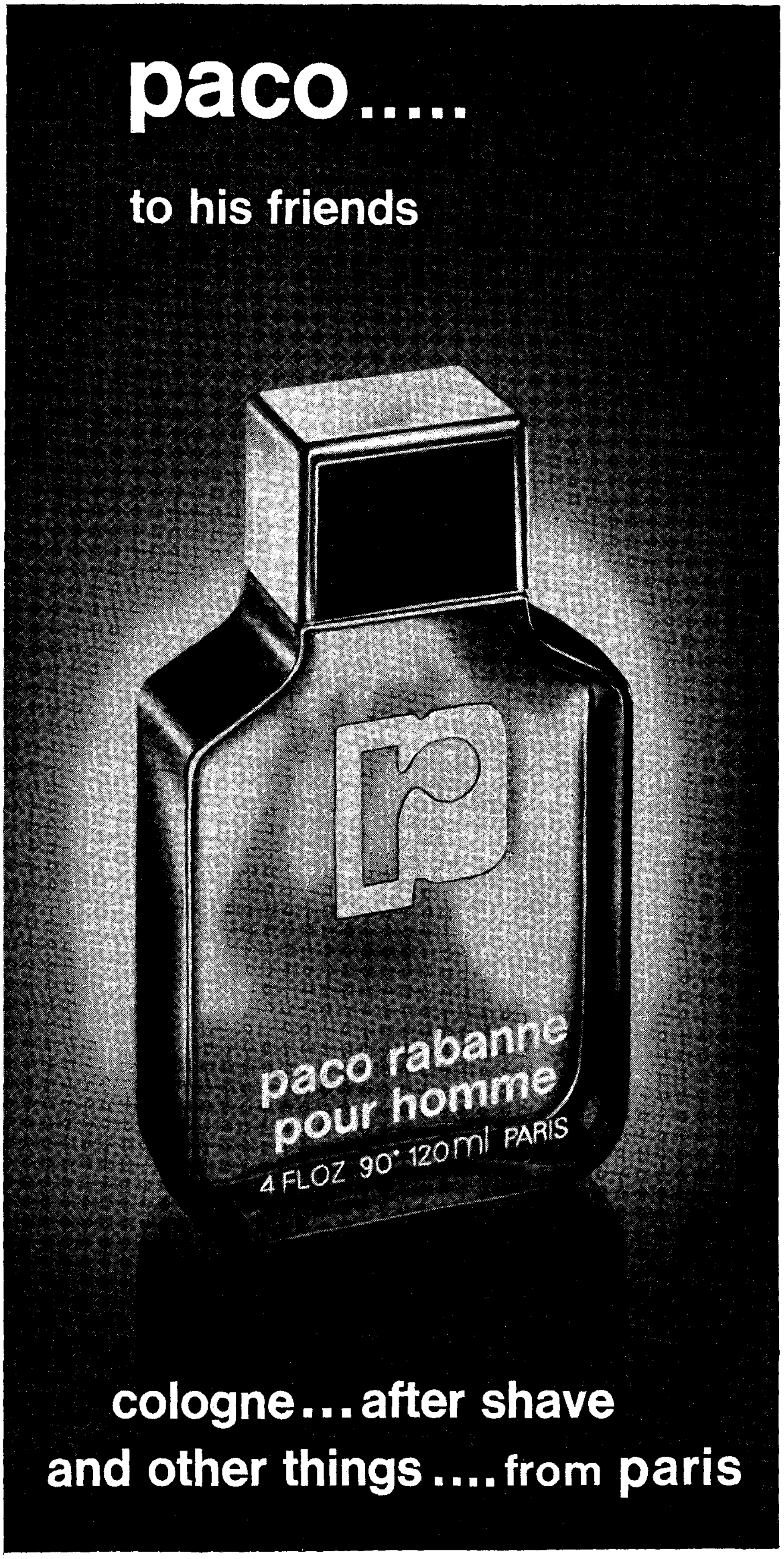
man had a dream that the bay at the head of the Crystal River could be made a sanctuary for manatees, with a speed limit enforced on powerboats. Legislation providing manatee protection was passed in Florida in 1978, but will not come into effect until later this year. The second part of Hartman's dream—that the public might look at manatees through glass-bottom boats—can never be realized. It would have been a lovely way to preserve this lovely place, but the weeds got there first.

There are limits to the pollution and disturbance that manatees can stand. The great estuary of Old Tampa Bay, for instance, was once a natural gathering place but, except for a few hardy individuals, is no longer frequented by them. Farther south, however, there is sanctuary in the Everglades, and this area probably has a substantial manatee population. There are few manatees around the Keys—perhaps because of a lack of fresh water—but they can be found on the entire east coast of Florida, and they occasionally migrate as far north as North Carolina.

On a worldwide scale, the future of the Sirenians is probably far less rosy than it is in Florida. The manatee's cousin the dugong has disappeared from wide areas of its Indo-Pacific range. Some of the African and Amazonian manatees are protected, but nevertheless they are often harpooned and netted wherever human beings can find them. Today, the powerboat is spreading along remote shores as waterweeds are in the Crystal River, and this means that there can be few manatee sanctuaries left.

Practical-minded biologists have tried to devise a use for manatees. Manatee steaks for the gourmet market? Manatees as aquatic lawnmowers, chewing their way through weed-choked waterways? There are several problems in the way of such schemes. One is the very slow birth rate. It would take six or seven years to raise a manatee, from conception to maturity. Outside of the tropics, there would be the problem of protecting the manatees from cold spells, which can be fatal. Still another problem would be finding ponds big enough to hold a large population of manatees.

It is probable that for as long as we allow manatees to survive they will go on leading utterly useless lives. Useless to people, that is. There is a large school of thought, among both laymen and professionals, that finds uselessness in animals intolerable. People who hold this view believe that every animal must serve a human purpose—that to



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justify its existence it is obligated to satisfy one human appetite or another. They ask of every animal "What good is it?" and if it is "no good" they see no "sense" in letting it survive. To those who ask this about the manatee, it can be said that the manatee serves a very high purpose indeed, although it is an abstract one. The manatee is, as far as I know at the moment, the only example of a higher mammal that lives its life virtually without aggression toward its own species or any other. Perhaps some obscure member of our group—such as the sloth or the aardvark—is equally peaceful, but I doubt it. The manatee is a mammal, like us. It has a brain and a nervous system much like ours, but one characteristic so fatally pervasive in the rest of the animal world has somehow been bred out of it. The manatee will not fight, even to protect itself or to save its young. It injures no other vertebrate creature. Surely there is some use in contemplating this uniquely blameless life.

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to the oven wall. In heat,
in heat. I have a man
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I'm at home

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birds, the time
I kill, the stew
I'm in. He's come
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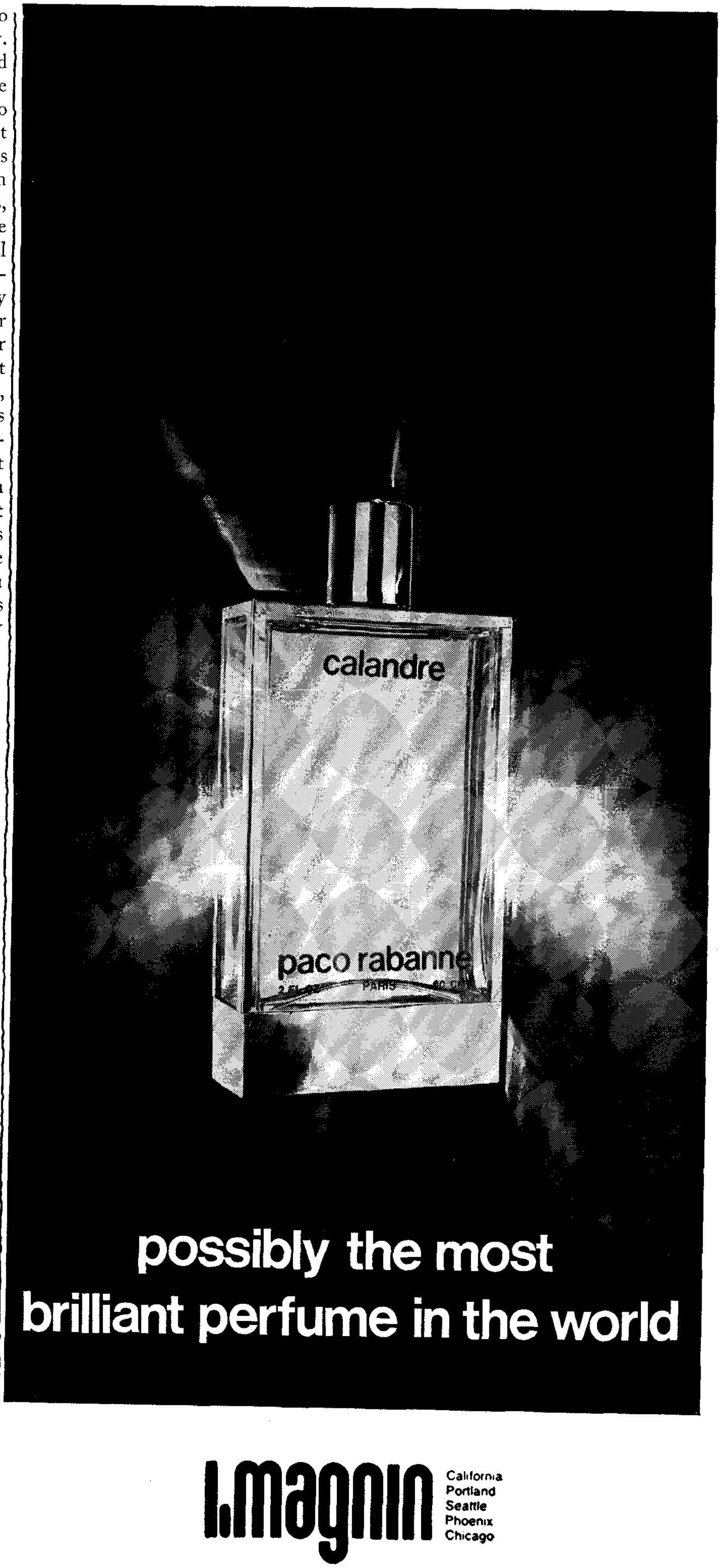
[*From the Chapel Hill (N.C.) Newspaper*]

"People are very fearful of seeking treatment," said Dr. Goz, a practicing psychologist in Chapel Hill. "They have a lot of misconceptions of what treatment is. The main purpose (of the association) is to publicize issues in mental health and let people know severe mental health can be prevented."



AROUND CITY HALL

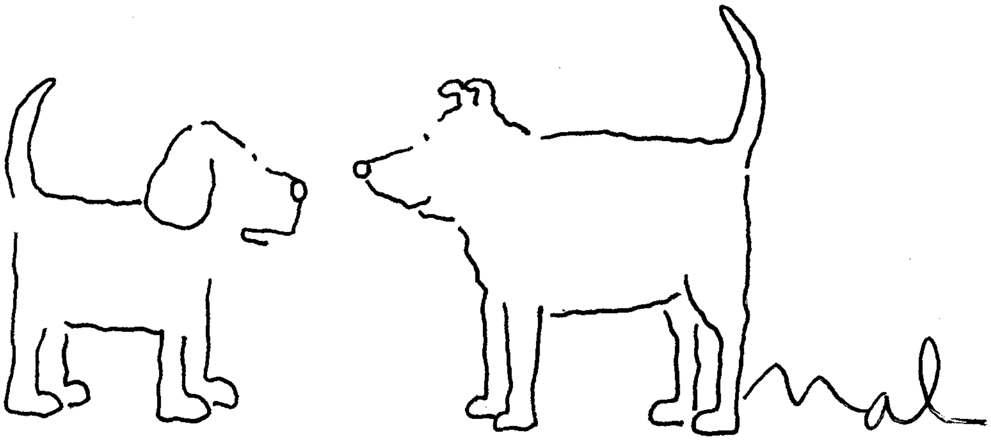
SYMBOLS

AFTER five of the seven other members of the city's Board of Estimate—the comptroller, the president of the City Council, and the borough presidents of Brooklyn, Manhattan, and Queens—had stunned Mayor Edward Koch earlier this month by unexpectedly voting, in effect, to kill the thirty-two-million-dollar Charlotte Street housing project in the South Bronx, a share of the Mayor's thoroughly articulated fury was directed at the fact that no one had warned him that only the borough presidents of Staten Island and, of course, the Bronx would join him in supporting it. Asked if there hadn't been a serious breakdown in his intelligence apparatus, he said, "That's right—just like Iran." The Mayor's comparison of an awkward miscalculation in municipal politics to one associated with a severe international crisis was not very surprising, in view of the elevated company in which he sometimes moves. The day before the Board of Estimate meeting, Koch had been in Washington bringing members of a Senate committee up to date on the city's money problems. While he was in Washington, he had met with President Carter to discuss possible actions not requiring congressional approval that the Administration might take to assure more money for New York. Since the federal government became heavily involved in the city's financial affairs, and the fiscal crisis was accepted as a relatively permanent condition—last September, the Emergency Financial Control Board, which was set up in 1975 to direct the city's fiscal priorities, dropped "Emergency" from its title—it has been a rare day when City Hall hasn't consulted in person or on the phone with some high-level Washington official. New York's growing role as an international corporate and financial center also requires overseas consultations. In January, the Mayor announced that he planned to go to China late this year in order to establish cordial economic relations between the city and the government of Peking. And, in another kind of international gesture the same week, after it was reported that the Pope might visit the United States in a few months, Koch sent an invitation to John Paul II to be his guest at Gracie Mansion, where His Holiness would presumably sleep in the same spare room occupied last May by Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel and last August by the President of the United States. The rejection of the South Bronx housing project on February 8th was a rude reminder to the Mayor that New York City's government still operates on a borough-to-borough level.

Shortly before Howard Golden cast his negative vote on the Charlotte Street project, he said, "There are parts of Bushwick, Brownsville, and East New York that are just as bad off as the South Bronx." The neighborhoods Golden mentioned are among those he represents as the borough president of Brooklyn. "If President Carter's chauffeur had taken a right turn instead of a left turn on his trip here, we'd have all the money going to Bushwick now," Golden went on. There was little doubt about how he would have voted if the President's chauffeur had turned the other way. The trip that Golden referred to was, of course, the one that Carter made to this city in October of 1977, to speak to the United Nations on the dangers of nuclear proliferation. Before returning to Washington, Carter made a sudden decision to visit the South Bronx, whose name has become synonymous with American urban devastation. The spot where the President got out of his car, at Charlotte Street and Boston Road, was chosen by officials of the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development because it was an especially dramatic example of the area's deterioration. Deeply dismayed by what he had seen—great piles of rubble, block after block of abandoned and burned-out buildings, the few people left in the area shouting at him "Jobs! Jobs! We want jobs!"—Carter suggested that local officials send him a plan, and said he would see what could be done. The impression spread here that the rehabilitation of the South Bronx would become the demonstration project for the President's national urban policy.

Last April, the Koch administration delivered to the White House a South Bronx renewal plan centered on the construction of twenty-seven thousand five hundred housing units. A major message of the plan was "Send money"—a lot of it. The cost was put at a billion and a half to a billion eight hundred million dollars. The plan called for ninety million dollars for transit facilities, sixty-one million for job training, and a hundred and thirty-five million for stores. During this month's hearing on the Charlotte Street project, however, Comptroller Harrison Goldin (just to compound the natural confusion of government here, two members of the Board of Estimate have similar names) denounced the proposals for the economic rehabilitation of the South Bronx as little more than a list of vague suggestions—so unspecific, he said, that they constituted "a press release, not an economic-development plan." In mid-December, Bruce Kirschenbaum, a member of Carter's intergovernmental-affairs staff, whose duties include keeping up with the South Bronx renewal, wrote a letter to Israel Ruiz, a Bronx state senator, saying that "no strategy for revitalizing the area has yet been designed." Koch reported that he had called the White House aide and denounced him for this statement "in language you can't print." New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan had commented about the same time that the way to restore a neighborhood was to provide not housing, which he said "has few social consequences," but employment. "People don't want housing in the South Bronx, or they wouldn't burn it down," he said. Koch's language in response to the Senator's criticism was printable. "I never fight with Senator Moynihan," he announced.

The thirty-two million dollars for the proposed Charlotte Street project, which would contain seven hundred and thirty-two coöperative apartments designed for families with incomes from eleven thousand to fifteen thousand dollars a year, was not part of the billion-eight-hundred-million-dollar Koch program. The money was to come instead from federal housing funds that had previously been allocated to New York for the 1977-78 fiscal year which the city had not got around to using. (A frequent complaint from Washington is that officials here are so busy negotiating for more federal money that they don't figure out what to do with funds already on hand.) Carol Bellamy, the president of the City Council, pointed out at the hearing on the project that the thirty-two million dollars would constitute one quarter of all the federal money for new housing that had been allotted to the city for the year. The project was to be built on the Charlotte Street site where Carter had stopped off in October of 1977. Over and over, witnesses at the hearing said that Carter's association with it had great symbolic significance and would



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make the project a special "symbol of hope" for the South Bronx. "Nothing anybody can do will undo the fact that this is where Jimmy Carter stood," one of the city planners declared. In the letter to Senator Ruiz, however, Kirschenbaum wrote from the White House that there was a misunderstanding: "The President does not feel a building should be erected in a particular spot simply because he happened to set foot there."

"Seven hundred apartments in the middle of a vast wasteland—what's the sense of that?" demanded Queens Borough President Donald Manes during the hearing. It was pointed out that the area around the Charlotte Street site was so desolate that it was hard to see why anyone would move there who had the smallest choice in the matter—as someone with a fifteen-thousand-dollar annual income might well have. (Koch's deputy mayor for policy, Herman Badillo, who has been overseeing the South Bronx program for the city, did not live in the South Bronx even when he represented the area in the House of Representatives. Instead, he lived, as he does today, several miles to the north, in the affluent Riverdale section of the borough.) A concern frequently expressed by Board of Estimate members who voted against the project was that, because of its surroundings, it would fail, and the symbol of hope would become one more symbol of urban hopelessness. Grave doubts were expressed about the chances that a tax-cutting Congress would appropriate anything like an extra billion or so dollars to improve one section of one borough of New York City. Koch had elicited from Jack Watson, of the White House staff, a letter saying, "I think that the general goals stated in your April 11 draft proposal are reasonable, and we will continue to work with you to try to achieve them." The letter seemed to commit the Carter Administration to little more than—as Watson also put it—"to use our best efforts to fund worthy projects as they are prepared." Asked Comptroller Goldin, "Is this a bankable letter? Can it be traded for cash?" The letter indicated that if the city wanted to spend its federal housing funds on the Charlotte Street project H.U.D. would approve the application, but that was the only mention of the project. Nevertheless, Koch, who had been in Albany and had arrived at the Board of Estimate meeting only about half an hour before the vote was taken, insisted that the housing on Charlotte Street was the cornerstone of the South Bronx renewal program. If the board members turned it down, he warned, it would mean that they would deliberately "throw away hundreds of millions of dollars for the city." He also said to them, "Maybe it will fail," but then asked, "What is lost if we go ahead with it?" After they did vote it down, the Mayor called Watson and told him the city would not be using the nearly two billion dollars. "The South Bronx plan is dead," he announced later. Going further, Deputy Mayor Badillo said, "The South Bronx is dead, and the Board of Estimate is responsible for its death."

THE board members who voted against the project gave numerous reasons for their action, talking at particular length about the fact that spending millions of dollars without careful consideration of the consequences was an aspect of the heedless pattern of government that had brought the city to its present plight, and, as Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein said, the kind of approach that "harks back to the bankrupt theories of the past." Two of the nay voters were Comptroller Goldin and City Council President Bellamy, who had been close Koch allies during most of his first year in office; like the Mayor, they were elected on a citywide basis and do not have special borough constituencies to answer to. In his attacks on those who cast negative votes on the Charlotte Street project, however, Koch charged again and again that virtually the only reason for those votes had been the determination of the board members that all that money must not be spent on the Bronx at the expense of their own boroughs.

There are several reasons that the Mayor may feel he had a right to be taken aback by what he has interpreted as a return to the interborough warfare that used to be the central element in city government. In the period in which New York seemed to be in almost daily danger of going under financially, the intense preoccupation with bringing the city through left little time for the public elbowing and shoving that used to go on at Board of Estimate meetings. In addition, a whole series of political developments in the city and in Albany which began in that period could be interpreted as a demonstration that the onetime fierce borough loyalties—or, at any rate, the fierce Brooklyn loyalties—do not rule local political life as they did in the past. Among the points for their side that Republican leaders liked to dwell on during New York's 1974 state election campaign was one known as "the Brooklyn connection." Especially for the benefit of crowds upstate, where most New York Republicans live, they warned that if too many voters pulled the lever for Hugh Carey—that year's Democratic candidate for governor, who was then in his seventh term as a Brooklyn member of the city's delegation in the House of Representatives—both the governor and the chief money man in Albany would be from Brooklyn, since the political roots of Arthur Levitt, the veteran State Comptroller, were also in that borough. Moreover, they pointed out, the speaker of the State Assembly, where the Democrats would have a majority, was certain to be Brooklyn Assemblyman Stanley Steingut; and Brooklyn State Senator Jeremiah Bloom had made it clear that he expected to be chosen as the minority leader in the Republican-controlled State Senate. The G.O.P. campaigners then assured crowds in places like Utica and Painted Post that if they failed to get out the vote for the Republican slate all those powerful Brooklyn politicians, led by the new Brooklyn gov-

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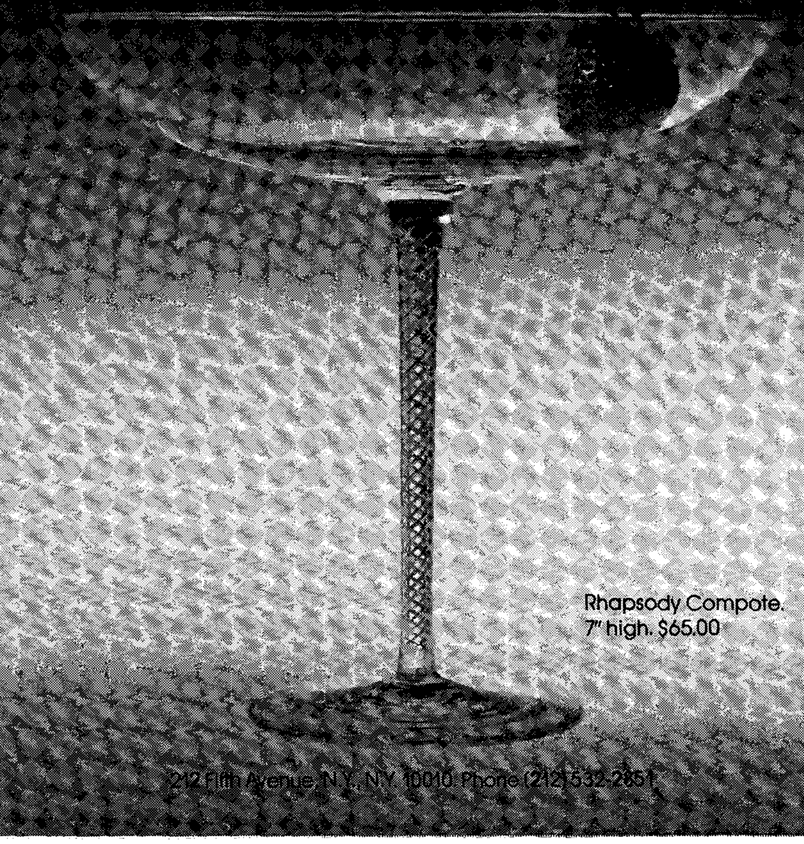

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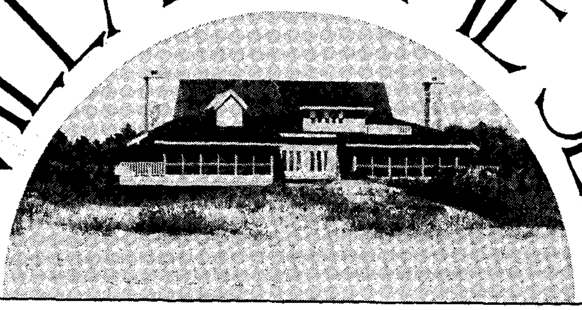
ernor, would make sure that Abraham Beame, then the city's mayor, who was also from Brooklyn, got everything he asked for—and the devil take people living in other parts of the state. Nassau County Republican Chairman Joseph Margiotta told his followers, "If you let the Democrats win, life in Nassau County as you know it will disappear from this earth." Despite these threats, Carey, in November of 1974, became the first Brooklyn resident to be elected governor of New York. Life in Nassau County, as anyone knew it, has gone on about as usual, and so has life upstate. By the end of Carey's first year in office—and certainly long before last fall, when he became the first Democrat in forty years to be reëlected governor of New York—the spectre of the Brooklyn connection and the political subplots once conjured up in its name had grown as dim in the minds even of local Republicans as the Latin messages (*"Dum vivimus, speramus"*) favored by the Republican incumbent governor, Malcolm Wilson, whom Carey defeated.

The prediction that a Brooklyn cabal would be taking over in Albany had evidently not escaped Carey's attention, and as he addressed the opening session of the Legislature, in January of 1975, he assured its members, "The capital of this state is not New York City or elsewhere. The capital of New York is Albany. I shall be here. I shall work here. And so shall the government of this state." Within a few months after he was sworn in, however, the fiscal crisis was on in New York City, and he was downstate most of the time. The negotiations for the rescue effort were usually held in the Governor's New York City office, on upper Sixth Avenue. At the end of the day during that frenetic period, Brooklyn seemed inconveniently distant, and Carey took a series of temporary quarters in Manhattan. During his most recent gubernatorial campaign, when he turned up in Bay Ridge, the old Brooklyn neighborhood that he represented for so many years in Congress, he was often treated as a celebrated stranger. Shortly after his reëlection, it was revealed that he had taken an apartment a long way from Bay Ridge—at the Hotel des Artistes, on West Sixty-seventh Street, near Lincoln Center. As it happens, the Hotel des Artistes is also the home of former Mayor John Lindsay. In 1969, when Lindsay was running for reëlection on the Liberal and Independent tickets and borough jealousies were at a high pitch, his Democratic opponent, Mario Procaccino, of the Bronx, denounced him as the condottiere of "the Manhattan arrangement." If Lindsay was reëlected, Procaccino implied, life as it was known in the city's other boroughs would disappear forever from this earth. Nevertheless, Lindsay, of the Manhattan arrangement, won his 1969 election, as did Carey, of the Brooklyn connection, five years later.

THE great boon that Carey's 1974 election was supposed to be for Brooklyn also did not materialize. Jeremiah Bloom was not elected minority leader of the State Senate; his colleagues selected Manfred Ohrenstein, of Manhattan, instead. Bloom, bitter over what he considered the Governor's failure to support his election to the post with sufficient vigor, entered the Democratic primary last September as a candidate against Carey, his former Brooklyn neighbor. He took only fourteen per cent of the vote, and, since he had to give up his seat and twenty-one years of seniority to make that race, his senatorial district is now represented by an extreme back-bencher. Another Brooklyn seat now occupied by a newcomer with no seniority is the one that was held by Speaker Stanley Steingut, who was unexpectedly defeated for reëlection last fall in the Assembly district he had represented for twenty-six years. In one respect, the Brooklyn connection did hold: Steingut's successor as speaker, Stanley Fink, is also from Brooklyn. For much of the state's history, the natural political hostilities between Democrats and Republicans in Albany have been intensified by geographic divisions—the fact that the Democratic legislative leaders have almost invariably come from the city, and their Republican counterparts from elsewhere in the state. Last month, however, Fink, who had previously benefitted from this arrangement, having been chosen as the Assembly majority leader by his fellow-Brooklynite Steingut, broke with tradition and selected as his majority leader Daniel Walsh, of upstate Cattaraugus County. After announcing that he hoped his assignment would encourage downstaters to learn how to spell "Cattaraugus," Walsh said that the new lineup should "put the nail in the coffin of the absurd notion that the state has geographic divisions politically." On the Republican side of the aisle, the new minority leader, James Emery, of upstate Livingston County, could not quite bring himself to make a similar gesture by naming as his deputy an assemblyman from the city (there are only seven



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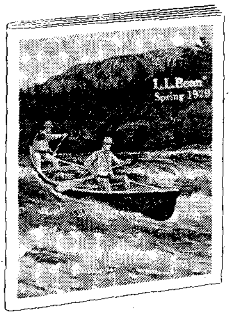

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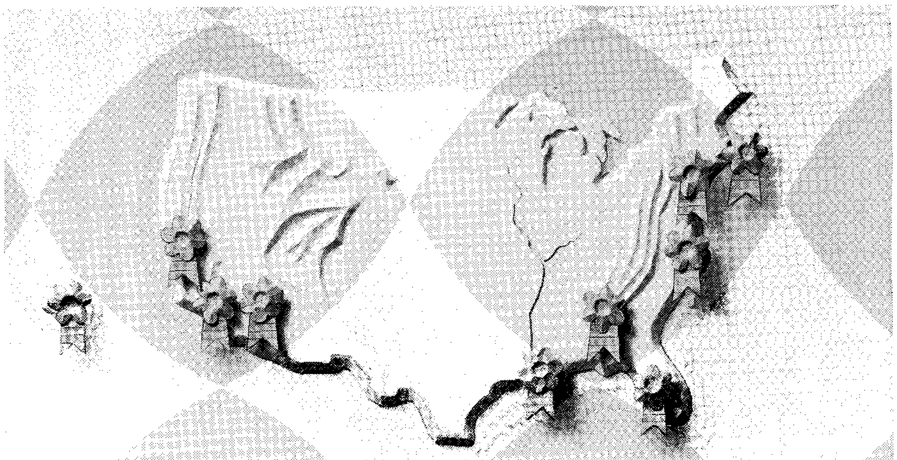
such Republicans, as opposed to fifty-seven Democrats), but he did what he probably thought of as the next best thing—choosing Gordon Burrows, of Yonkers, just over the border from the Bronx. Although the election of a governor from Brooklyn was supposed to lead to a Brooklyn hegemony in Albany, instead a degree of geographical ecumenism is coming into style in the state capital.

Not only are those former Brooklyn powers Steingut and Bloom now out of office but so is State Comptroller Levitt, who retired at the end of last year. Levitt, who did not support his fellow-Democrat and fellow-Brooklynite Carey in last year's election, was succeeded by a Republican, Edward Regan, of upstate Erie County. Far from discriminating against the interests of other parts of the state in favor of those of his home borough or his home city, Comptroller Levitt (who had moved from Brooklyn to Manhattan in the late nineteen-fifties) resisted all efforts to persuade him voluntarily to use money from the state employees' pension funds, of which the State Comptroller is the sole trustee, to help in the rescue effort when the city was financially in extremis. Shortly before he left office in December, he described as "horrendous" the pressure that had been put on him by other public officials to invest in both city bonds and those of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, the special state agency set up to sell bonds for the city, but he stood fast. Another political theorem that did not prove out was the notion that a governor from Brooklyn would inevitably favor a Brooklyn mayor in City Hall. Carey concluded that Beame's handling of the local fiscal crisis was so far from adequate that it would reduce the city's chances for further help from Washington. And then there was the time when Beame, asked what the Governor had done to help the city out, said he couldn't think of anything special. This stand by the city's mayor would have been inconvenient for a Carey reëlection campaign. The Governor was able to have the date for the 1977 mayoral primary set not in June—the date favored by Beame supporters, since it would shorten the time other candidates would have to build up support—but in September. Carey then began to raise funds and campaign for his own candidate, Mario Cuomo, of Queens. Cuomo did not make it. (He is now the state's lieutenant governor.) Instead, the big beneficiary of the postponement was Koch, who would have had no chance if the primary had been held that June: a mid-May poll had shown him running seventh in a field of seven. During last year's campaign for governor, Koch obliged Carey by telling audiences that through his brilliant work in helping win the federal seasonal-loan program in 1975 and the federal loan guarantees in 1978 "Carey saved the city twice." Beame came in third in the mayoral primary, not even making the runoff, and he knew whom to blame. During the 1978 race for governor, Beame's son Bernard, a public-relations consultant, was part of the campaign apparatus of Perry Duryea, Carey's Republican opponent. Despite his lifelong alliance with the Democratic Party, the former mayor has declined to say how he voted last November in the governor's race. Upon leaving Gracie Mansion, at the end of 1977, he followed the example of a number of other leading politicians from his home borough and settled not in Brooklyn but in Manhattan—into an apartment on East Seventy-seventh Street. When, on the day of the Board of Estimate vote on the South Bronx housing project, Brooklyn Borough President Golden mentioned that Brooklyn, too, had terrible problems with abandonment and economic exodus, this was not the kind of exodus he was talking about.

Soon after the vote, it was announced that on February 13th there would be a pilgrimage to Charlotte Street. The Mayor insisted that all Board of Estimate members who had voted against the project should show up at the scene—which was sure to be grimmer than ever in the depths of winter—presumably so that they would be shamed into reversing their stand. The day before the visit, residents of the area responded to the declaration that not only Charlotte Street but also the South Bronx was dead by holding a funeral, which featured candles flickering in the snow, prayers, and denunciations of those officeholders who had been designated as responsible for the neighborhood's demise. The pilgrimage was held on the scheduled date, and the delegation included about a dozen city and federal officials. Senator Moynihan was there, as were Comptroller Goldin, City Council President Bellamy, and Manhattan Borough President Stein. So were some two dozen reporters and several television cameras. In the vanguard of what Goldin deplored as "a media extravaganza" was the Mayor, but administratively he was by then in full retreat. Right after the Board of Estimate vote, the White House had sent word that it had never felt that the failure to build the Charlotte Street project would signal the end of a special effort in the South Bronx. Of the Mayor's insistence that this effort was nevertheless dead, the *Times* said that "the Mayor was listening to his rage instead of his reason," and went on, "His response should be charged against his tantrum quota, and forgotten." (Speaking of Koch last year, Victor Gotbaum, the head of the coalition of municipal unions, said, "I'm dealing with a childish man, and I've got to live with it.") The Mayor, ignoring the White House message, had spent the weekend that followed in an all-out effort to change the minds of the board members who had affronted him by voting in the negative; he told them that they surely did not want to be blamed for losing a billion or so dollars for the city. Since the borough presidents have only one vote on the board while the Comptroller and the City Council President have two (as does the Mayor), Koch's siege was largely directed at Goldin and Miss Bellamy. Like the borough presidents, who had opposed the Charlotte Street project, however, they insisted that they had voted on the merits, and did not waver. Late on the afternoon of the Lincoln's Birthday holiday, on the fourth day after the Board of Estimate vote, the Mayor had told the few reporters on duty in the nearly empty City Hall that the South Bronx renewal program was not dead after all. The city, he said, would get to work on a new plan, which would include a larger concern for jobs for those living in the area. He told the reporters, "I don't care if I have to eat crow, as long as the city gets to eat chicken," and was given credit for another example of his now celebrated Catskills-comic humor as well as for magnanimity and resilience. During the weekend, aides to the Mayor—whose time at City Hall has been marked by a series of bitter confrontations with the leaders of the city's minority groups—had been engaged in an all-out effort of their own to spread the word that such leaders now considered Koch "a stand-up guy," whereas the city officials who had voted against Charlotte Street were obviously hostile to the interests of local blacks and Hispanics. If this theory should catch on, Koch's embarrassing defeat would not need to be marked down as so much of a loss in political terms. Even when politics is dealing with the last hopes of people of all ages who are leading desperate lives, it is often a childish game. —ANDY LOGAN



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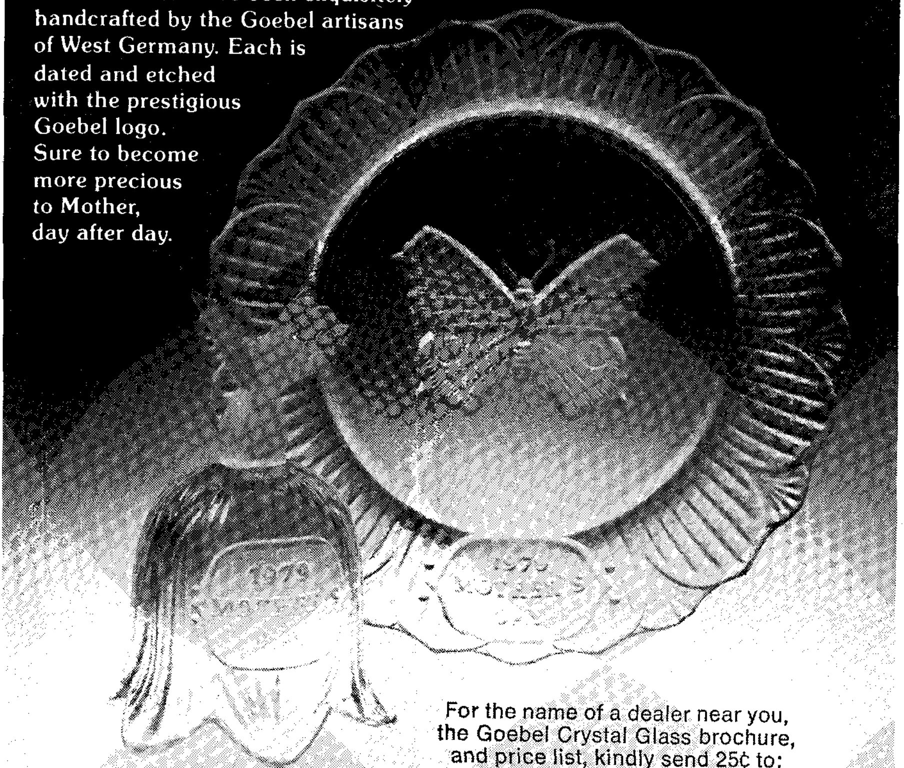

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Shakespearean Truth

THE Metropolitan's new production of "Don Carlos" provides a long, serious, and elevating account of the long, serious, and elevating opera by which Verdi intended, he once wrote, to transform the lyric theatres of his day. The show was neither as handsome nor as handsomely sung as Karajan's production at the Salzburg Festival or the Scala production directed by Luca Ronconi and conducted by Claudio Abbado (two of the major stagings in recent years), but in some ways it came closer than either of those to achieving a faithful execution of the opera. The choice of text does much to determine the tone of a presentation. Reviewing the Scala production, in January last year, I gave some account of the opera's intricate history, so here I will be summary. Karajan chose Verdi's short, revised, four-act 1883 score and made it shorter still by savage cuts. Abbado put together a very long, composite text, a patchwork of the 1883 score, the five-act 1867 score, and earlier scenes that Verdi had removed while the opera was still in rehearsal. At the Met, James Levine does 1883 uncut and prefaces it with the Fontainebleau act, which Verdi dropped in his 1883 revision. This act is also presented without cuts; in fact, it is extended—by the Prélude et Introduction, excised after an 1867 dress rehearsal when the opera ran too long. (This is some of the music that I turned up in the Paris Opéra library nine years ago.) The production, with two intermissions, lasts about four and a half hours.

In a weakly directed performance, "Don Carlos," however well sung, can seem to be a series of discrete historical tableaux. But in a performance inspired by Verdi's conception of the piece—he described it as an opera "made of ideas," not of "duets, cavatinas, finales, etc.," and one in which every musical, scenic, and even choreographic detail should be part of an ensemble—it is revealed as a tightly constructed drama, on a very large scale. Here are the fullest, noblest statements of the themes that dominated Verdi's thought: his detestation of ecclesiastical and political tyranny, his championing of personal and national liberty, and his vivid, tragic vision of men and women in extreme plights, compelled by honor and duty to sacrifice their hopes of personal happiness. The action of "Don Carlos," based (not strictly) on Schiller's great play, is not historically precise in detail. In 1559, when Elizabeth of Valois was married to Philip II, she was but fifteen; Philip was thirty-two, and Carlos but fourteen; Charles V, who in the opera emerges from his monastic retirement, *imperator ex machina*, to effect the dénouement, had been dead for nine months. But, as Verdi remarked in an (unpublished) 1883 letter to Giulio Ricordi, although the drama is not historically accurate, "it contains the Shakespearean truth and profundity of characterization."

The characters most fully felt are Philip, a lonely monarch, loving but unlovable and unloved, upright and honorable in action according to his own terrible lights, and the gentle, pure, dignified Elizabeth, whose lineaments Verdi traced with a tender and delicate hand. These are two full-scale tragic portraits. In a performance of Schiller's play, Philip tends to be the dominant figure. In Verdi's opera, the five principal roles are evenly balanced, and each of them must to some extent be portrayed by the others: we behold Carlos through the eyes of Posa and Eboli; Posa through the eyes of Philip (and of the Grand Inquisitor); and so on. If in a particular performance of the opera one person is preëminent, it is likely to be for the paradoxical reason that she or he abjures any self-seeking and devotes all efforts to being a part of the composer's "*l'insieme, il tutto*." In the Met "Don Carlos," Renata Scotto's Elizabeth is thus preëminent. Not only is her presentation of the Queen's character complete; the characters of Carlos, Eboli, and Philip are by her made more vivid, and the great social themes of the drama become manifest in her singing and her acting. This is a nobly "Verdian" account of the role. In Act II, Elizabeth sings, with deep emotion, "Le devoir, saint flambeau, devant mes yeux a lui, Je marche guidée par lui." All Miss Scotto's performance was marked by this sense of ardent dedication. If on occasion she pushed her tones beyond the limits of their natural beauty, she had the composer's warrant for doing so: writing to Charles Nuitter about the Elizabeth-Philip confrontation in Act IV, Verdi said that he wanted to give the actress a chance for "a strident outburst [*una strillacciata*] that would not be beautiful, either poetically or musically, but would be theatrical." Her soft singing was limpid, and the phrases were tenderly molded. Even when she sang *very* softly, the lines were purely and distinctly projected. In the Act II romance, "Ô ma chère compagne," the English horn and the flute could not have been listening to her intently enough, for they nearly drowned her. After the Act V *stances*, her artistry and magnetic presence prevented the solemnity of the scene from being shattered by general applause. She is the only Elizabeth I know who has managed it.

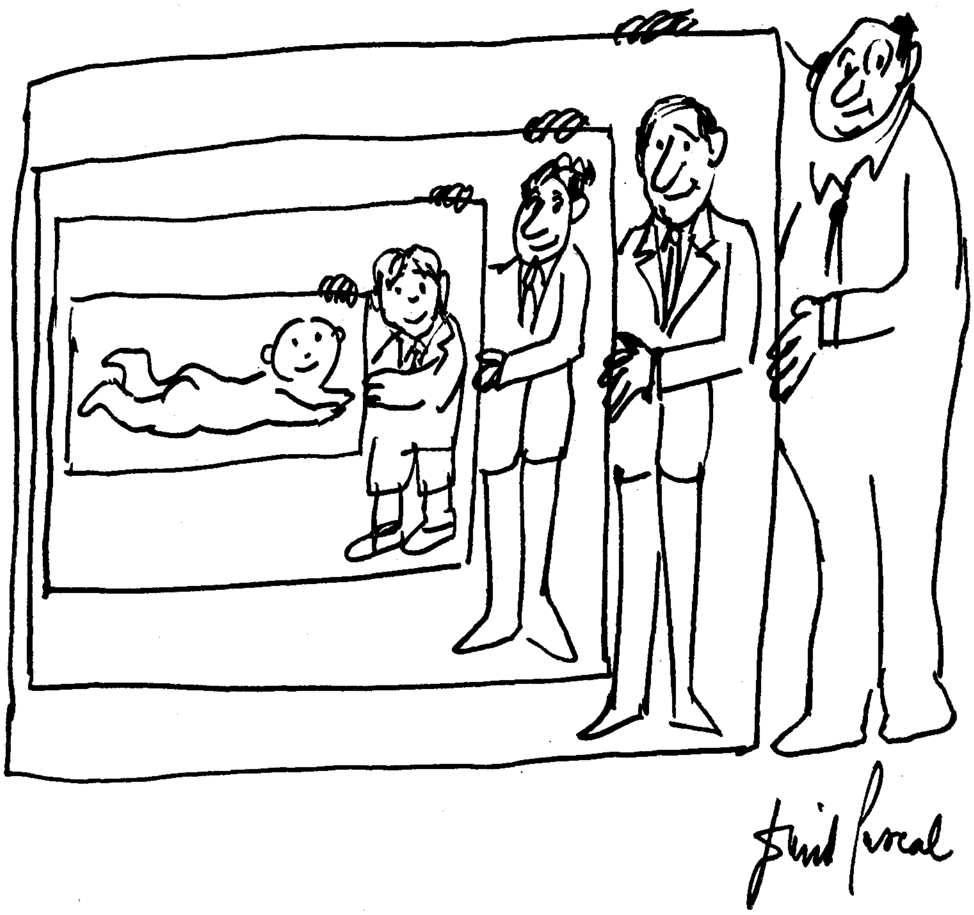
Nicolai Ghiaurov's Philip was not on this exalted level. I first heard Ghiaurov eighteen years ago, in "Don Carlos," at La Scala, as the Grand Inquisitor in a new production by Margherita Wallmann; his chief care seemed to be to show that he could sing three times as loud as the Philip, Boris Christoff. Two years later, in the same production he was the Philip, and since then he has been doing the part prominently, regularly, and impressively. The voice is no longer the massively sonorous instrument it once was, but he can still nurse very big sounds from it at climaxes. His performance is not profound or fine-drawn, and is imposing rather than affecting. Toward the end of the air, he became histrionic; when it was over, he got up from his chair to bow to the audience's applause and then sat down again to await the announcement of the Inquisitor. The two-octave descent after the Inquisitor's departure, "L'orgueil du roi fléchit devant l'orgueil du prêtre," was a magnificent, sustained fortissimo outburst, not Verdi's forte cry dying to an intense, bitter pianissimo.

The "active" roles, as so often in Verdi, are assigned to the middle voices—the mezzo and the baritone, Eboli and Posa. They cause things to happen—even if, strictly speaking, Eboli's two solos are not necessary to the action. The Veil Song is a divertissement; only the last two lines of "O don fatal" ("Un jour me reste! . . . Je le saurai!") affect the plot, and during numerous rewritings of the air the fact that it is Eboli who incites the insurrection at the close of Act IV was obscured. But musically Eboli matters. She provides variety of texture. She sings in two trios and a quartet. (Moreover, until Verdi removed it in 1866 she had a tender duet with Elizabeth, and until 1883 a second "Veil Song," a voluptuous solo in Act III.) She adds a dash of brilliance and sensuality to the prevailingly sombre drama. Verdi composed the first three acts of

"Don Carlos" for a mezzo Eboli, Rosine Bloch, who had recently made her Opéra début as Azucena, but he completed the role for Pauline Gueymard, the Opéra's first Leonora in "Il Trovatore," a Donna Elvira, but also a Fidès in "Le Prophète." For Gueymard, the Veil Song, originally written in G, was lifted a tone. There is no reason an Eboli who feels happier in the lower key should not revert to it. "O don fatal" was always in A flat—*pace* some curious statements in the press consequent on Marilyn Horne's choosing to sing it down a minor third, in F. Verdi revised the air several times before it reached its present form but did not put it up; one early version of its final section reaches to the high C. Like many modern interpreters of the part, Miss Horne adopted rather too massive and majestic an approach to it. In the cast list of the "Don Carlos" production book, Eboli is characterized as "very elegant, frivolous, capricious, and readily excitable;" Verdi said that she was essentially a *coquine*. One wants a highborn cousin of Carmen and Preziosilla, not a sister to Amneris. Miss Horne, retaining the higher key, did some seductive and attractive things with the Veil Song. She spat out the "woman offended" lines of the Act III trio with venom and vigor. Verdi regularly forbade any transpositions of his music which he himself had not made, less through tonal convictions, I think—for in 1883 he lifted the final duet of "Don Carlos" by a semitone, and then ended the opera in B instead of A—than out of a general insistence that no one should tamper with his scores. (His contracts usually specify heavy penalties if any transpositions, cuts, or reductions of orchestration are made.) In principle, singers should be free to sing arias at the pitch where they can most readily do justice to themselves and to the music. In practice, Miss Horne's low "O don fatal" proved too dark, heavy, and chesty. If she were to learn the role in the original language, it might suggest the way to a lighter, brighter, more twinkly approach. The Met "Carlos" was sung in an Italian translation, alas; more of that later.

Posa has one very important duet with Philip (Verdi composed it three times, in 1866, 1872, and 1882), expressing his vision of a world in which all men are free, and two expansive, almost effusive solos expressing his love for Carlos, which are the most old-fashioned numbers in the score. At the Met, Sherrill Milnes was partly but not wholly successful in portraying the ardent, idealistic dreamer. Sometimes he seemed just a baritone with a good presence and a very fine voice, and in the Act III finale his cry of "Votre épée!" (translated as "A me il ferro!") was absurdly exaggerated—a self-seeking display of big, sustained, ringing sound. Giuseppe Giacomini, the Carlos, produced strong, well-filled tones, but his interpretation was wooden. He did little to suggest the prince's quick, impetuous, unstable character. Domingo, Vickers, Carreras, and Carlo Cossutta are more vivid performers of the role; perhaps the Met should have scheduled its production for a time when one of them was available. James Morris was a potent Grand Inquisitor. Charles V needed grander tones than those of John Cheek. "Don Carlos" taxes a company's bass strength to the utmost, and taxed the Met's too far. The six Flemish deputies were played, not nobly enough, by six unnamed choristers. No one was unnamed at the 1867 première—not even the Act III supers or the two mute Dominicans who support the Grand Inquisitor—and that immense cast list seems to symbolize Verdi's insistence that everyone who appears in the drama has an important and personal contribution to make to it.

THE scenery is disappointing. David Reppa's set is a rectangular platform, variously decked, and flanked by two tall, unattractive towers that seem to be made of plywood patches. Verdi laid out his three central acts in two scenes each: a shallow scene followed by a deep one. (There was a further scene change in Act III for the ballet sequence, but that no longer concerns us.) The scheme was practical: scene changes were effected instantly, in full view, and during intermissions the built-up scenery of a deep set could be prepared behind the backcloth of a shallow one. The drama was devised and the music was composed to this plan, and virtue was made of the contrasts it afforded. In the production book for "Don Carlos," the stage is divided into twelve notional strips and used at depths varying from two for the intimacy of Philip's study to nine for Carlos's prison and all twelve—the stage thrown open to its fullest depth—for the immense coronation scene. Reppa's décor is also practical. It is changed quickly, behind a front drop painted with the Spanish imperial stemma. Two of Verdi's four intermissions are done away with. But because all the scenes are much the same size they do not reflect the tensions and shaping of the drama. Or of the score: Abbado has remarked how study of Verdi's stage plans helped him to understand Verdi's musical intentions. The costumes, by Ray Diffen, are handsome, but the scenery looks as if it were run up on the cheap. This "Carlos" suggests not the Metropolitan but a small



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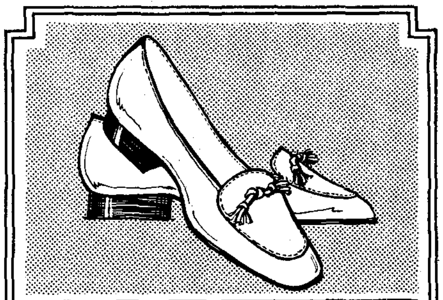
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German provincial house; and even of its kind the décor is an undistinguished example.

Act I is always a problem. It is a bleak winter scene, yet it must house the rapturous idyll that Elizabeth and Carlos treasure as the happiest hour of their lives. Somehow, Carlos's ecstatic cry "Naked boughs, ravines, briars, to my enchanted eyes you seem to be covered with flowers!" must find a visual counterpart. Luciano Damiani, Ronconi's designer at La Scala, suggested the enchantment with a shimmering snow-cloth and effects of moonlight. Reppa's scene looked merely bleak. In his third scene, when the court ladies and Tybalt sang of the shade from immense firs, the thousands of flowers covering the ground, and the murmuring pines that they were enjoying, they did so in what looked like a concrete municipal "park" where a few seedling cypresses were the only flora. In the coronation scene, there was no cathedral; there were no great doors to swing open for Philip's solemn entry; and a bolt of cloth spanned the public square from side to side—a sure way of shrinking an imagined great space to the dimensions of a tent.

John Dexter's staging seems to have been blocked out in full knowledge of the production book. Sometimes he departs from it ineffectively. (The Act III trio makes better musical and dramatic sense when the three singers are stationed and shifted as there prescribed; Elizabeth's *marziale* episode in the final duet, "Oui, voilà l'héroïsme," is surely not music to be sung sitting down.) Sometimes he improves on the composer's directions. (When the French peasants press in on Elizabeth, delaying her first exit, the urgency of their plight is made vivid to her, and to us.) At the close of Act III, the auto-da-fé procession reaches its end station too early. No one should seem to hear the Heavenly Voice, Verdi said. (There is nothing supernatural about the action of "Don Carlos;" the Voice—at the Met it was beautifully sung by Leona Mitchell—is hardly more than an illusory, almost ironic musical comment on the cruel proceedings.) But here the crowd sat or stood around listening to it. In the next scene, Philip read a paper while the Inquisitor was talking to him. At the very end of the opera, Charles V failed to put in his appearance. His voice was heard, and Carlos stumbled through the gates toward the tomb. This was tame. Of detailed direction—getting the chorus to bear themselves like Frenchmen in Act I and thereafter like Spaniards; instilling into the ladies-in-waiting a proper sense of court decorum; teaching the monks to move as monks do—there was little trace. Gil Wechsler's lighting, too often dependent on follow spots, did little to suggest place or time of day.

"DON CARLOS" was composed in French and revised in French. Verdi wrote some of the most important lines himself, and every line passed under his attentive scrutiny. The Italian translation used at the Met is uncredited either in the program or in the newly printed libretto. It was originally made in 1867 by Achille de Lauzières; in 1883 Angelo Zanardini translated the newly composed passages and revised some of his predecessor's least felicitous lines; in 1973 Piero Faggioni translated the Prélude et Introduction into Italian when he included my "new" scenes in his production for La Fenice. De Lauzières could not decide whether to call the heroine "Elisabetta" or "Isabella" (either is possible) and used sometimes one, sometimes the other. Zanardini changed one "Isabella" to "Elisabetta" but otherwise let the confusions stand. Faggioni compounded them: the French peasants first call their princess "Elisabetta" and then, a few pages later, "Isabella." But that muddle is the least of the faults of this translation. Again and again, it falsifies the sense. It blunts Verdi's keen rhythms and doesn't fit his phrasing. In "O don fatal," it allots the word "furor" to notes Verdi wrote for "du ciel" and the words "il cielo" to his angry outburst on "colère." It makes fancy what is clear and direct. Verdi's Elizabeth sings "Fontainebleau! mon cœur est plein de votre image," but the Italian translators give her the equivalent of "Fontainebleau! t'ward thee opes my thought its pinions." When Philip sings the simple phrase "Voici le jour!" the very sound of the words suggests the light of a cold gray dawn filtering through his windows; "Già spunta il dì!" is a big, fat sound. There are people who say they prefer to listen to "Don Carlos" in Italian. They can't have heard it in French. The Italian translation casts a film of rich, thick sludge over the clarity of the original. There is, of course, the practical point that singers who sing French well are hard to find. Argument on those lines applies with equal force to "Faust," "Carmen," "Le Prophète," and "Werther"—works that the Met expects its artists to learn in the original language. When an opera is translated from one foreign language into another, the audience suffers all the losses of translation and reaps none of the gains in communicativeness. An exotic translation must be accepted if it is the only expedient by which a decent cast can be assembled. Let it not be defended on any other grounds.

JAMES LEVINE's conducting is large, impassioned, colorful, potent. He feels the movement of the piece, and its meanings. The pacing is right, and so are the proportions. It is perhaps not for me to champion the restoration of the Prélude et Introduction. Let me quote Joseph Kerman on the subject, in a *Musical Times* review of its first public performance, given in 1971 by the Chelsea Opera Group:

> The original [opening] is stronger, more shapely, and more coherent. It is right for "Don Carlos" to start not on a personal note (like "Aida") but on a theme of national import, for in no other opera did Verdi work harder or more successfully to fuse the fates of individuals with the destiny of nations. Once we have heard the hunt music following the peasant chorus—the sport of kings set against the hunger of their subjects—we realize how arbitrary, in dramatic terms, the huntsmen sound all by themselves at the beginning of the cut version . . . I do not believe anyone can doubt that this opera should be sung in French, and that the original beginning should be restored.

The three Elizabeth-Carlos duets also gain immensely from being performed in full. Carlos's and Posa's prayer was sung with quiet intensity, not blared. (It will be more moving still when the singers "stretch" the triplets.) The coronation-cum-auto-da-fé scene, for once unshortened, seemed grander than ever, and Levine's ardent handling of it made it what Verdi once declared it to be, the heart of the opera.

—ANDREW PORTER

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EXCELSIOR! DEPARTMENT

[*From a memo distributed to employees of INA Financial Corporation*]

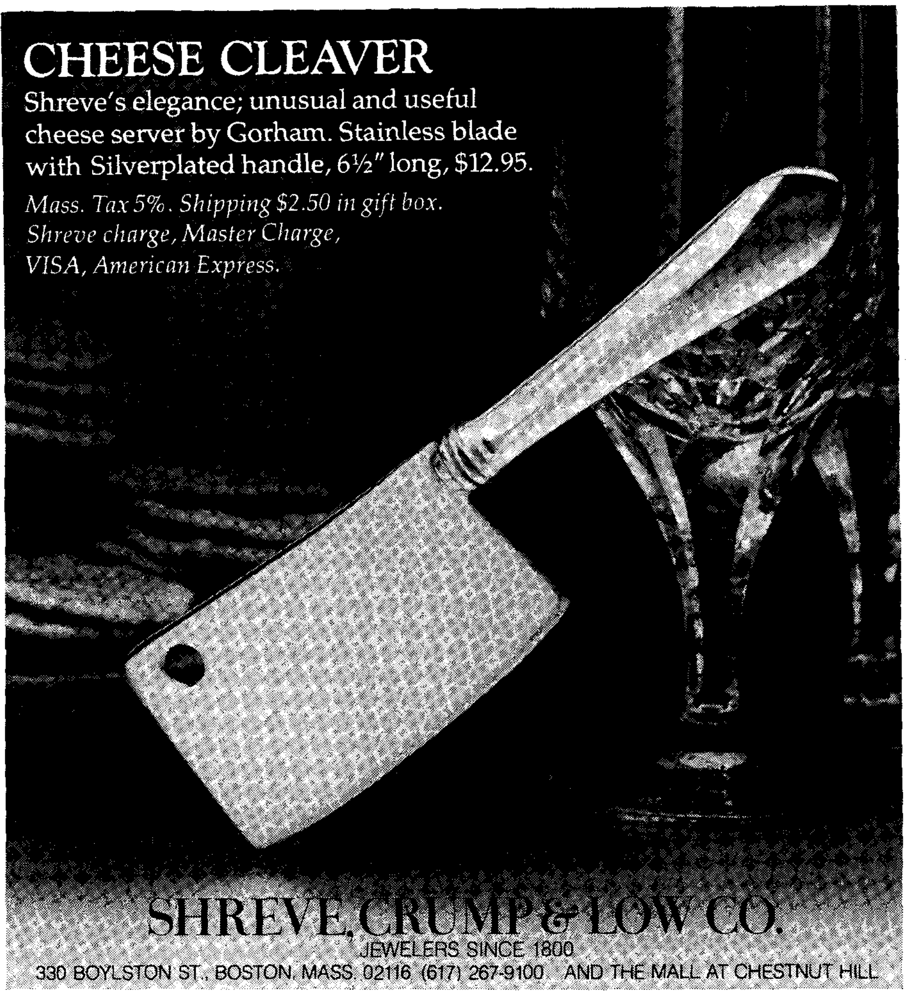
The spirit of the "Spotlight"—you remember the Spotlight, the Employees Association newsletter—will be rekindled with the December issue. . . .

With this issue we feel that since we are beginning a new era in the history of the Spotlight, and in keeping with the times, we would change the name. The new edition will be known as the "Spotlite" and our new editor is Tony Matranga.

•

Mr. Denver struck the keynote of the evening when he said to Mr. Teng: "It is with great joy that we welcome you to this country." Mixing some awkward phrases of Chinese with English, the singer added that he wantee to wish China success on its "new long march to modernization."—*The Times.*

No dialect jokes, please.



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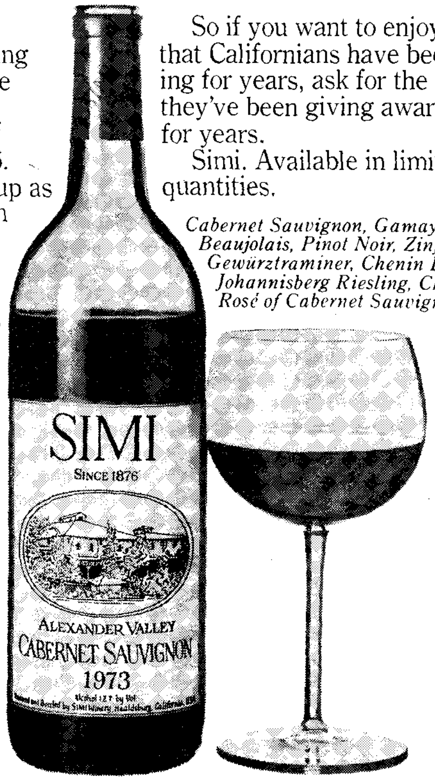


THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Altman Bunker

ALLEGORICAL poetic films never do work. Worse, they're somehow all the same, and yet many directors seem to have one in them, and they struggle for years until they raise the money to realize their vision. When they finally get to it, they seem to forget most of what they knew about movies and all of what goes under the heading of common sense. Art empties their minds. The peculiarity of Robert Altman's "Quintet," which is set in the future, in a new ice age, is that it's not his first allegorical poetic. He was already into his Jungian phase in the Janice Rule section of "3 Women" (and there were yearnings for the abyss in both "Brewster McCloud" and "Images"). When Altman enters this phase, he goes into his own fugal version of dreamtime, which means, in practice, that he puts the audience in such a depressed state that people are fighting to stay awake even before the titles come on. I'm not quite sure how this effect is achieved, but electronic sounds and a lot of white on the screen may be part of the secret. It also helps to have the camera travel with one person trudging along in the snow, offering views of nothingness for our admiration. You get a sense of eternity fast.

"Quintet" seems to be shot through a hole in the ice—the perimeter of the frame has been blurred. This iris shape adds to the delicate dreaminess of some of the snow imagery, but also adds to the monotony of the clammy, greenish interiors. In this post-apocalypse age, the scattered survivors of a highly technological society live without hope in decaying, vandalized structures that suggest public housing designed by a drunken spider. The interiors were shot in the remnants of Expo 67 in Montreal, with the "Man and His World" photo-murals still visible—a black child and his mother, and other faces from the past. (These murals enrich the visual texture in an accusatory way; we're made to feel vaguely guilty.) To alleviate the boredom of survival, the last men and women play a death game called Quintet, which appears to be an elaborate form of Arctic roulette. (You wouldn't think that survival in subfreezing cold would be so easy that people would be bored, but let it pass.) The corpses of the losers are tossed outside into the frozen waste, to be devoured by packs of Rottweilers. Sleek and black against the snow, these Rottweilers are a death image—vultures, only more so.

The game of Quintet has, as anyone who has ever seen an allegorical poetic will expect, more than one metaphoric meaning. It is the game of life—life being, as one of the players, who is named St. Christopher (Vittorio Gassman), explains, the interruption in the void. And Grigor (Fernando Rey), the adjudicator, explains the game's excitement: the rush of adrenalin after you've killed is what tells you you're alive. (It helps you keep your sanity at this point to think of "Quintet" as a Mickey Spillane movie set in the far future: this place is a jungle. Or you can try thinking of it as an ice-age Sicily.)

There's also a metaphoric meaning signified by the caption that is lettered across Paul Newman's solemn headgear in the ads for the picture: "One man against the world." Newman plays Essex the seal hunter, who appears to be the last potent man left. At the beginning, he and his fresh-faced pregnant companion, Vivia (the French actress Brigitte Fossey), arrive at the ruins where the game is being played. The other, older women touch Vivia's stomach, wonderingly: she is probably the only woman alive who can still bear a child. Brigitte Fossey is lovely, and she's one of the few performers in the movie whose accents don't cripple them; this is her first English-speaking role, and she's enchanting. So, of course, Vivia is killed almost at once. After she's gone, we have nothing at stake. The noble Essex, in despair, hangs around and plays the game for a while; he's a winner, and he's also gracious enough to go to bed with Ambrosia (Bibi Andersson). This provides a brief respite from the script's enigmatic, fuzzily epigrammatic discourse. Throughout the film, people talk in semi-abstract generalizations, but Ambrosia is permitted a monologue about a dream she had of her mother in a green hat on a train, when there were still trains. Bibi Andersson does wonders with it: for a minute, we have the illusion of being involved in a movie. Eventually, Essex wearies of the ugly game and leaves, heading north. Why north? Well, the North Pole is the top of the world, and Newman appears to be a mythologized version of Robert Altman the moviemaker. In "Buffalo Bill and the Indians," Newman was the showman aspect of Altman, and here he is the man who leaves other people (the studio people?) playing their rotten games and heads off into the unknown. Essex is the life force, the humane man in an inhumane world—in fact, everything an artist should never think of himself as.

In case critics don't know that they're not fit to have opinions of the movies made by northward-bound heroes, Altman and his team of writers give us Grigor, that adjudicator who wants the rush of adrenalin he gets from killing. Actually, critics may get a rush of misery from watching Fernando Rey, a great actor in French- and Spanish-speaking roles, work his mouth around words like "adrenalin" and overact so much that he seems a fool. Altman's magic now seems to be used up on the set, in convincing the actors that they're part of something great, masterly. They have the fun, and we get "Quintet."

This picture enlisted the help of the cinematographer Jean Boffety and the designer Leon Ericksen, but to no great avail. The bombed-out décor, with its partitions and girders and dripping icicles, has zigzag effects reminiscent of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and it bisects what's left of the frame after the edges have been blurred. You feel cramped; you have to squint your eyes as well as your mind. In a number of scenes, the actors lurk about like the conspirators in Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible." Tom Pierson's ominous, dissonant score, which has the incantatory quality of medieval music, gives the film some lift, though it sounds too spacious for the cubbyholes of this futuristic flophouse. It also recalls the pealing and clanging of the bells in the "Ivan" score. "Quintet" might be "Ivan the Terrible, Part III"—the film no one was waiting for.

Altman has reached the point of wearing his failures like medals. He's creating a mystique of heroism out of emptied theatres. (A woman near me who thought she had lost a glove moaned, "A double disaster.") He's giving weight to scenes that he would have treated as comedy skits only a few years ago—like the comics who have had their gags explained to them by academics. There's a dialogue scene played by two people who are sitting on either side of a loser in the game (Nina

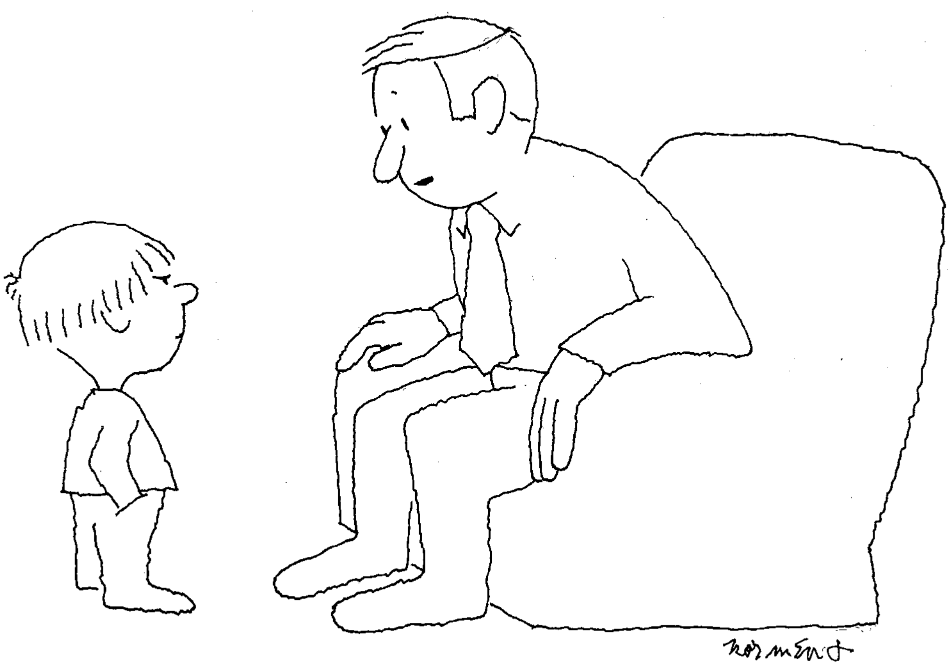
Van Pallandt) who has been skewered to death. You can't listen to a word they're saying: you're watching to see if she blinks. In another scene, a woman (Monique Mercure) widowed by the game holds her hand over a fire until it is charred and bursts. (Did Altman run out of marshmallows?) Actors in medieval and Renaissance hats sit around swathed in pyramidal layers of cloth and fur arguing in assorted European accents about some game we don't understand. And with dialogue such as the diabolical Gassman's "Hope is an obsolete word," contrasted with the inspirational music as Newman presses on northward, it's like a Monty Python show played at the wrong speed.

VANESSA REDGRAVE has a luminously loony quality in "Agatha;" she's playing a distraught Agatha Christie, and when the goddess-tall Vanessa is distraught there's all that wavering height—she seems more fragile than ordinary people, more exposed to the elements. Dressed in clinging twenties shifts, with jewel-like Art Nouveau embroidery at the neck, she looks so eerily sensitive that your mind may easily drift to the terrible (true) accounts of how people on the street sometimes laughed at Virginia Woolf—she looked so odd to them. Vanessa Redgrave endows Agatha Christie with the oddness of genius. But the people who made "Agatha"—Kathleen Tynan, whose script initiated the project; Michael Apted, who directed it; and a slew of producers and additional writers—haven't come up with enough for their sorrowful, swanlike lady to do.

The movie proposes a solution to the "mystery" of what might have happened during the eleven days back in December, 1926, when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, disappeared, and then was found living in a hotel in Harrogate, a Yorkshire spa, using the mistress's name. (There is, of course, no "mystery"—only an obvious and painful nervous distress. Mrs. Christie, who was upset over her mother's recent death as well as the breakup of her marriage of twelve years, left home on a Friday and by Tuesday her brother-in-law had received a letter from her explaining that she had gone to a Yorkshire spa for rest and treatment.) The movie attempts—very tentatively—to treat Agatha Christie as one of her own characters, and to invent a plot in the manner of one of her detective novels. But the situation is locked in: except for those "lost" days, her life is fully accounted for. So this fictional Agatha can't kill anybody or commit suicide; she can't even embark on a lasting love affair, since it is well known that she went back home with her husband and, after a discreet interval, gave him the divorce that enabled him to marry his mistress, and that a few years later she married the archeologist Max Mallowan and went on to lead a busy, productive life right up until she died, at eighty-five. How do you make a whodunit when nothing happened? "Agatha" pretends that something *almost* happened—it's about a death scheme that is foiled.

The movie has a lulling tempo and a languid elegance. When the story dawdles (as it does while Agatha is settling in at the spa), the director seems willing to let the cinematographer, Vittorio Storaro, take over, and we idly observe the lush closeups of women's profiles under their cloches, the décor, and the rays of diffused light. There can't be a primary color in the whole production; it's all in subtle, faded tones—in pale gray-greens, shimmery silver-grays, old rose. The rooms look smoked, and everything is in soft movement. This is the rare movie that is *too* fluid—perhaps partly as a result of trying to conceal the seediness of the hotel in which much of the film was shot. (It's the hotel that Agatha Christie actually stayed at.) Some sequences suggest a series of orange-toned pre-Raphaelite paintings of the golden-red-haired Agatha floating by; she's always caught on the wing, trembling. She's a transcendently lovely swirling object—a living Burne-Jones and a poetic essay in neurasthenia—but where is her core of sanity? Where is the Agatha Christie who wrote the hundred and five books and plays—the woman who entertained herself and the world by devising complicated riddles? In the film, we see Agatha only when she isn't herself. The movie, too, lacks a core: it has a general air of knowingness, and some of the incidental dialogue is clever, but it seems to be missing the scenes that would explain why it was made. "Agatha" doesn't have a story—it's from a musing.

The something-*almost*-happened crime plot that has been devised is feeble, but the character who foils this plot is played by Dustin Hoffman, and he's far from feeble. He's furiously theatrical in the role of Wally Stanton, a star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. Hoffman's lively-eyed, self-aware Wally Stanton has such a preening grand manner that you almost hear the drumroll each time he appears. Last year, when Hoffman played the paroled robber of "Straight Time," he made the character mean and unyielding—a man with closer psychosexual relations to people from the prison world than he could ever have with outsiders. Hoffman gave a daring, stretching, self-testing performance. Though Wally Stanton is just a concoction of a role, Hoffman gives the impression of trying to find something unyielding here, too. What comes across is a crabbed intensity in the actor. Hoffman has grown into his older-man's head, which looked a little anom-



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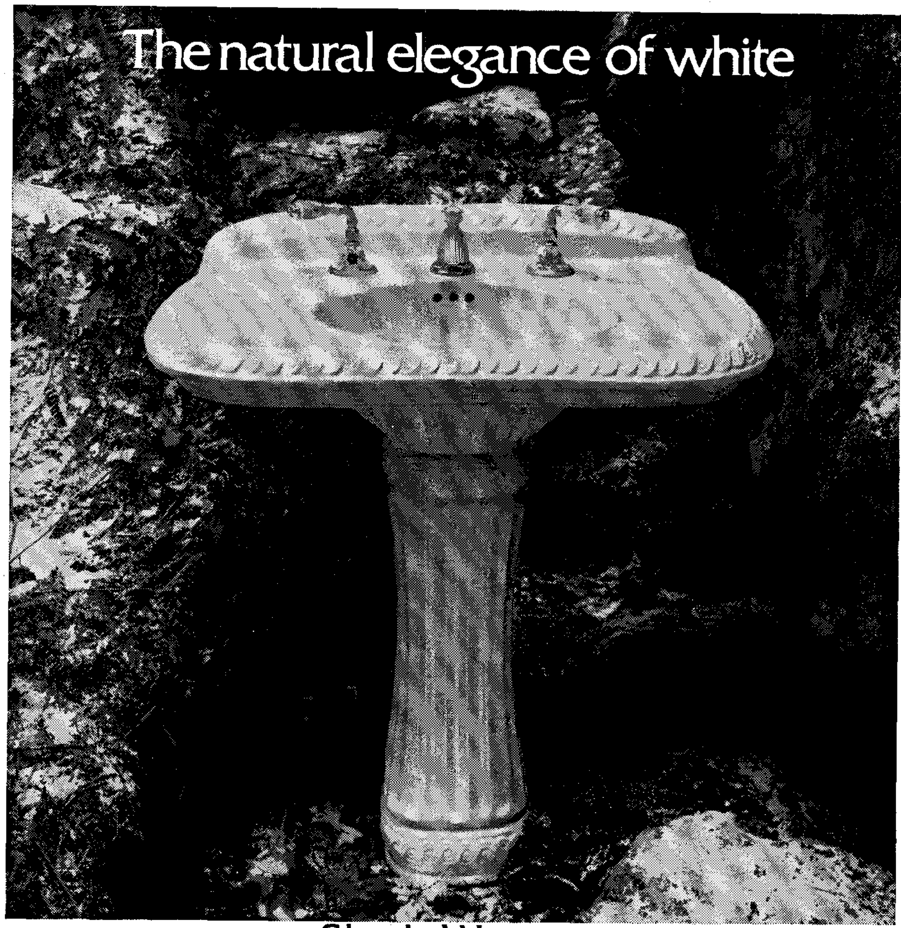

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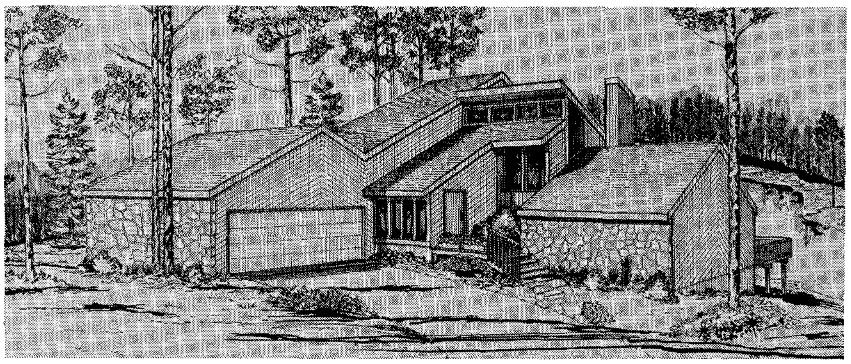

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alous when he played youthful roles. Yet he's even less relaxed now and more stage-actorish: you feel that in "Agatha" he has an image of the character in his mind and he's impersonating it. Sometimes he has images of so many characters that he's impersonating a whole gallery of people; at other times, there's nobody there. The faintly smiling Wally Stanton explains his presence at the spa by claiming to have a constipation problem, and Hoffman seems to take his cue from that. Wally is physically tight and immaculately groomed, and has a mechanical-man clipped voice—he out-clips the British. What makes this performance seem miscalculated is that Hoffman's Wally is also intelligent, generous, and good-humored, and he falls in love with Agatha because of her sensitivity. So they seem meant for each other. But because of the locked-in situation nothing can come of it. If Wally were more simply and more broadly drawn, as a shallow, showoffy yellow journalist with a taste for luxury, or possibly as an envious writer, the movie might make more sense—there'd be a reason for the romance to be doomed.

"Agatha" invades the privacy of Agatha Christie and then gets fixated on her imaginary suitor. Hoffman never blends into the atmosphere; his performance is the cocky kind that doesn't allow you to take your eyes off him. (Someone in the audience referred to him as José Ferrer, Jr.) Yet he brings some fun into the movie, and it's his tough confidence that enables us to believe that Wally would court a woman a head taller than he is without giving it a moment's thought. Hoffman's confidence makes possible a series of scenes with an emotional forward movement: Wally teaching Agatha to swim, Wally the suitor gravely dancing with her, and the climax—when the swan Agatha responds to Wally's (previously denied) request for a kiss by coiling over and down to reach him. It's sculptural, blissful—one of the great romantic moments in movies.

As the adulterous Colonel Christie, a First World War combat pilot, Timothy Dalton suggests a man exhausted by the wounded look and the high-powered sensitivity that Wally admires. For the Colonel, living with Agatha must be like being under emotional siege. When he asks her for a divorce and she literally throws herself at him, you're aware of what a towering big girl she is. (Elsewhere, she seems weightless.) Wearing a trim mustache, Dalton looks like the young lounge-lizard Olivier of early-nineteen-thirties films, with a slight trace of Laurence Harvey besides. He's a strong, funny actor. His Colonel Christie is tense from the strain of being civil when he wants to explode. You can see exactly why the woman he falls in love with (played by Celia Gregory) should be an utterly common sort: her vulgarity is like an ocean breeze to him. There's also a performer in a small part who makes you wish she could take over the movie—Helen Morse, as Evelyn, the friendly woman Agatha meets at her hotel. An Australian actress with a curly mouth, Helen Morse is such a vivid dimpled charmer that she makes you aware of how muted the film is.

Michael Apted's talent seems to be for the tactile, the plangent, the indefinite. Though he has a feeling for large-scale imagery, as he shows in the scene of thousands of people combing the countryside searching for the missing Agatha (and as he also showed in the grandiose rock-music film "Stardust"), his big scenes are so ambiguous and undeveloped that they're slightly frustrating. When he has to make a simple dramatic point, he becomes crude. (When Wally performs a last-minute rescue, the staging and the editing are disastrous; when Colonel Christie holds a press conference to answer questions about his wife's disappearance, we can't tell how we're supposed to interpret what goes on at it, and the post-synced hubbub on the sound track is an embarrassment.) Yet the unattached bravura of Apted's directing has a gentle pull to it. His work suggests a becalmed Ken Russell.

—PAULINE KAEL

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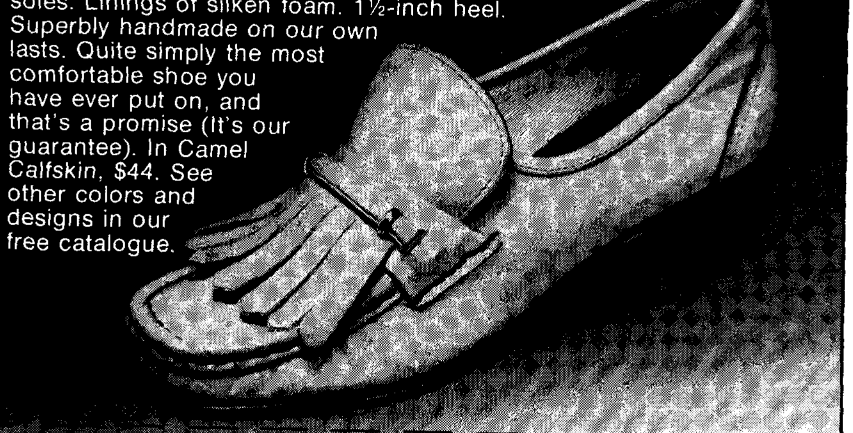

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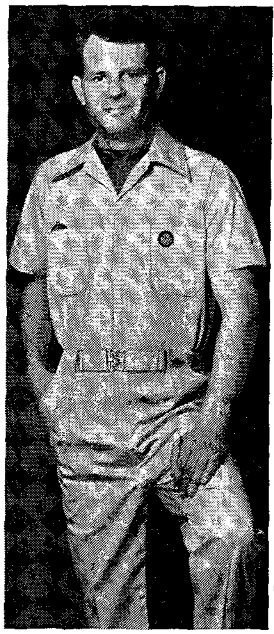

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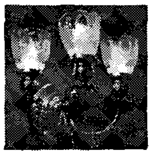

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JAZZ

In Spite of Herself

Anita Ellis's first full-length concert, at Alice Tully Hall earlier this month, was brilliant—in spite of a difficult program and her besetting stagefright, which has caused her to limit her chief appearances during the past twenty years to one recital and one night-club engagement. Stagefright pursued her much of the night. Her right leg shook uncontrollably during the first two songs, and she re-started half a dozen other numbers—a mood-breaking indulgence that would have brought hoots down on a lesser singer. Her intonation occasionally skidded, she forgot lyrics, and her stage manner was jumpy. Beyond that, the songs she chose were sometimes questionable. "Danny Boy," barring a Ben Webster or a Geraldine Fitzgerald, has worn thin, and there isn't much to Erroll Garner and Johnny Mercer's "Shake It, But Don't Break It" (not to be confused with the old stomp "Shake It and Break It"). Nor is there a great deal to Henry Souvaine's "Wouldja for a Big Red Apple," which has one of Mercer's first published lyrics, or Michel Legrand's "You Must Believe in Spring." And she unaccountably used two sets of accompanists—Ellis Larkins during the first half and Mike Renzi (together with George Duvivier and Grady Tate) after intermission. But when everything fell into place at Tully Hall it was clear that only Sarah Vaughan is comparable to Anita Ellis. Vaughan uses her four luxurious octaves as ends in themselves. Her songs rarely matter. They are display cases for her timbre, her range, her agility, her sheer vocal wealth. She occupies a unique space between operatic and "popular" singing, in the same way that Art Tatum filled his own meadow between classical and jazz piano. Anita Ellis has about two and a half octaves, but her voice is equally sumptuous. Her middle tones have a convex, strength-in-reserve heft, and her upper register is burnished and muscular. When she has to go down, she doesn't strain. (Sarah Vaughan's low register sometimes sounds like a parody of a basso.) Her diction holds, even when her emotions are pressing hardest, and she has an unceasing sense of dynamics—a way of shading certain phrases and making others balloon that is unparalleled. When she moves from a coppery, aching whisper to a shout in the space of a beat, she is both startling and right. The first half of the concert was better than the second, probably because of Ellis Larkins, who buoyed every note she sang. She did versions of "Summertime" and "I Loves You Porgy" that were crooning and declamatory, and she kept her balance throughout Billy Strayhorn's "A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing" and Duke Ellington's "Prelude to a Kiss"—both dreaming, wayward songs that resist being sung. She sang Jimmy Van Heusen and Johnny Burke's "But Beautiful" by catching the listener with a Billie Holiday delay-then-rush slide into the first eight bars. Willard Robison's "Four Walls" and Dean Fuller's "Roller Coaster Blues" were fine mock-serious blues. The second half of the evening was suspended on a long, curving art-song reading of Jerome Moross and John La Touche's "Lazy Afternoon" and on André Previn and Johnny Mercer's "The Dance of Life," an eerie and handsome waltz that she spun slowly and almost visibly through the hall.

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral are at Michael's Pub through February 24th, and they are singing Stephen Sondheim—an improvement on the odd program of songs from Humphrey Bogart movies which they did there last summer. The evening is as much a challenge to Sondheim as it is to Jackie and Roy. Sondheim's music, written largely for Broadway, is subtle and quirky and melodically ironclad. His words make the listener work, and so do his melodies, which are full of bold, hard intervals and attractively unlikely notes—notes that, once they set in the ear, become unalterably right. Sondheim's music stayed underground for a time, and then songs like "Anyone Can Whistle" and "Send In the Clowns" and "I Remember" began to turn to standards. "Clowns"—that strange, Middle European lament—even became a hit. Jackie and Roy began as bebop singers thirty years ago, and they have slowly been threading their way toward the serious heart of American songs. They do not rely on scat singing as much now, and have turned toward plain delivery of lyrics and melody. Kral does their arranging, and he likes intense unison and octave-unison voicings, ad-lib interludes, batting the song back and forth between their two voices, and abrupt, closed-door endings. Sometimes his arrangements have been superimposed on the songs rather than built from inside them, but he has done a first-rate job with the Sondheim tunes that he and Jackie Cain sing. These include "Anyone Can Whistle," "Clowns," "Small World," "I Remember," "Everybody Says Don't," "Barcelona," "Little Things You Do Together," "Love Is in the Air," and "I Do Like You" (which was dropped from "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" and is being heard for the first time). They do the theme from "Stavisky" as a vocalise number, and each has a solo turn: Jackie Cain does "I Remember" and "Small World" in her measured, swinging, shiny way, and Kral does "Anyone Can Whistle" in his deceptively easy way. (She overshadows him as a singer, but he is very good in an early Nat Cole manner, and he is an excellent pianist.) They have surrounded themselves with a vibraphonist (Paul Johnson), a bassist (Mike Bocchicchio), and a drummer (Warren Odze), and all play with taste and dedication. But Jackie and Roy's pure-silver work doesn't need filigree.

THE singer Dardanelle was born Dardanelle Mullen on a plantation in Avalon, Mississippi. She grew up with music. Her father played Scott Joplin and an aunt was a classical pianist. The blues singer Mississippi John Hurt came from the next plantation. She learned piano when she was tiny, and in high school, in nearby Greenwood, she added the bassoon and the marimba. She got a bassoon scholarship at Louisiana State, and stayed "two seasons." Then she went North, to work as a pianist and vibraphonist in Washington, D.C., and Baltimore (at Doc's, an Adrian Rollini hangout), and Philadelphia, where she spelled Art Tatum. In 1945, she took a trio (with Tal Farlow on guitar) into the Copacabana, and played opposite Nat Cole's trio, John Kirby, and the Phil Moore Four. (That year, in a musicians' poll run by *Esquire* she was voted the best new pianist by Lionel Hampton and the best new vibraphonist by Art Tatum.) RCA Victor asked her to record eight sides, and she sang on half of them. Her agent, the usually unerring Joe Glaser, told her, "You're a great pianist, but you can't sing." She moved to Chicago in 1949, and played Aunt Dodie on a children's television program. By 1970, she was living in New Jersey, near the guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. Pizzarelli brought her into Soerabaja as a singer in 1974, and she went

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on to a small restaurant on East Thirty-third Street called Bar None, and stayed several years. Now, after gigging around for a year or so, she has settled into the Back Porch, which is right up the street. She has become a full-time singer who accompanies herself very well on the piano, even though she still considers herself a pianist who happens to sing.

"I have never thought too much about singing," she has said, "but I'm thinking about it a good deal now, and I'm beginning to analyze it." She is in fact a classic untutored singer. A small, pretty porcelain woman with transparent skin and a discreet Mississippi accent, she has a pure, gifted soprano. Singing is like breathing or sighing or walking to her, and song after perfect song rolls out. Her diction lights her words, and her style is reminiscent of Lee Wiley and Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday. In Wiley's manner, she likes to crimp some of her phrase endings and move up or down a tone midway through a long note. Her voice is surprising. Despite its simplicity and directness, it is capable of carrying dark songs and of passing affectingly through the blues. She has an elastic rhythmic sense and her improvisational turns enrich rather than distort her songs. Her repertory is drawn from all sides: Michel Legrand, Fran Landesman and the late Tommy Wolf, Burke and Van Heusen, Nacio Herb Brown, Jobim, Arlen and Mercer, Cole Porter, and Billy Joel. Her first record in almost thirty years—"Songs for New Lovers"—has been released on the Stash label (ST-202); it is available from Box 390, Brooklyn, New York 11215. Bucky Pizzarelli, George Duvivier, and Grady Tate accompany her, and she does nine numbers. Two are instrumentals, and the rest include "That Old Devil Called Love," "It Could Happen to You," "You Stepped Out of a Dream," and "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most." The recording seems to have been hopped up with echo effects, and the piano has an aluminum sound, but the album gives one a chance to study her singing, which in its grace and gentleness often vanishes in the hubbub at the Back Porch.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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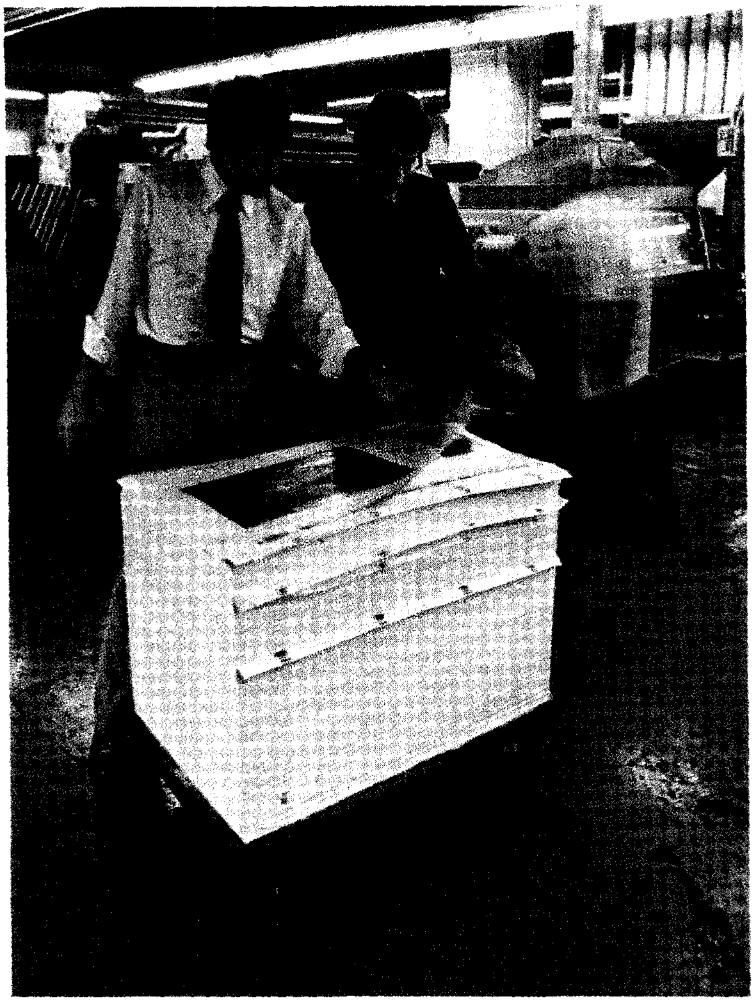

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FEBRUARY 14

THE President may be frugal by nature, and his budget may be as lean, tight, and austere as he insists it is, but his language is often extravagant, and at times tautological. His conversations with Teng Hsiao-ping were, he said, "one of the most historic events in our nation's history," and the Chinese Vice-Premier's visit marked the beginning of a "new and irreversible course" in Sino-American relations. The course is certainly new, though in fact it began not last month but seven years ago, when Richard Nixon flew to Peking to meet with Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai. (Nixon used the Teng visit for a kind of loser's revenge. At the White House dinner celebrating the historic event, he was asked by Zbigniew Brzezinski to name some world leaders he admired; high on his list were the Shah of Iran and Chiang Kai-shek.) It is, however, a rash negotiator who says that anything not fixed by treaty is irreversible. Reversal, after all, is the ultimate diplomatic option. Only a few weeks ago, we did an about-face on Iran—earlier described by Carter as an "island of stability"—and we now seem to be doing another.

Implicit in Carter's present view of China is the assumption that its new government is stable, and that the government's policies command popular support. This is what the President and most Americans want to believe. The view appeals, on the one hand, to the liberal democratic consciousness and, on the other, to the expansionist dreamers in the business community: a smiling, friendly China eager to be liberated from Maoist oppression and repression, and ready to enjoy the benefactions of industrialization. It is hard to resist a leader who comes to these shores to marvel at our artifacts and place orders for some of them, who says he "agrees with every word" that our high-minded President has spoken, and who assures our people that his people "want to learn from you." Few Americans know much about Chinese life and politics, but those who do say they have no reason to doubt that Teng speaks for his associates in Peking and for the majority of the Chinese. But Teng clearly owes his position to the fact that there was considerable unrest under Maoist leadership, and to a desire for the kind of freedom and material benefits that Teng hopes one day to provide. Thus, his tenure would seem dependent on the success he has in providing such benefits—in a sense, on his ability to stimulate the kind of growth and generate the kind of trade exchange that will make Coca-Cola's investment profitable. He has created a revolution of rising expectations, and such revolutions, like most others, have a way of getting out of hand and devouring their own children.

It was noted by many diplomats that Teng, in his nine days here, seemed to have no need to check things out with his colleagues at home. Whenever our President or any of his deputies negotiate, it must be explained to the other side that—at least where treaties are concerned—the consent of the Senate is necessary. Menachem Begin says that he cannot commit himself until he has the approval of the Cabinet and the Knesset; when he and Anwar Sadat were at Camp David, even though they were accompanied by most of their principal advisers there was heavy cable traffic to Jerusalem and Cairo. Even Leonid Brezhnev claims that he is no more than an agent of the Politburo. But Teng, whose place in the political chain of command seems to make him something like a counterpart of Walter Mondale, acted as if all decisions were his to make, and on one occasion said that agreement on his views, except in the "province" of Taiwan, was "unanimous"—an assertion suggesting either that his China is as totalitarian as Mao's or that his own liberation from totalitarian thought is not yet complete. In any event, he was clearly less apprehensive about the judgment his people may make than he was about what he sees as the threat from China's neighbor to the west—the "polar bear" bent on "hegemonism." His fear of the Soviet Union seemed almost obsessive, though perhaps no more so than Moscow's fear of Teng and the Chinese. Not since John Foster Dulles has Washington seen so fervent an evangel of containment and anti-Soviet alliances as it saw in Teng. He kept saying that he sought only "unity" with the United States, Western Europe, and Japan, rather than any alliance, but this was another of his many code words. If these powers

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"really want to be able to place curbs on the polar bear," he said, "the only realistic thing for us is to unite." Unite how and for what? He obviously didn't have in mind a reprimand of Russia by the United Nations General Assembly or a diplomatic mission to Moscow to ask it to mend its ways. Had Carter pressed upon Teng a document saying that we would regard an attack on China as an attack on us and would respond to it as we would respond to an amphibious assault on Los Angeles, Teng would surely have signed it, even with a ballpoint pen made on Taiwan. One had the impression that he would have been delighted if the President had assured him that the time had come, in Washington in January, for a preëmptive strike against the "hotbed of war," and had proposed to let the Vice-Premier push the bombs-away button. As used to be said of England, China, under Teng's leadership, expects every American to do his duty. He seems to expect no less from our North Atlantic partners and Japan.

In Tokyo on his way home, Teng said that in Washington he had been too polite to express certain of his views on American foreign policy. "The measures the United States has taken in Iran and in dealing with Cuba are no good," he told Takeo Fukuda, the former Prime Minister. The Chinese revolutionary apparently feels that we should have kept the Shah on the Peacock Throne and put a stop to the Iranian revolution. It was clear when he spoke that if this could have been done at all it would have taken an expeditionary force of great size—larger than the one we fielded in Southeast Asia—and posed a great risk of confrontation with Russian arms. Getting the Cubans out of Africa could be equally difficult and similarly dangerous. But Teng is as firm in his appraisal of the American national interest as he is in his appraisal of China's. The State Department—hoping for a treaty on strategic arms, hoping to come to terms with whatever government emerges in Teheran, hoping that something can be worked out with Havana—is embarrassed by Teng's belligerence, and the President was at pains to dissociate himself from it. As of now, it seems unlikely that developments of recent weeks will prove an obstacle to a treaty; for the present, Moscow seems even more opposed to linkage than Washington is. But Teng's pronouncements here and elsewhere may complicate matters somewhat, and seem certain to make a Brezhnev-Carter summit meeting a less agreeable affair than the principals had hoped. Teng has said that he has no objection to a treaty; since he is sure that the Russians will never honor it, the damage will be limited to the soiling of a few sheets of paper. This is already the view of many Republicans and of some Democrats in the Senate, and they are glad to have Teng as an expert witness. At the same time, the same people tend to discount Teng's assurance that he has no early plans to invade Taiwan. Carter, for reasons he has not made entirely clear, is resisting the efforts not only of those who wish to maintain our defense commitments to the Republic of China on Taiwan but of those who would go no further than to assure the people there that we continue to care about their security and will do what we can to see that there are no threats to it. Great care must be taken, State Department spokesmen say, not to "affront" Teng and all those hundreds of millions of people on the Chinese mainland. It would be asking too much of any Chinese leader, they argue, to promise that under no circumstances would he resort to force to bring the people of Taiwan under the Chinese flag; no American President who invokes the name of Lincoln would ever accept such limits on American arms. It hardly seems likely that Teng, who has said that Taiwan can keep its capitalist structure and its security forces, would be put off by any congressional expression of American concern, but Carter has said that he will only reluctantly accept such an expression. (Teng's predecessors, who despised Western imperialism more than he appears to do—at least in his present conciliatory mood—threatened no move against British hegemony in Hong Kong or against Portuguese control of Macao.) Indeed, the President, who tries to soften Senate opposition to an arms agreement by explaining what a hard bargainer he is, seemed reluctant to use any kind of leverage in dealing with his Chinese guests. Teng was firm in his refusal to discontinue nuclear testing in the atmosphere, though this would seem a minor concession to a government that he wishes to align with his own and that is willing to provide him with almost every kind of technology.

MUSEUM TOURS

He was firm in his refusal to rule out military action against Vietnam, which cannot be regarded as just another province of the Middle Kingdom. In the joint "press communiqué" issued by the two parties, midway through his visit, he did agree to accept the American contention that "domination" was every bit as odious as "hegemony." This did not make the statement less anti-Soviet, but it did—in Carter's mind, if not in Teng's—broaden the condemnation, so that it could be read as, say, a disapproval of Israel's rule in the occupied territories, or even China's in Tibet or (in the event that Teng decides to "punish" Hanoi and "teach it a lesson") in Southeast Asia.

Not much was said in Washington about Vietnam and Cambodia; Teng saved his hard line until he got to Tokyo. But the President said some time ago—before Teng's visit, even before the Vietnamese march on Phnom Penh—that he saw Vietnamese aggression as a threat to international order, and that, regardless of how we might feel about the mad and murderous government that was overthrown, Cambodian sovereignty was precious and should be defended. This is Peking's view, and it is probably shared in most capitals. But, as Henry Kamm pointed out recently in a thoughtful, moving article in the Sunday *Times Magazine*, it raises some hard moral and political questions, particularly for Americans. We were eight years ahead of the Vietnamese in violating Cambodia's sovereignty, and we replaced Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who had done all he could to keep his country from being dragged into war, with a puppet regime that was as corrupt as it was incompetent, though by most accounts at least marginally less brutal than that of the Communist Pol Pot, who imposed a demented form of Marxism on a stunned and wounded people, shutting down all educational and religious institutions, wrecking the traditional family structure, dismantling the old economic system to the point of abolishing money and destroying all banks, and—though the idea was to evacuate the cities and set the people to work on the land—bringing hunger to a country that had never before known it. "The dead are numberless," Kamm wrote, "because there was no one in Cambodia to count them." The violations of human rights were so monstrous that George McGovern, a man whose dovishness cost him the Presidency in 1972, last year called for international military action to save the Cambodians from their own govern-

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ment. It certainly was not McGovern's concern for the Cambodian people that led to the invasion by the Vietnamese and the installation of their own puppets. As Pol Pot's Cambodia was a Chinese client, Vietnam is a Soviet client. But there is no reason to think that the Cambodians will be any worse off under their new masters than they were under the former ones; it is conceivable that they will even be somewhat better off, for the Vietnamese Communists, though repressive in the established fashion, are not the bloody-minded lunatics that the Cambodian Communists were. In Vietnam, the schools are still open, the ill are treated by doctors and medicine, the institution of the family survives, and those who work are paid and are free to buy what goods and services are available.

In any case, the question Kamm poses is "Which is the greater evil: the continuation of a tyrannical and murderous regime or a flagrant violation of national sovereignty?" Any "continuation" of the Pol Pot regime seems most improbable. The Vietnamese have driven it out, and even if there should be prolonged guerrilla fighting that finally forced the invaders back, it seems unlikely that the Chinese, who allowed Prince Sihanouk, in Peking, to deplore Pol Pot's excesses, would tolerate anything like it. For Americans, the question is, of course, largely academic. We are not about to go into Cambodia again or tangle with another band of guerrillas. In fact, we are making it clear to the Chinese that we are alarmed by the possibility that they will intervene. But we are also making it clear to the Vietnamese that their disrespect for their neighbor's sovereignty stands in the way of our normalizing relations with them. The luckless Cambodians—who, if they think of it at all, must regard what we call their "sovereignty" as a bitter jest—have not made it clear to us or anyone else that they place much value on the independence of a government that allows no independence to its people.

—RICHARD ROVERE

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Arizona Opera, the Tucson-based company celebrating its eighth season, returned to Phoenix Friday at Symphony Hall with a finely staged and well sung production of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," the first of three productions scheduled here this season. As an added bonus, Seattle Opera's Henry Holt is special guest conductor for the two performances with the entire company, guest artists and the Phoenix Symphony in the pit.—*Arizona Republic.*

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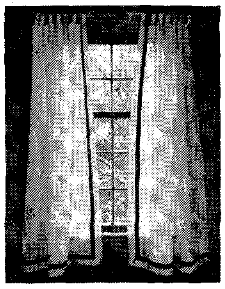

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BOOKS

Lem and Pym

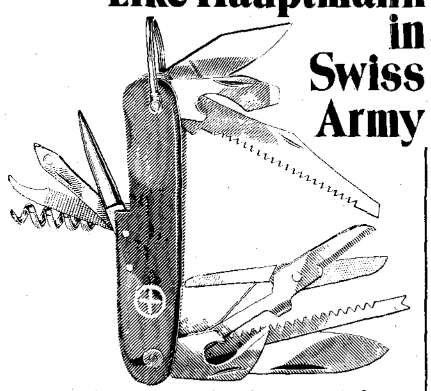
STANISLAW LEM, the Polish writer internationally admired for his philosophical science fiction, has written a thriller, "The Chain of Chance" (translated from the Polish by Louis Iribarne; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95). It is narrated, in traditional pitiless side-of-the-mouth style, by the protagonist/detective, an American ex-astronaut named, we belatedly learn, John—no last name given. The book begins in a burst of mysteries. Our hero is driving from Naples to Rome in the guise of a man called Adams, attempting to duplicate this other man's exact route, speed, halts, and final arrival at Room 303 of the Hilton. Why? For that matter, when? The time seems to be the near future. There has been a manned "Mars mission," a "feminist underground" is causing havoc, and the Rome airport has been rigged with an elaborate futuristic security system called the Labyrinth. Our hero's age is given as fifty in one spot and obliquely as fifty-five in another; since he participated as a young commando in the Normandy landings of 1944, this novel apparently takes place in the late nineteen-seventies. "The Chain of Chance" was written in 1975, as an Eastern European's speculation upon some possible short-term extensions of such Western topical developments as terrorism, space exploration, and chemical pollution. Occasionally, we are reminded of the author's Polishness: he says the "*Herald*" when he must mean the "*Herald Tribune*," and no Western writer would need to spell out for his readers that the Olympia Press specializes in "erotic and pornographic literature." But by and large Lem appears comfortably at home within capitalist decadence. Making his hardboiled investigator a cast-off astronaut is witty, for the book breathes the poisoned atmosphere of technological backfire, and the latest by-product of our Puritan resolution is surely the astronaut, consecrated, like the cowboy and the private eye, to bleakly masculine missions. Also, the astronaut's training gives Lem easy access to the scientific terminology where he is at home, and a poet:

> At the bottom of the grade, drivers were having to use their brakes, transforming that particular stretch into a vibrant strip of shimmering red—a pretty example of a stationary wave.

In this same long drive, which opens the book like a hypnotic pre-credits sequence in a movie, Lem shows that fond touch with automotive experience evinced by Continental writers from Proust to Cortázar—"As I was squeezing in behind a psychedelic-painted Lancia, I glanced in the mirror. . . . For a while I stayed behind a Volkswagen with a pair of sheep's eyes painted on the back that kept staring at me in tender reproach. . . . A Ferrari as flat as a bedbug chased me out of the fast lane, and I broke out in another fit of sneezing that sounded more like swearing." The fact that our hero sneezes, and takes Plimasine, containing Ritalin, is a clue. Indeed, the book brims with clues, including the painting on the jacket, but one would have to be a biochemist to unravel them; one rides along blindly.

A thrilling ride it is, especially for those whose hearts beat faster when the *Scientific American* arrives each month. Lem has learned the formulae of fictional suspense almost too well; there is so much we don't know at the outset that by the time we do know it the book is two-thirds over. John, it may not be too much to say, is of the same age and physical type as a number of men who have behaved and died mysteriously in the vicinity of Naples; by assuming the identity of Adams, he is attempting to induce the same conspiracy of circumstances to attack him. The heart of this small novel is taken up with lengthy descriptions of the previous victims, a list that has its own statistical fascination, and the gloomy charm of all raw information. After a rather surreal and trumped-up episode of airport violence, the astronaut meets a Parisian computer wizard, Dr. Philippe Barth, and the ambience changes from Flash Gordon to the international intellectual conference scene; the narrator, turned essayist, frowns upon "that revolutionary clowning so characteristic of intellectuals" and tells us, of the world at large, that the " 'global village' was already here, but split into two halves. The poorer half was suffering, while the wealthier half was importing that suffering via television and commiserating from a distance." This observation smacks of 1975; these days the wealthier nations are too concerned with making their own ends meet to commiserate even with Bangladesh. Lem's novel, in which little more than information-processing occurs for over ninety pages, abruptly redeems itself, as thriller and dissertation both, with a stunningly persuasive account of our

Like Hauptmann in Swiss Army



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hero's descent into drug-induced madness:

> How to describe it? The furniture and walls became petrified in the middle of some horrible transition; time came to a halt, leaving only the surrounding world, which suddenly stopped advancing toward me like an avalanche and became frozen in a prolonged flash of magnesium. The whole room was like a gasp between two successive screams; its intended target was manifested with undisguised malice in the intricacies of the wallpaper design . . .

Only a mind habituated to seeing the human mind from the outside, as a chemical and electrical machine, could evoke derangement with such cool clarity. Under the glare of his violent "psychotropic reaction," John's normal emotions and metaphysics—his humanity, in short—seem pathetically fragile epiphenomena. The moral of the novel I take to be: "Mankind has multiplied to such an extent that now it's starting to be governed by atomic laws." In our "dense world of random chance," "common sense isn't worth a damn." Improbabilities are all subjective, and everything sooner or later is bound to happen, including the publication of this book: "Regardless of the publisher or author, the publication of this book was also a mathematical certainty." A cheerful conclusion, amid chilly perspectives.

FOR *all its cruel mathematics*, Lem's world, in my acquaintance with it, lacks the sense of desolation, of final dwarfing, that much science fiction, from Wells to Borges, conveys. Rather, his naturally sanguine temperament, or his love of sheer compilation (reflected here in his thoroughly worked-out portraits of the numerous middle-aged victims of "The Chain of Chance"), or the selfless enthusiasm long ascribed to the scientific-minded communicates an Olympian playfulness. His heroes may be, as Theodore Solotaroff has said, "loners virtually to a man," but they don't seem to feel alone, to taste solitude. Atomic aloneness in a crowded world, where life is cheap and its accidents random, can be better felt in the wanly Christian world of Barbara Pym. This English novelist has had a disheartening career. After publishing six deceptively old-fashioned novels between 1950 and 1961, she was spurned by more than twenty publishers and understandably let her pen languish. From 1946 to 1974, she supported herself as an assistant editor for the quarterly *Africa*. As retirement approached, however, she began to write again, a novel "as churchy as I wished to make it," and in January of 1977

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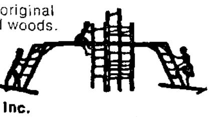

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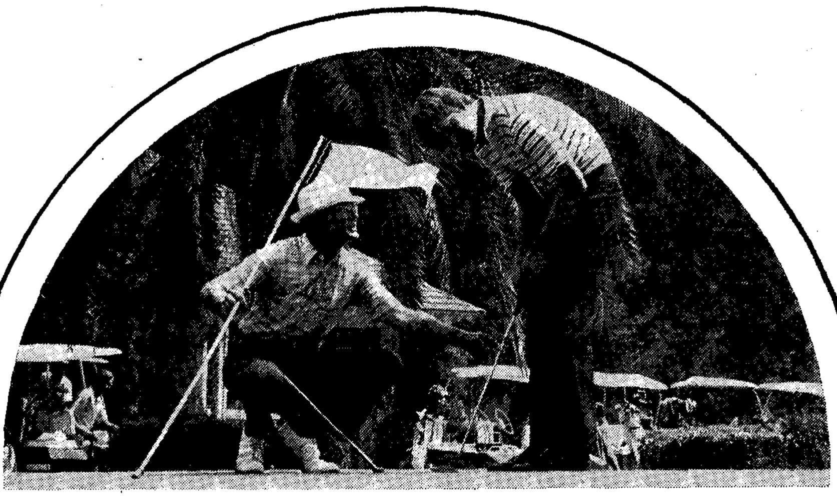
her name appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* as the heroine of a poll taken to determine the most underrated British writer of the last seventy-five years. Her new novel, "Quartet in Autumn," was accepted by Macmillan, and two of her old books were reissued by Jonathan Cape, with commercial and critical success. Now, in this country, a novel dating from 1952, "Excellent Women," has been published for the first time, along with "Quartet in Autumn," by Dutton (each $7.95). An unfortunate effect of such simultaneous exposure is to reveal, of two books written over twenty years apart, how alike they are, even to striking, on the last page, the identical muted chord. More fortunately, the reader who has consumed both novels in a few days can report that the older is very fine, and the newer even finer—stronger, sadder, funnier, bolder.

It would be hard to imagine a more timid world than that of "Excellent Women," or a novel wherein closer to nothing happens. Miss Pym has been compared to Jane Austen, yet there is a virile country health in the Austen novels, and some vivid marital prospects for her blooming heroines. "Excellent women" is a phrase used by a parson of the drab little flock of spinsters who cling for company and amusement to the threadbare routines of his London church. An American who has never attended an Anglican church in London can scarcely conceive of the extreme of sad attenuation to which ecclesiastical institutions can be reduced while still holding open their doors; I can recall a noble structure on Albany Street in which one bright Sunday morning this lone overseas visitor composed a full third of the congregation. Father Julian Malory's St. Mary's Church, in a shabby district on "the 'wrong' side of Victoria Station," seems a shade more bustling than that, but only a shade. Our heroine, Mildred Lathbury, the unmarried daughter of a rural clergyman, comes to it because it is relatively "High" and burns incense, which her deceased parents would have deplored. "But perhaps it was only natural that I should want to rebel against my upbringing, even if only in such a harmless way." All her rebellions and outward motions are similarly circumspect, but within the limits of her quiet life as she firmly draws them minor excitements loom in scale, and excite us proportionally. Mildred Lathbury is one of the last (I would imagine) of the great narrating English virgins, and though she tells us she is "not at all like Jane Eyre," her tale has some of the power of, say, the



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portion of "Bleak House" narrated by Esther Summerson—the power, that is, of virtue, with its artistic complement of perfect moral pitch and crystalline discriminations. The postwar, proto-consumerist London that Mildred depicts, wherein jam seems still to be rationed and rubble still lies in church aisles, yet wherein couples drink wine and separate with a certain liberated ease, is an awkward arena for her discriminations, perhaps. One of the funniest scenes, though brief, occurs when she attempts to buy a new lipstick and can scarcely bring herself to name the tint she wants: " 'It's called Hawaiian Fire,' I mumbled, feeling rather foolish, for it had not occurred to me that I should have to say it out loud." The urban crush of modern London is, she reflects, in a phrase that echoes a T. S. Eliot echo of Dante, a hard place for the practice of Christian charity:

> "One wouldn't believe there could be so many people," I said, "and one must love them all." These are our neighbours, I thought, looking round at the clerks and students and typists and elderly eccentrics, bent over their dishes and newspapers.

The plot's turns have to do with new neighbors. A young couple, Helena and Rockingham Napier, move into the flat below Mildred's, and conduct within earshot a typical but sufficiently unsettling modern marriage. And Father Malory and his unmarried sister Winifred take in a boarder, one Mrs. Gray, with romantic consequences that titillate every corner of the tiny parish, from jumble sale to Evensong. Mildred, at the nubile age of "just over thirty," seems remarkably spinsterish. Her sexual experiences have been of the daintiest sort, and she puzzles over the "race of men" and their differences from women with the polite quizzicalness of an anthropologist from the moon.

> "I like food," I said, "but I suppose on the whole women don't make such a business of living as men do."

> Men in bowler hats, with dispatch cases so flat and neat it seemed impossible that they could contain anything at all, and neatly rolled umbrellas, ran with undignified haste and jostled against me. Some carried little bundles or parcels, offerings to their wives perhaps or a surprise for supper. I imagined them piling into the green trains, opening their evening papers, doing the crossword, not speaking to each other . . .

> "Of course, men don't tend to be alone, do they?"

It is fitting that an actual anthropologist, the humorless but upright (and Christian!) Everard Bone, adds him-

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self to the exiguous list of Mildred Lathbury's male friends—her pastor, his curate, a few neighbors, and an old friend so set in his ways he complains, "They've moved me to a new office and I don't like it at all. Different pigeons come to the windows." At the book's romantic climax, Everard Bone invites her to be his indexer; but Americans, with their Freudian and Lawrentian prejudices, should not hasten to bid farewell to her chastity and hello to "what Helena called 'a full life.' " Mildred has involved herself with men enough to enhance her feeling of possibility, her sense of choice, but what she chooses, out of sight of the novel's conclusion, may well be more of the same. "As I moved about the kitchen getting out china and cutlery, I thought, not for the first time, how pleasant it was to be living alone." "Excellent women" need not think of themselves as "the rejected ones." When warned not to expect too much, Mildred thinks, "I forbore to remark that women like me really expected very little—nothing, almost." "Excellent Women," arriving on these shores in a heyday of sexual hype, is a startling reminder that solitude may be chosen, and that a lively, full novel can be constructed entirely within the precincts of that regressive virtue, feminine patience.

BY the time of "Quartet in Autumn," the lonely women are ready for retirement. There are two of them: Marcia Ivory, in whom Mildred Lathbury's self-sufficient aspect has been carried to the point of loony reclusiveness, and Letty Crowe, in whom Mildred's amiable side has developed into a clothes-conscious, food-loving softness bordering upon the hedonistic. Marcia and Letty work in a nameless office in the same room with two single men—Norman, small and wiry and irritable, and Edwin, large and bald and churchgoing. Edwin is the only one of the quartet who has ever been married and who appears to be an active Christian; the churchly ambience of "Excellent Women" has shrunk to this one merry widower, who shops around from church to church for services as a species of entertainment. The shadow of religious shelter has been lifted from Miss Pym's world, and the comedy is harsher. Whereas Mildred Lathbury had merely to cope with new tenants in the flat below, Letty Crowe's entire building changes hands, and becomes the property of a Nigerian, Mr. Olatunde, who not only houses a large family but is "a priest of a religious sect." When Miss Crowe, disturbed by their "bursts of hymn-singing and joy-

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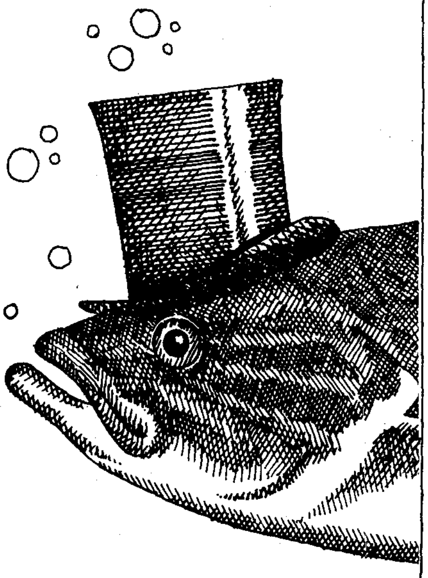

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ful shouts," taps on their door and complains, Mr. Olatunde serenely tells her, "Christianity *is* disturbing."

> It was difficult to know how to answer this. Indeed Letty found it impossible so Mr. Olatunde continued, smiling, "You are a Christian lady?"
>
> Letty hesitated. Her first instinct had been to say "yes," for of course one was a Christian lady, even if one would not have put it quite like that.

In fleeing his landlordship, she becomes the tenant of the High Church, eighty-year-old Mrs. Pope, and finds herself participating in services:

> On a bitter cold evening in March she joined a little group, hardly more than the two or three gathered together, shuffling round the Stations of the Cross. It was the third Wednesday in Lent and there had been snow, now hard and frozen on the ground. The church was icy. The knees of elderly women bent creakily at each Station, hands had to grasp the edge of a pew to pull the body up again. "From pain to pain, from woe to woe . . ." they recited, but Letty's thoughts had been on herself and how she should arrange the rest of her life.

Where Mildred Lathbury had consoled herself, and fortified her own life of unconsummated waiting, by thinking of herself and her fellow-worshippers "as being rather like the early Christians, surrounded not by lions, admittedly, but by all the traffic and bustle of a weekday lunch-hour," no such comparison lends rationale to the ascetic isolation of Miss Pym's later heroines. In place of the chaste infatuations with which the excellent women had amused themselves, Marcia Ivory has no affection but for the surgeon Dr. Strong, who has performed a mastectomy upon her and looms in her addled mind ("Marcia remembered what her mother used to say, how she would never let the surgeon's knife touch her body. *How ridiculous that seemed when one* considered Mr. Strong") as a masterful angel of death. When the two women simultaneously retire, the speaker at the office luncheon held in their honor does not know exactly what their jobs were, only that there is no need to replace them, and "it seemed to Letty that what cannot now be justified has perhaps never existed, and it gave her the feeling that she and Marcia had been swept away as if they had never been. With this sensation of nothingness she entered the library."

"Quartet in Autumn" reminds us of Muriel Spark's "Memento Mori" and of the geriatric missionaries in Rose Macaulay's "Towers of Trebizond," but the superannuated creations of these other "Christian lady" novelists have an energetic raffishness, a richness of past and a confidence of social class, denied Miss Pym's characters, who are clearly no match for their surround of anonymous office buildings and condescending young people. One of Miss Pym's enthusiastic English reviewers has been Philip Larkin, and perhaps it is to *his* world that the closer analogy can be drawn—the gray middle class of an empireless England, from whose half-tones nevertheless the chords of a living poetry can be struck. "Quartet in Autumn" is a marvel of fictional harmonics, a beautifully calm and rounded passage in and out of four isolated individuals as they feebly, fitfully grope toward an ideal solidarity. Marcia, the most eccentric of the four, is the most pronouncedly private, and the most abruptly forthcoming.

> "And what have you been doing with yourself?" Edwin turned to Marcia with an air of kindly enquiry which hardly deserved the fierceness of her reply.
>
> "That's my business," she snapped.

What she has been doing, since retirement, is rearranging the junk she stores in her house, repelling a concerned social worker, letting her dyed hair grow out stark white, and sinking deeper into anorexia. Miss Pym's portrait, from within, of a "shopping-bag lady," showing the exact, plausible thought processes behind such mad actions as leaving trash in libraries and attempting to dig up a dead cat, is an achievement comparable to Lem's imagining of chemical-induced paranoia and frenzy. Both writers, in the books at hand, lead us to think about social contact, about society and sanity. Experiments in isolation rapidly induce sensations of insanity; we take our bearings, daily, from others. To be sane is, to a great extent, to be sociable. Those victims of random chemistry in "The Chain of Chance" who survive are those who are not travelling alone, and whose behavior receives prompt social check. In the extremely meagre social fabric Miss Pym weaves for her characters, the most tenuous and trifling contacts take on the import of massive events in more thickly woven novels—those of Tolstoy, say. One wonders, indeed, if Tolstoy ever knew aloneness; even his dying was a mob scene. Most human lives have been passed in a throng of tribal and village associations. Unsought loneliness is a by-product of the modern city, and fiction by its very nature is ill equipped to treat of it. Letty Crowe, "an unashamed reader of novels," has come to realize that "the position of an unmarried, unattached, ageing woman is of no interest whatever to the writer of modern fiction." In brilliantly, touchingly, frighteningly supplying that lack, and in presenting a parable of the hazards of our "atomic" condition, Barbara Pym and Stanislaw Lem offer us characters with strikingly modest sex drives. Whether in this they are old-fashioned or all too modern—whether under conditions of dense metropolitan crowding the primeval social glue will tactfully dry up—remains to be seen. In the meantime,

Pym and Lem,
 Lem and Pym—
There's little love
 In her or him.
Out on a limb
 With Pym and Lem
One hugs oneself
 Instead of them.

—JOHN UPDIKE

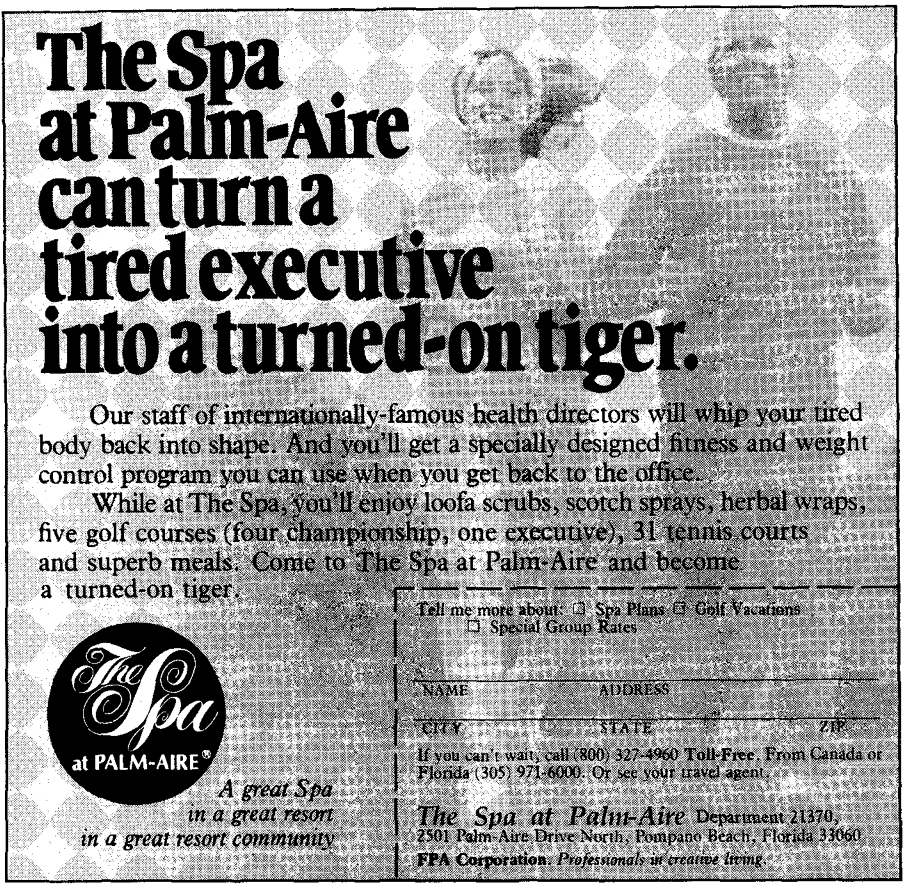
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A HEAVY FEATHER, by A. L. Barker (Braziller; $8.95). The life of Almayer Jenkin, an English handyman's daughter, could have been made to seem commonplace—a straitened childhood, courtship by a newspaperman, marriage to a businessman, three children, widowhood, and the management of a London drapery shop—but A. L. Barker wants to show the way that numerous odd people disrupt and distinguish this life. Almayer's mother deserts her husband and daughter to run a shabby boarding house; an eccentric family takes in Almayer when her father dies, and then throws her out when she proves to be too inquisitive; a beau turns out to be less attractive than his homosexual lover; her brain-damaged daughter manages to become pregnant; her husband consequently forces himself to have a fatal heart attack; and a fellow-passenger on a train falls dead into Almayer's lap. Each episode seems to begin off center, with new characters in a new time and place; the reader must wait until familiar characters show up to clarify how the preceding action fits into a larger scheme. A highly imaginative portrait—much more than a collection of mishaps.

GENERAL

EDWARD VII: PRINCE AND KING, by Giles St. Aubyn (Atheneum; $19.95). The author, the head of



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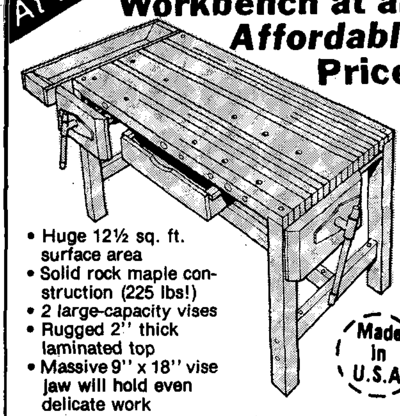

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Eton's history department, undertook a new biography of this currently fashionable monarch because he was given access to hitherto untapped source material—the letters of the King's private secretary. The result is an exceptional study, which fascinates, entertains, and illuminates. The King's parents, Victoria and Albert, raised their heir with a mixture of mental cruelty and physical discomfort that was intended to produce the perfect constitutional monarch. They thought they had failed: Edward, man and boy, was everything they detested—unscholarly, gregarious, and interested in sport, women, food, and wine. Since most of Edward's subjects shared most of these interests, and since Edward, though neither bookish nor doctrinaire, was inquiring and keenly aware of Britain's problems and opportunities, he turned out to be, after all, just right for his time. Born in 1841, he had a long wait for the throne (he did not accede until 1901), and a relatively brief reign (he died in 1910). During those years, Great Britain altered her foreign policy, rebuilt her Navy, reorganized her Army, laid the foundations of the welfare state, and, at the King's death, entered upon the political struggle that established the supremacy of the Commons over the Lords. Mr. St. Aubyn, though always happy to divert the reader with anecdotes that have clustered around King Edward, is essentially concerned with providing a fair estimate of this monarch's role in shaping modern Britain.

OF WOLVES AND MEN, by Barry Holstun Lopez (Scribners; $14.95). The wolf, the author eerily suggests in this excellent and near-comprehensive examination, "takes your stare and turns it back on you." It is certain that no other animal has by its (largely imagined) nature inspired so various a reflection in the eyes of its human beholders as *Canis lupus:* the ravening, man-eating pack of "barstool and barbershop biology," the gentle nativity myth of Romulus and Remus, "Little Red Riding Hood" and "The Three Little Pigs," the midnight science of lycanthropy and the nightmare werewolf, the infinite use of "wolf" as metaphor. Mr. Lopez, a young American amateur in this unusual field, studies the baleful reactions in the past to that enigmatic stare and the fury that still lingers on in the "sportsmen" who now hunt wolves from snowmobile and

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airplane, and he also attempts, from personal observation and from research in the still meagre scientific literature, to reach the reality beyond the image and the word. Illustrated with many fine photographs by John Bauguess, Mr. Lopez, and others.

THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR: THE ENGLISH IN FRANCE, 1337-1453, by Desmond Seward (Atheneum; $11.95). England in the period under observation was "a poor little country . . . an underpopulated land, rather like modern Norway," and yet—through a combination of good luck, superb generalship, and its indigenous longbow—it managed to dominate most of France, the chief nation in Europe, and extract from it an enormous bounty of riches. "Indeed," Mr. Seward notes, "generations of Englishmen of every class went to France to seek their fortunes, in rather the same way that their descendants would one day go to India or Africa." The chief source of this wealth was the rugged underside of chivalry—the capturing of moneyed opponents for ransom—and this was augmented by the generosity of the French nobility, who "had the obliging habit of campaigning with their jewels and family plate." Mr. Seward shows us all the famous sights of those roaring times—Edward III, Sir John Fastolf, Henry V, Joan of Arc (a mere nine days' wonder then, whose canonization came only in 1920), Charles V, the Black Prince, Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt—and illuminates them with an easy scholarship, a nice sense of detail (Henry V burned everything in his path because he believed that war without fire was like "sausages without mustard"), and a most agreeable clarity of style. Many illustrations and maps.

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Judy Kaye and John Cullum, Imogene's fellow cast members from "On the Twentieth Century," will be there to toast her, and so will Kevin Kline, once of the show, who will fly in from Washington for the evening. So will the show's associate producer Ruth Mitchell and Tony winning costume designer Florence Klotz. To say nothing of Angela Lansbury, Peter Shaw, Lee Radziwill, Art Garfunkel, the Alexander Cohens, William Friedkin and novelist Irwin Shaw, who has just arrived from Switzerland and is looking for a good time, heh-heh-heh. from Switzerland and is looking for a good time, heh-heh-heh.

—*"Suzy" in the News.*

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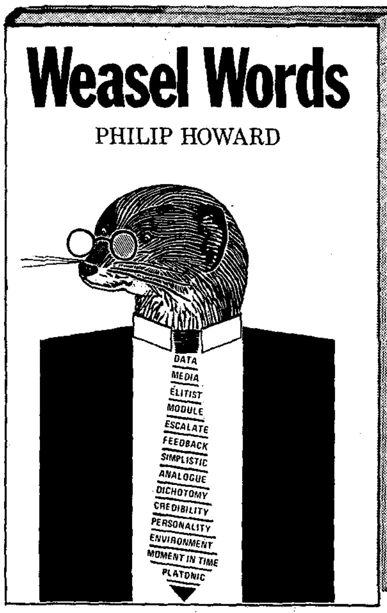

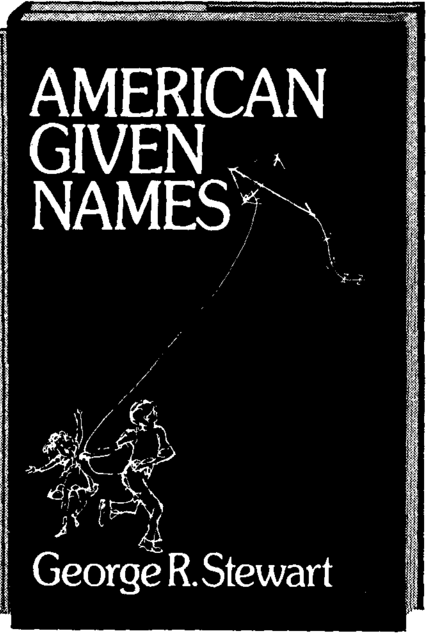

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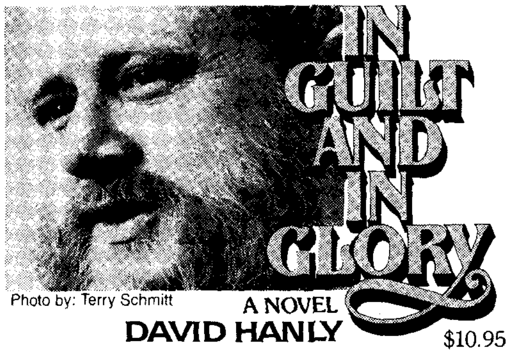
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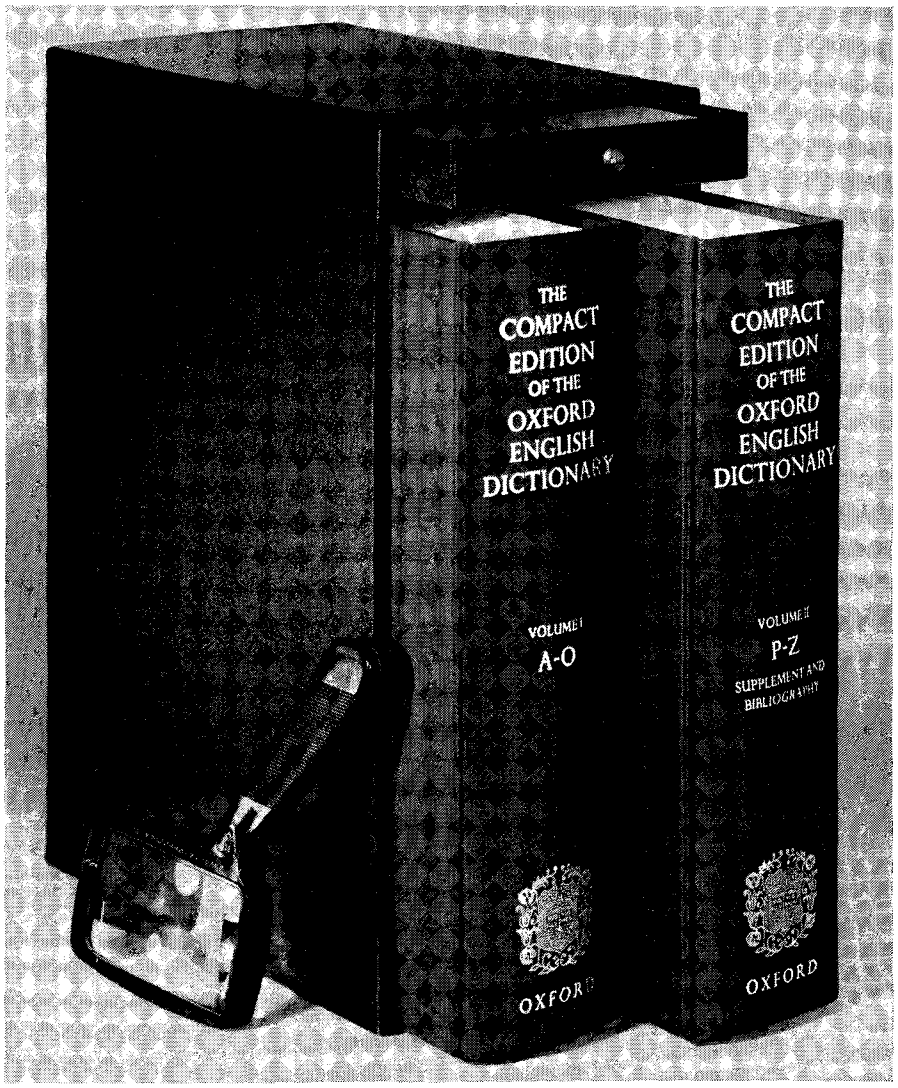
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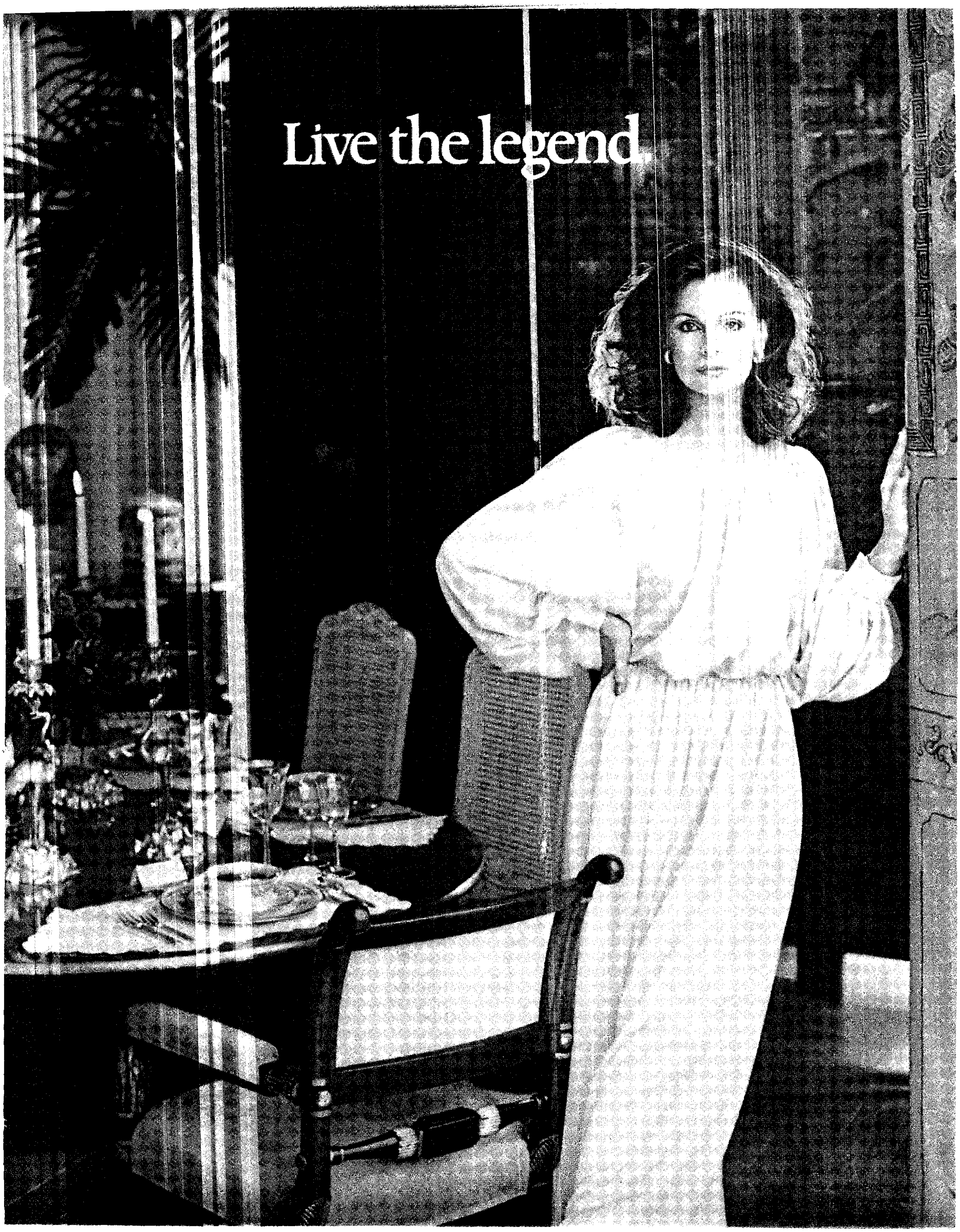
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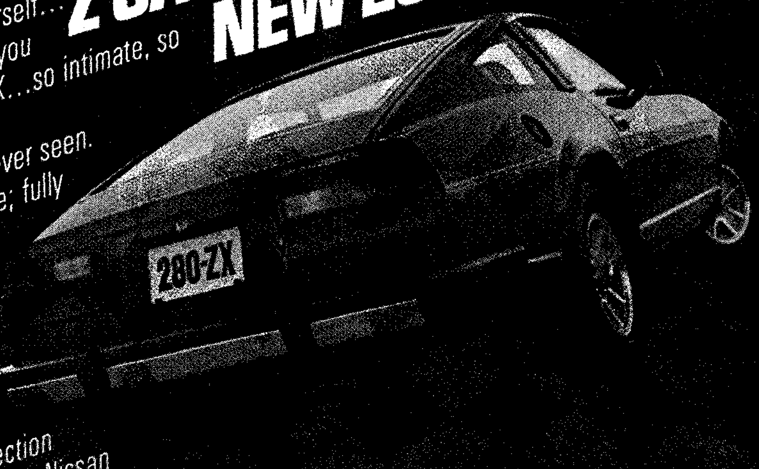

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